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All students in the Arcadia Unified School District attempt creative writing in conjunction with regular classroom assignments in language arts as an integral part of the program. A creative writing committee of teachers carefully selects and judges all work submitted to them by individual classroom teachers. This publication contains short, three and four line poems and prose, principally of student experiences, which are deemed to have great merit. They are collected by grade level from first through sixth grade. Drawings by students are also included.

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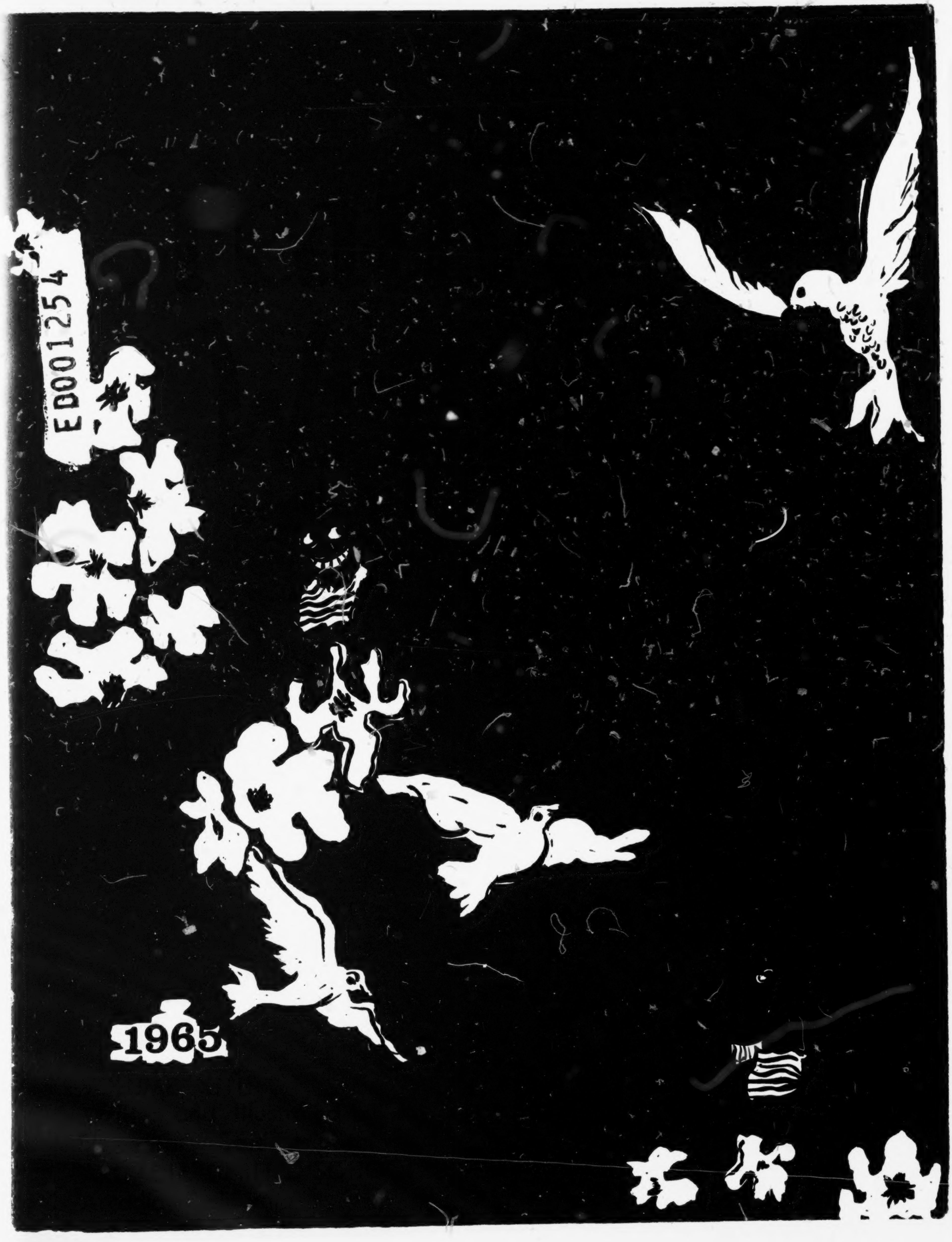

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CREATIVE WRITING

VOLUME THIRTEEN

1964-65

FROM

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

OF THE

ARCADIA UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT

ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA

COMPILED BY

THE COMMITTEE ON CREATIVE WRITING

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MIGUEL MORENO - ART CHAIRMAN

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FOREWORD

THE PURPOSE OF OUR CREATIVE WRITING PUBLICATION IS TO PRESENT ORIGINAL LITERARY ACCOMPLISHMENT OF STUDENTS FROM ALL GRADE LEVELS IN THE ARCADIA UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT. ALL STUDENTS ATTEMPT CREATIVE WRITING IN CONJUNCTION WITH REGULAR CLASSROOM ASSIGNMENTS IN LANGUAGE ARTS, SINCE THE DISTRICT CONSIDERS SUCH EFFORT TO BE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE LANGUAGE PROGRAM IN THE SCHOOLS. A CREATIVE WRITING COMMITTEE OF TEACHERS CAREFULLY SELECTS AND JUDGES ALL WORK SUBMITTED TO THEM BY INDIVIDUAL CLASSROOM TEACHERS. THE PRESENT PUBLICATION CONTAINS THOSE WORKS WHICH ARE DEEMED TO HAVE GREAT MERIT.

MANY PEOPLE HAVE MADE THIS PUBLICATION POSSIBLE. THE DISTRICT EXPRESSES ITS GRATITUDE TO MRS. VIOLET HINMAN, CHAIRMAN OF THE CREATIVE WRITING COMMITTEE, AND TO ALL OF THE TEACHERS WHO DELIBERATED FOR MANY HOURS TO SELECT THE MOST WORTHY OF THE WRITINGS SUBMITTED. THE TEACHERS WHO ENCOURAGED THEIR STUDENTS TO PERSIST IN WRITING DESERVE BOTH PRAISE AND THANKS. THE ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY STUDENTS, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. MIGUEL MORENO, ART CHAIRMAN, MAKE THIS TRULY A STUDENT PUBLICATION.

WE HOPE THAT THE READER WILL RECEIVE GREAT SATISFACTION AND ENJOYMENT IN THIS YEAR'S VOLUME OF POETRY AND SHORT STORIES.

BURTIS E. TAYLOR
SUPERINTENDENT

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KINDERGARTEN

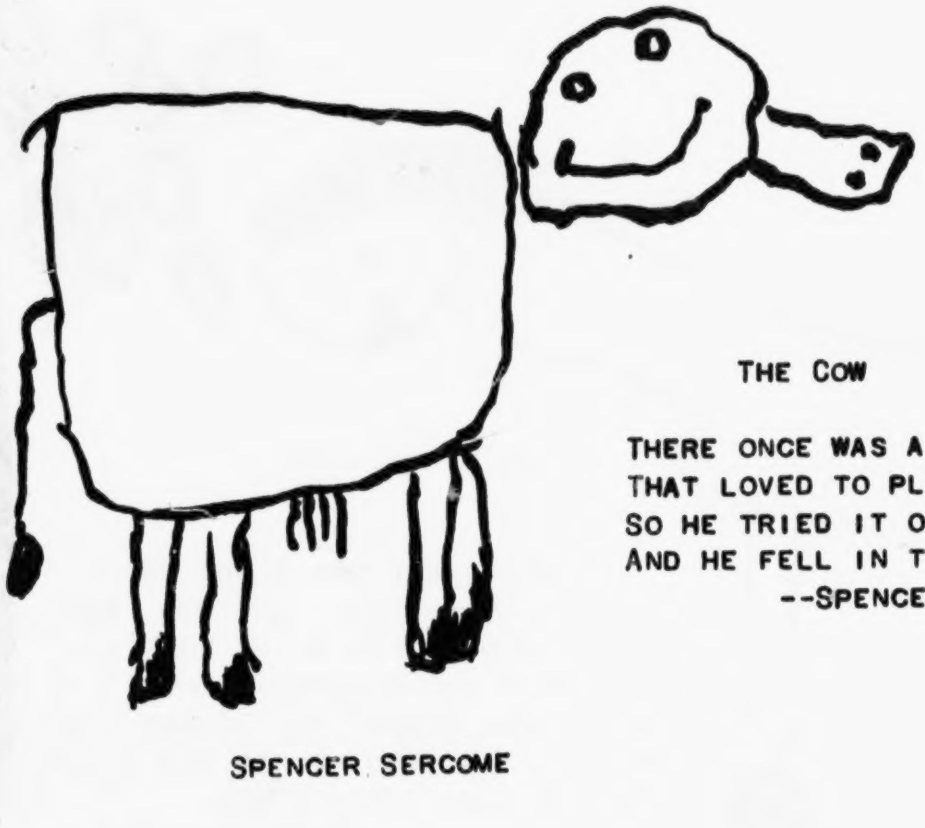
LITTLE TURTLE

DON'T YOU CRAWL,
OR YOU'RE GOING TO FALL.
--LISA MORTON

A HAPPY GIRL

I HAVE A HOUSE AND A FLAG AND THE PRETTIEST GARDEN OF ALL. THE SUN WAS SHINING BRIGHT. I FEEL SO HAPPY I HAVE ALL OF THESE THINGS.

--ELIZABETH HANSEN



THE COW

THERE ONCE WAS A COW,
THAT LOVED TO PLOW.
SO HE TRIED IT ONE DAY,
AND HE FELL IN THE HAY.
--SPENCER SERCOME

SPENCER SERCOME

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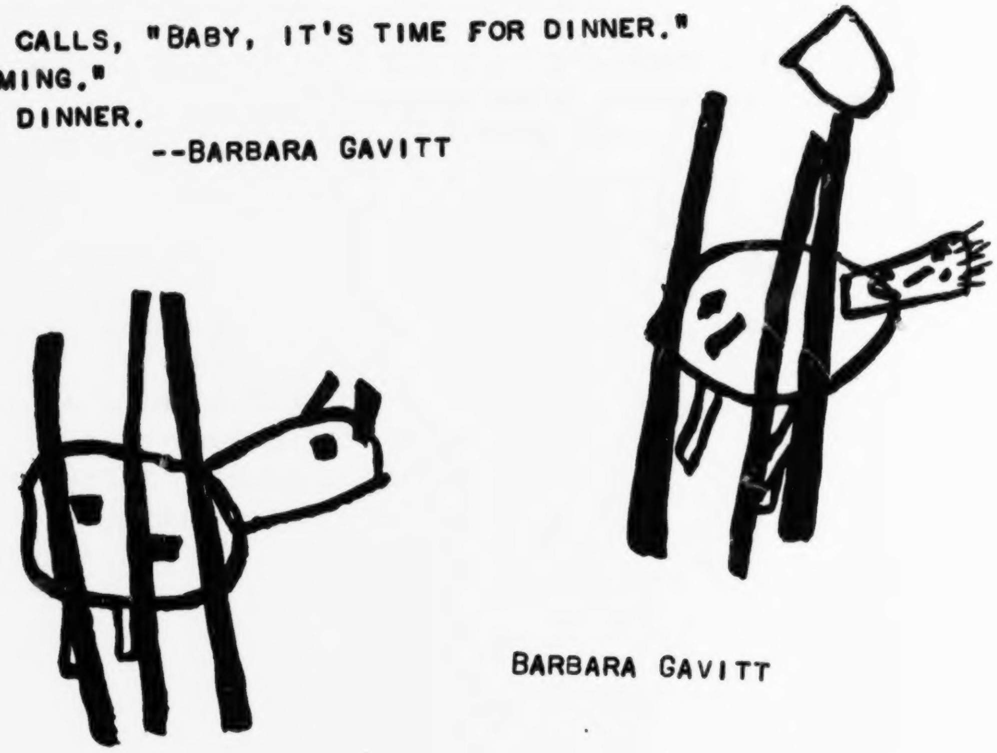
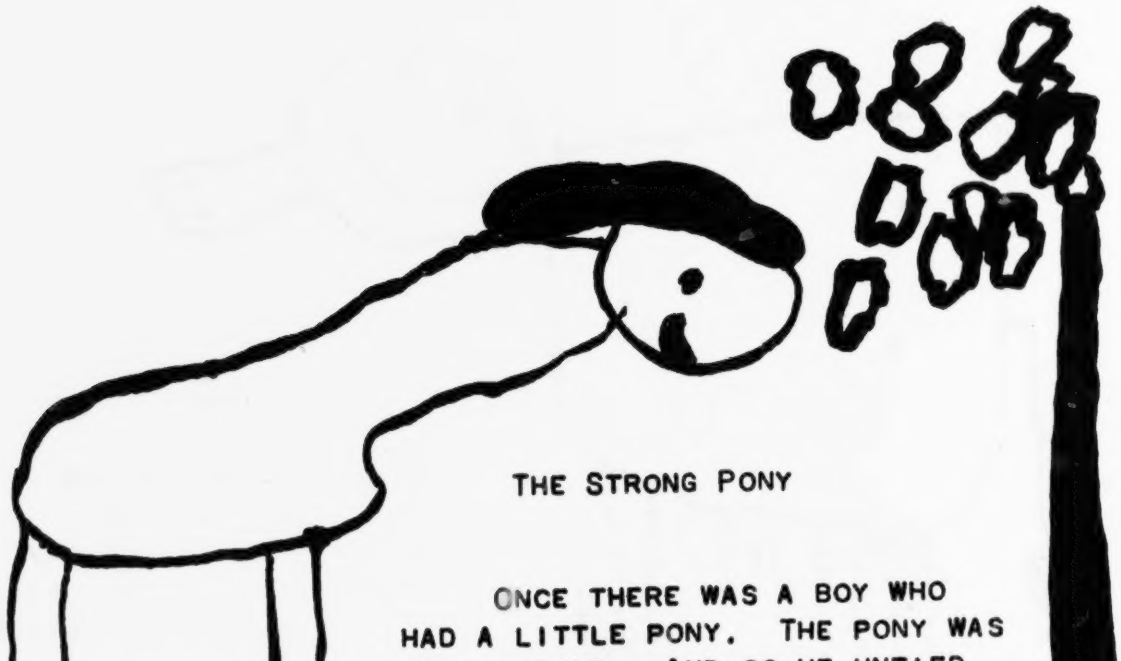
KINDERGARTEN

THE GIRAFFES

THE MOTHER GIRAFFE CALLS, "BABY, IT'S TIME FOR DINNER."
THE BABY SAYS, "COMING."
HE GOES TO EAT HIS DINNER.
--BARBARA GAVITT



BARBARA GAVITT



THE STRONG PONY

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY WHO HAD A LITTLE PONY. THE PONY WAS REAL STRONG. AND SO HE UNTIED HIS THING AND ESCAPED. THEY LOOKED AND LOOKED BUT HE WAS TOO FAST. THEN SOON HE HAD HIS LUNCH AND THEY HAD THEIR LUNCH.

--WENDY KILLEEN

WENDY KILLEEN

FIRST GRADE

MY SAM

MY SAM WENT UP THE TREE
FRITZ CHASED HIM THERE YOU SEE.
I WILL CLIMB THE LADDER NOW.
I'LL GET HIM DOWN, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW.
--JEFFREY GILISON

CYNTHIA CORZINE

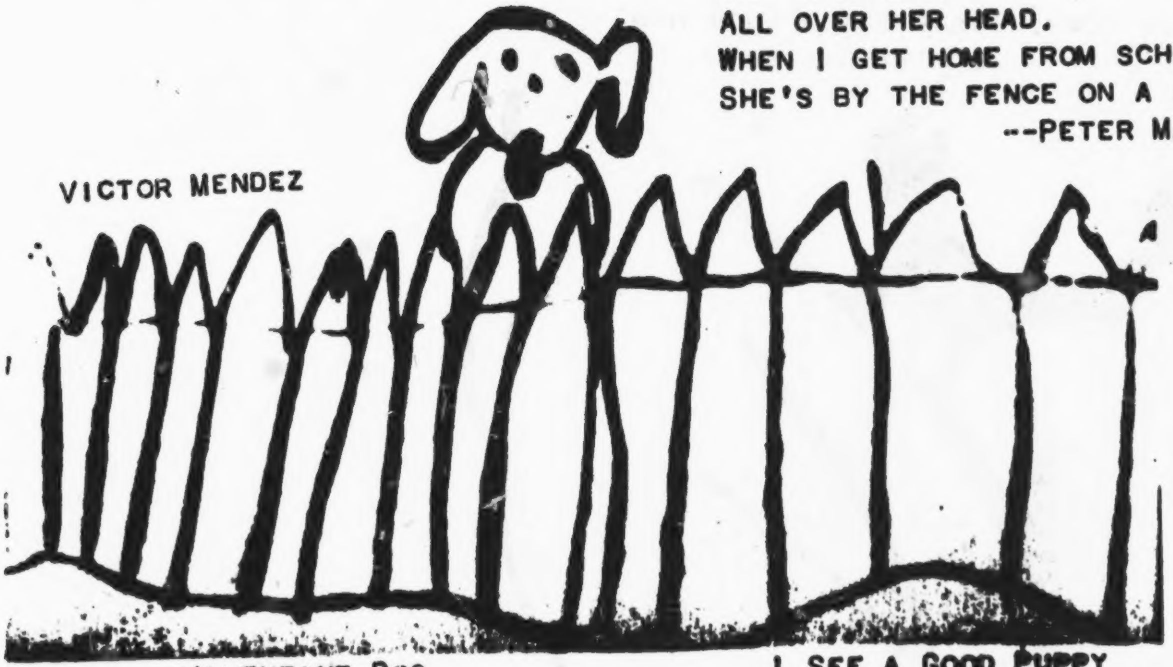
TWO PET RABBITS

I HAVE TWO PET RABBITS.
THEIR NAMES ARE BUFF AND FLUFF,
THEY ARE BLACK AND WHITE
AND SOFT AS A POWDER PUFF.
--JEFFREY RUSSELL

FIRST GRADE

TWINKLE

MY DOG'S NAME IS TWINKLE.
SHE HAS FUR THAT IS RED.
AND WRINKLES
ALL OVER HER HEAD.
WHEN I GET HOME FROM SCHOOL;
SHE'S BY THE FENCE ON A STOOL.
--PETER MAIZE



VICTOR MENDEZ

VALENTINE DOG

I LOVE YOU, VALENTINE DOG!
YOU'RE A GOOD LITTLE PUPPY DOG,
BUT YOU EAT A LITTLE TOO MUCH.
--LAWRENCE DIENER

I SEE A GOOD PUPPY

I SEE A GOOD PUPPY.
DO YOU? I DO.
I DO. AND HE IS
A GOOD PUPPY, TOO.
--KARL PAYNE

MY NEW PUPPY

MY DADDY SAID HE WOULD BUY ME A PUPPY AND WHEN I SAW THE PUPPY, I WAS SURPRISED. I THOUGHT I WOULD CALL HIM MATT, SO I DID.

AND BOY! OH, BOY! HE WAS FUNNY. ONE MORNING HE CHEWED MY SLIPPER AND HE GOT INTO THINGS. THEN ONE DAY HE WENT INTO THE KITCHEN. AND MOM WAS OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND BACON WAS SIZZLING. HE JUMPED UP SO HE COULD GET IT. MOM JUST GOT FURIOUS BECAUSE SHE SAW HIM. HE GOT A LITTLE OF A SPANKING.

JUST THEN HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE PLACE. MOM WAS OUT OF THE KITCHEN NOW. MATT TRIED IT AGAIN. IN MY MOTHER CAME AND SHE SPOKE TO HIM. SHE TOLD THE DOG HE WOULD NEVER GET TO SIT DOWN.

ONE DAY MOM HAD ENOUGH. SHE SAID THE DOG MUST GO. ONE DAY HE HAD TO GO. THE PEOPLE WE GAVE THE DOG TO HAD TROUBLE, TOO.
--KATHLEEN COOPER

FIRST GRADE

MY LIZARD

ONCE I HAD A BIG ALLIGATOR LIZARD IN A CAGE. THE CAGE OPENED UP AND THE LIZARD CLIMBED OUT OF THE CAGE. THE LIZARD RAN AWAY FROM HOME, MILES AWAY. HE NEVER CAME BACK.

--ROBERT SOBOLEWSKI

LITTLE MOUSE

I AM A LITTLE MOUSE.
I LIVE IN A BIG ROUND HOUSE.
I EAT CHEESE
AND BUMBLE BEES.

--WENDY KINGSLEY

JEFFREY RUSSELL

FIRST GRADE

MARY TYSON

CLOWNS

WE SAW A CLOWN.
HE WAS GOING TO TOWN.
HE HAD A RED NOSE,
AND HE HAD FUNNY TOES.
--KAREN MURPHY

WHY WE LAUGH

STEVE IS LAUGHING.
I AM TOO,
BECAUSE SPOT CHASES
THE BIRD THAT FLEW
UP THE TREE THAT IS TALL.
AND HERE WE ARE VERY SMALL.
--GAYLE PROPHET

FUN

FUN IS PUTTING YOUR FEET IN A MUD PUDDLE.
IT IS FUN TO FISH TOO.
--CAROL MARCHESE

THE JUNGLE

ONCE FOUR BOYS, DAVID, MATTHEW, ROGER, AND JIMMY, TOOK A TRIP THROUGH THE JUNGLE. A MONKEY JUMPED ON ROGER SO WE MADE FRIENDS WITH HIM. THIS MAY SOUND SILLY, BUT WE TOOK HIM ALONG.

SOON WE SAW A SNAKE, AND JIMMY WAS SO AFRAID HE JUMPED OUT OF HIS SHIRT. I TOOK MY SHOT GUN AND BLASTED IT. THE NEXT THING YOU WOULD KNOW, FOUR BULL ELEPHANTS CHARGED AT US!!!

READY! AIM! FIRE!

IN TWO MINUTES SMOKE WAS ALL OVER THE PLACE. WE WERE ALL RIGHT, SO WE STARTED ON. SOON WE SAW THE BIGGEST HERD OF HIPPOPOTAMUSES IN THE RIVER.

I SAW OUR BOAT AND SHOUTED, "THERE'S OUR BOAT!" ALTHOUGH WE DID NOT KNOW NATIVES WERE IN IT. ONE THREW HIS SPEAR AT US.

"DARN IT," HE SAID, BECAUSE HE MISSED.

DYNAMITE WAS IN IT, SO I THREW A MATCH IN IT.

BOOM!!! I BLEW IT TO SMITHEREENS.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW WE GOT BACK HOME, WE SWAM ACROSS THE RIVER AND WALKED BACK HOME.

--DAVID CLISSOLD

FIRST GRADE

HOW SANTA CAME

WHEN IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE, SANTA CLAUS CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY. THE FIRE WAS BURNING. SANTA CLAUS SAID, "YOUCH!" DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED? A BOY WOKE UP. SANTA CLAUS WAS BLACK INSTEAD OF RED. YOU USUALLY DON'T GET TOYS WHEN YOU SNEEKY-PEEKY AT SANTA. BUT STILL HE GOT TOYS BECAUSE BEING BLACK WAS SANTA'S FAULT.

"I THINK THAT THE NEXT TIME I WILL GO IN THE DOOR," SAID SANTA.

--CHRIS PETERSON

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS MEANS SHARING AND
GOOD CHEER.
HERE COMES SANTA WITH HIS
REINDEER!
--CLASS POEM

A STORY ABOUT A LEAF

A LEAF HUNG FROM THE BRANCH OF A TREE. THE LEAF WRIGGLED. IT DROPPED FROM THE BRANCH INTO THE AIR! THE LEAF FLOATED AND TWIRLED AND WHIRLED IN THE AIR. IT BOUNCED AND TUMBLED FROM ROCK TO ROCK. THE WIND BLEW THE LEAF DOWN TO THE WATER. AND IT FLOATED AND RESTED. AND IT DRIFTED INTO A QUIET STREAM.

--CLASS STORY

FIRST GRADE

Helping My Sister

My sister is taking biology,
She catches insects and bugs.
I caught two grasshoppers for her,
She gave me some hugs.
--Charlotte Long

Farm

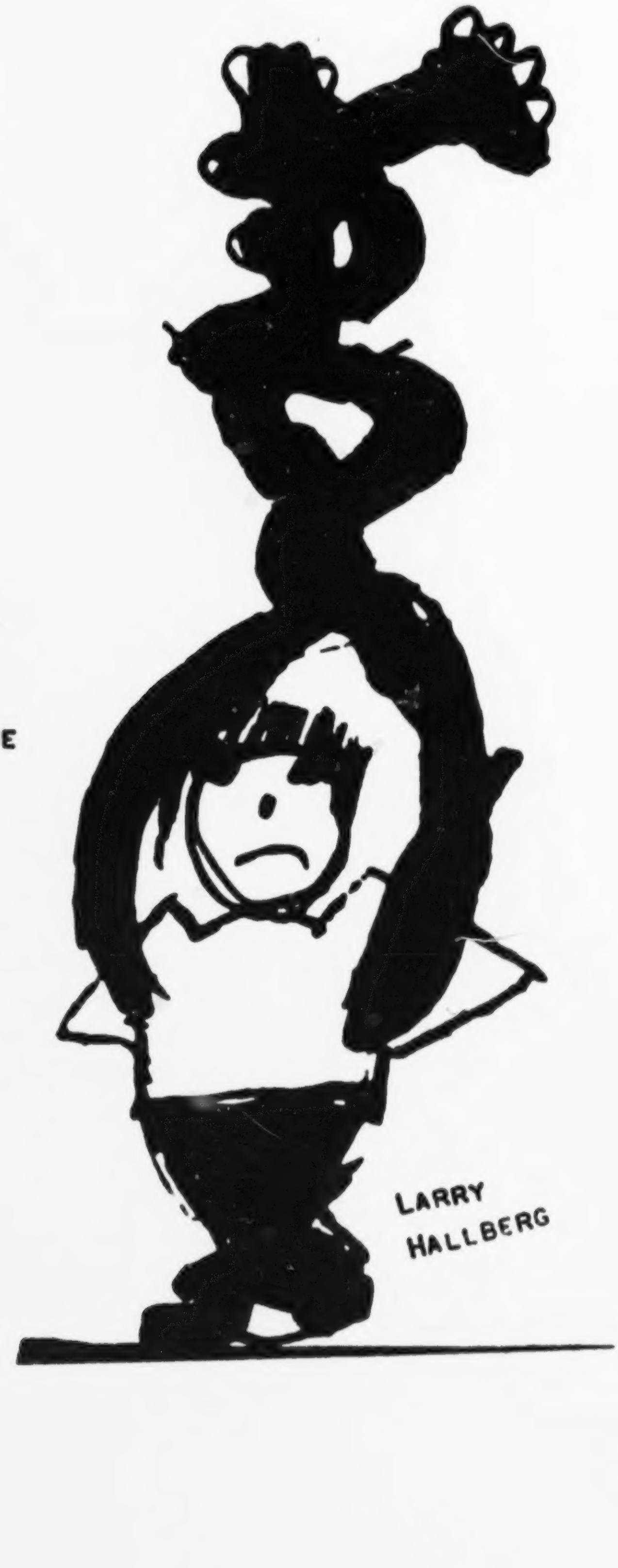
I have a pig farm. Their names are Peanut and Corny. I have to make some mud for the pigs.

--Kevin Samuelson

Long Arms

This old man has such long arms that he can reach a mile. One day his arms grew so long he could reach up to the mountains. Then they got tangled and he could not eat.

--Lisa Richards



FIRST GRADE

A Foggy Day

I don't like to go outside
  On a foggy day.
I like to stay
  Inside and play.
        --William Kramb

Things I Like

I like to play.
  I like to run.
I like to swing
  With someone.
    --Debra Shaffer

♡h!

I just forgot
  To tell you this --
I have for you
  A little kiss!
   --Class Poem

Sweet

My friends and I are nice.
Girls are made of sugar and spice!
    --Cynthia Corzine

Hiding

Julie and I hide a stick
Kipper finds it. What a trick!

Mother hides the cheese away,
Daddy finds it right away.
        --Deborah Walker

If

If I could fly,
I would go play Superman
Up in the sky.
      --Bradley Testa

FIRST GRADE

MY FLAG

EACH TIME I LOOK AT THE AMERICAN FLAG, I FEEL IT'S MINE.
--STACEY WEEKS

OUR STARS AND STRIPES

I LOVE OUR STARS AND STRIPES.
IT SEEMS TO LOVE ME TOO.
WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A STARS AND STRIPES?
WELL, I WOULD LOVE IT TOO!
--RUSSELL MARKELL

BETSY ROSS

BETSY ROSS, SO GOOD AND KIND, MADE THE FIRST FLAG. SHE CHOSE THE COLORS RED, WHITE, AND BLUE FROM HER OWN SCRAP BAG.

--DENISE CONNERS

THE ZIGZAG AIRPLANE

A LITTLE BOY WENT TO BED ONE NIGHT AND AFTER HE WAS ASLEEP, HE STARTED TO SLEEPWALK. HE GOT OUT OF BED, WALKED OUT OF THE HOUSE, DOWN THE STREET, DOWN AN ALLEY TO A FIELD WHERE THERE WAS AN AIRPLANE. HE BUMPED AGAINST A BUTTON. THE DOOR CLOSED AND OFF IT WENT INTO THE SKY. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT DID? WELL, IT DID NOT GO STRAIGHT. IT WENT ZIGZAG. IT WENT UP AND DOWN. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN IT CAME DOWN WITH A CRASH! ---------

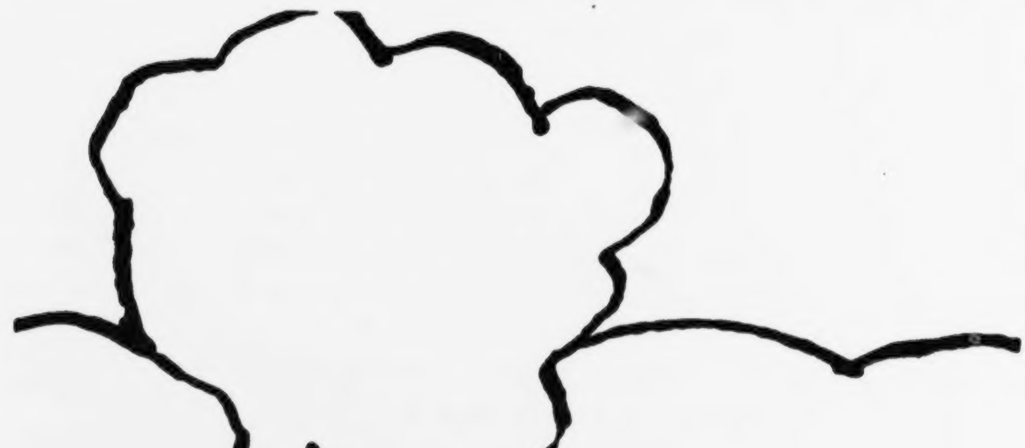
--MATTHEW MEW

FIRST GRADE

POOR LITTLE TREE

ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE TREE. IT LIVED UP IN THE MOUNTAINS. SOME WOODSMEN CAME ALONG AND THEY CUT IT DOWN. THEY TOOK IT TO A LITTLE HOUSE. THEY USED IT FOR FIREWOOD.

--JAMES SHOELZ



BARRY HONG

FIRST GRADE

THE FLYING CUP

ONE DAY A LITTLE BOY NAMED DAVID SAW A WEIRD THING THAT LOOKED LIKE A FLYING CUP. IT HAD A SAUCER WITH FIRE COMING OUT OF IT. IT CHASED DAVID TO A THING THAT LOOKED LIKE AN OLD PLAY HOUSE. WHEN DAVID WENT IN, HE SAW SO MANY OF THE FLYING CUPS. LUCKILY ONE OF THEM DROPPED. DAVID GRABBED IT AND RAN. HE GOT A MEDAL FOR PUTTING THE FLYING CUP MEN IN JAIL.

--MARTIN TRUMP

THE BIGGEST BLACK MOUNTAIN

IT WAS A WINDY NIGHT WHEN THE MONSTER CAME OUT.
"R-R-R-R," SAID THE MONSTER.
THEN, "R-R-R-R," AGAIN SAID THE MONSTER.

--HAL HOWARD

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

IT WAS A CREEPY OLD HOUSE. COBWEBS ALL OVER THE WALLS. CREAKY DOORS. THEN OUT CAME THE MONSTER.

"ROAR," WENT THE MONSTER AND SCARED ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS AND CATS AND DOGS.

--LADD VAN HOLTEN

THE SPOOKY HOUSE

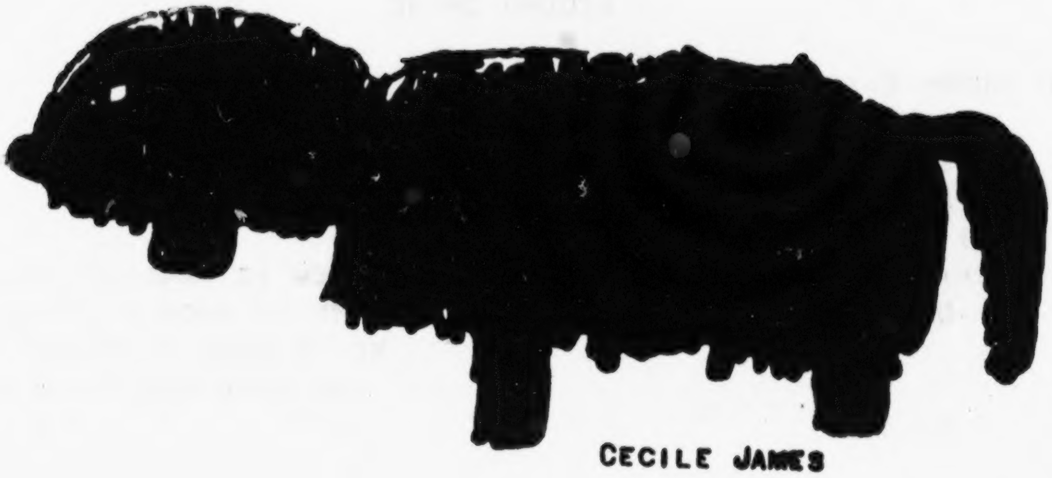
IT WAS HALLOWEEN NIGHT AND MY TWO BEST FRIENDS, MATTHEW AND ROGER, WERE IN A STRANGE HOUSE. WE GOT TO THE KITCHEN AND A KNIFE FLEW IN FRONT OF US. ROGER WAS SO SCARED HE SAID, "HA!!" AND CLIMBED UP THE CURTAINS. MATTHEW LAUGHED SO HARD HE FELL INTO A CHAIR WITH A GHOST IN IT. I LAUGHED SO MUCH I FELL INTO THE SINK WITH WATER IN IT. THEN WE REALLY LAUGHED.

THEN A SKELETON WAS STANDING THERE. MATTHEW PICKED UP THE TELEPHONE, GRABBED THE RECEIVER AND SAID, "HELLO."

A WITCH CAME OUT AND SCARED MATTHEW OUT OF HIS WITS. I SAW A SIGN THAT SAID EXIT. I LOOKED. ROGER WAS STILL UP THE CURTAINS. A GHOST HAD MADE A PIE. ROGER SLIPPED AND FELL HEAD FIRST INTO IT. WE RAN TO THE BEDROOM WITH TWO MONSTERS FOLLOWING US. I HID IN THE CLOSET. A SKELETON WAS STANDING THERE. WE ALL JUMPED AND RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE. IN TWO SHAKES OF A MONKEY'S TAIL WE WERE BACK HOME. WE NEVER WENT BACK TO THAT HOUSE AGAIN.

--DAVID CLISSOLD

SECOND GRADE



CECILE JAMES

SHAGGY, THE SHEEP DOG

SHAGGY WAS A DOG WHO HAD FEET LIKE SLIPPERS AND HAD A TAIL LIKE A SNIPPER. HE HAD A NOSE LIKE A PICKER AND HAD A TONGUE LIKE A LICKER. HE WAS SO SHAGGY THAT HE LOOKED LIKE A WAGGY RAG.

--ROBERT PEDROTTI

ALL MY DOGS

I HAVE A DOG AND HER NAME IS MINDY.
SHE HAD SOME PUPPIES AND I NAMED ONE CINDY.
THEY WERE ALL BLACK,
AND I NAMED ONE JACK.

--CYNTHIA DERRINGTON

A TINY DOG

ONCE A TINY DOG
WENT WALKING DOWN THE STREET.
THE WIND CAME ALONG
AND MADE THE DOG BIGGER.
BIGGER AND BIGGER HE GOT.
POP, WENT THE TINY DOG BALLOON.

--DENISE MELKESIAN

SECOND GRADE

MY FUNNY RABBIT

I HAD A LITTLE RABBIT,
HIS NAME WAS BUSHY TAIL.
EVERY TIME I LOOKED FOR HIM
HE HID BEHIND A PAIL.
--DEBORAH BROOKS

MY COW

I LOVE MY COW, SO ROUND AND FAT.
SHE'S BIG AND SOFT, SO NICE TO PAT!
MY LOVELY COW WITH HER BIG BROWN EYES,
SHE LOOKS SO SAD, YET SHE'S SO WISE!

SHE CHEWS HER CUD AND FLIPS HER TAIL.
SHE GIVES US MILK. SHE'LL NEVER FAIL!
I LOVE MY COW. SHE'S GOOD TO ME.
SHE'S MY BEST FRIEND AS YOU CAN SEE!
--CLASS POEM

CATS! CATS!

CATS! CATS DO NOT WEAR HATS.
AND DO NOT LOOK LIKE BATS.
BUT THEY HAVE CLAWS THAT SCRATCH, YOU SEE.
BUT THEY NEVER, NEVER HURT ME.
--CHRISTINE RICHARDSON

SALEM

SALEM IS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN.
HE IS SUCH A SILLY CLOWN.
HE IS SUCH A GREEDY THING
HE EATS BONES AND ANYTHING.
--JULIE MARSALEK

MY RABBIT

I HAD A RABBIT.
HE WENT HOP, HOP, HOP.
HE WAS SO FUNNY.
MY FRIENDS LIKED MY BUNNY,
THEY CAME TO SEE HIM PLAY
IN MY YARD.
THEY WATCHED HIM HOP
AND NIBBLE THE GRASS
UNTIL THE END OF DAY.
--JENNIFER WILLIAMS

A BEAVER

THERE WAS A BEAVER NAMED KEITH
WHO CUT DOWN TREES WITH HIS TEETH.
HE'D ALWAYS SLAP HIS TAIL WHENEVER THERE WAS DANGER,
AND HE NEVER WAS CAUGHT IN A TRAP BY A RANGER.
--ANDREW HENDERSON

THE GROUNDHOG

THE GROUNDHOG IS A DARK, DARK BROWN,
AS HE GOES DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.
DOWN, DOWN HIS DARK DEEP HOLE.
AND HE IS SORT OF LIKE A MOLE.
HE SLEEPS AND SLEEPS, YOU SEE,
AND, OF COURSE, HE'S NOT LIKE ME.
--CECILE JAMES

SECOND GRADE

JOSEPH SCHEEL

TROUBLE, THE DUCK

ONCE THERE WAS A DUCK WHO GOT INTO SO MUCH TROUBLE THAT HIS MOTHER NAMED HIM TROUBLE. NONE OF THE DUCKS LIKED HIM. ONE DAY TROUBLE'S MOTHER SPANKED HIM AND HE STARTED TO CRY. HE CRIED FOR A VERY, VERY LONG TIME.

THE NEXT DAY TROUBLE WAS NOT SO VERY BAD. THE DUCKS LIKED TROUBLE. HE HAD FUN PLAYING WITH HIS NEW PLAYMATES. WHEN TROUBLE GOT HOME, HIS MOTHER WAS HAPPY AND NAMED HIM GOOD.

--KURT OSENBAUGH

A FLY WENT BY

MY, OH, MY!
THERE'S A BIRD GOING BY.
OH, THAT'S NOT A BIRD.
THAT'S JUST AN OLD FLY!
--GREGORY JONES

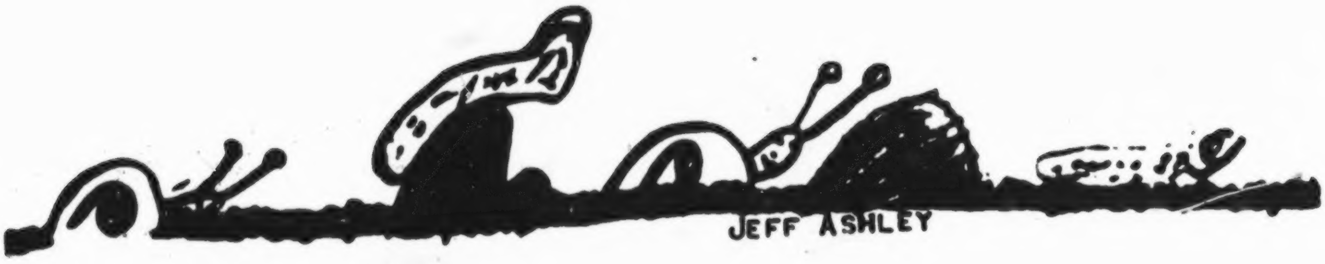
THE BIRD

THE MOTHER BIRD WILL LAY AN EGG,
AND A NEW BABY WILL COME OUT.
THEN THE MOTHER WILL TEACH IT
HOW TO FLY ABOUT.
--JAMES SANDFORD

THE EAGLE

ALL THE EAGLES
ARE NOT LIKE SEA-GULLS.
HAVE YOU HEARD
THAT AN EAGLE IS A MAJESTIC BIRD?
--LAUREL MOSBAUCH

SECOND GRADE



Jeff Ashley

Some Things Are

Some things are soft,
  Soft as fur.
Some things are smooth,
  Smooth as silk.
Some things are hard,
  Hard as a rock.
Some things are big,
  Big as a whale.
Some things are sharp,
  Sharp as a nail.
Some things are slow,
  Slow as a snail.
      --Kurt Osenbaugh

My Three Wishes

If I were granted three wishes by my fairy godmother, I would think and think before I would even breathe a wish. After thinking and thinking I would tell my fairy godmother that I would like to save my wishes, because every day my wishes change and I would like to save my wishes for the time when I was really in trouble.

I hope my fairy godmother understands, because you know what? I don't really believe in her at all.

--Virginia Campen

Saturday Fun

"Today is Saturday," said Bill. "I have a good idea. I will call Jack and Tommy to tell them to come over. We can sell some nuts and punch."

"Hello, Jack, I have some nuts and punch. We can have a store and sell them."

"Good, good," said Jack, "then we'll have money for the club house. I will call Tommy for you."

The boys sold all their nuts and punch.

"Now we have one dollar and twenty-five cents," said Jack.

"Let's go to the store and buy something for the club house," said Tommy. "That was a good, good sale."

--Susan Allen

SECOND GRADE

THE WORLD

OUT IN THE WORLD WE GO FOR A WALK
AND ALL WE SEEM TO DO IS TALK, TALK, TALK.
BUT I WOULD RATHER CLIMB A TREE.
OH, DON'T YOU KNOW? OH, DON'T YOU SEE?
ALTHOUGH I'M REALLY ONLY THREE.
I STILL WISH I COULD CLIMB A TREE.
--LOUISE FASANA

FRUITS

DO YOU LIKE APPLES?
OH, YES, I DO.
I LIKE BANANAS
AND ORANGES TOO.
WHICH FRUITS DO YOU LIKE --
ANY OF THESE?
THEY ARE ALL DIFFERENT COLORS
AND THEY GROW ON TREES.
--BARBARA ALEXANDER

THE WIND

I LIKE TO HEAR THE WIND CRY.
IT LETS ME KNOW IT'S GOING BY.
IT MOVES THE CLOUDS SO HIGH IN THE SKY.
I LIKE TO HEAR THE WIND CRY.
--CYNTHIA COOPER

FALLING SNOWFLAKES

SNOWFLAKES FALL VERY SOFTLY,
GLITTERING IN THE LIGHT.
THEY FALL IN SUCH A DELIGHTFUL MANNER,
VERY, VERY BRIGHT.

I KNOW THE NEXT DAY
WHEN I GO OUT TO PLAY,
THE SNOW MAY BE MELTED
ALL AWAY.
--AMANDA ILES

THE WIND

THE WIND IS FAST
WHEN IT GOES PAST.
IT BLOWS THE BEES
AND THE TREES.
IT GOES ALL AROUND
AND BLOWS THE GROUND.
--TERRY KEAVNEY

A SHIP AT SAIL

A SHIP AT SAIL,
A BOY IN THE CABIN,
A BUNK BED
FOR SLEEPING,
A TABLE
FOR EATING ---
HOW VERY ODD,
FOR I AM DREAMING.
--KRIS KIDD

SICK AT HOME

I'M SICK IN BED AT HOME,
AND YOU'RE ALL WELL AT SCHOOL.
I'M SO SAD; I'M SO BLUE.
THE SKY SEEMS BLACK
WHEN I CAN'T BE WITH YOU!
--MARK VANLANDINGHAM

THE FOGGY DAY

TODAY IT IS FOGGY.
FOGGY IS ALMOST THE SAME AS SMOGGY.
FOG IS COLD.
IT IS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T HOLD.
YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT.
IT CAN GET IN A PIT.
A FOG IS A CLOUD NEAR THE GROUND.
IT FLOATS ALL AROUND.
--TIMOTHY CANTER

SECOND GRADE

HALLOWEEN

ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT
THE WITCHES FLY RIGHT
OVER YOUR HOUSE.
JUST LIKE A GHOST,
THEY CAN ONLY BE SEEN,
ON THE NIGHT OF HALLOWEEN.
--ADRIENNE COLEMAN

JACK FROST

OLD JACK FROST WAS A FUNNY OLD GUY
HE LAUGHED AND HE LAUGHED ALL DAY.
HE PAINTED THE LEAVES AND HE PAINTED THE SKY.
OLD JACK FROST WAS A FUNNY OLD GUY.
--KENDRA DUNKELBERGER

THE PUMPKIN STORY

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A PRINCE, AND ON ONE HALLOWEEN HE WENT TRICK OR TREATING. HE SAW A WITCH AND THE WITCH TURNED THE PRINCE INTO A PUMPKIN. THE PRINCE WAS SAD. WHEN THE FARMER WENT TO TAKE THE PUMPKINS IN FOR THE NEXT SEASON, THE PUMPKIN GOT ROTTEN. THAT WAS ALL OF THE PRINCE.

--THERESA SWEET

LITTLE LOST PILGRIM

A LITTLE BOY NAMED TOMMY WAS WALKING DOWN THROUGH THE NEW COUNTRY. HE GOT LOST. THEN HE SAW SOMEONE IN THE BUSHES, SO HE WENT THERE. HE SAW AN INDIAN WITH A HATCHET. HE TRIED TO GET AWAY, BUT THERE WERE MORE INDIANS SO HE IS LOST FOR GOOD.

--ALBERT MENDEZ

NOVEMBER

THE HAPPY SMELL OF BURNING LEAVES,
THE FIRST WET SNOWFLAKES ON MY SLEEVES,
SHADOWS FALLING ON THE STREET,
THAT'S NOVEMBER.
--KIM JONES

BRAVE TOM

TOM WAS A LITTLE BOY, BUT HE WAS THE BRAVEST BOY ON HIS STREET. HE WOULD GO TO THE WOODS. HE WOULD GO FISHING IN THE SWAMPS. HE WOULD DO ALL KINDS OF SCARY THINGS. NONE OF THE OTHER BOYS WOULD GO WITH HIM, SO HE HAD NO FRIENDS.

ONE DAY, HIS FATHER SAID, "LET'S GO FISHING." TOM SAID NOTHING, SO HIS FATHER WENT FISHING ALONE.

SOON TOM'S BIRTHDAY CAME. HE HAD NO PRESENTS ON THE TABLE, SO HE DECIDED HE HAD NO FRIENDS AND THAT EVEN HIS FAMILY DIDN'T LIKE HIM BECAUSE HE WAS SO BRAVE.

ALL OF A SUDDEN HE HEARD, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY! HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TOM!"

CHILDREN CAME RUNNING TOWARD HIM WITH PRESENTS. SOON HE FORGOT ABOUT BEING BRAVE AND DECIDED BEING LIKE THE OTHERS WAS THE BEST AND MOST FUN WAY TO BE.

--STEPHANIE PRESS

SECOND GRADE

MUSICAL SANTA CLAUS

IT WAS THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS. SANTA CLAUS WAS VERY SAD BECAUSE HE DID NOT HAVE ANY WOOD TO MAKE TOYS. SO SANTA GOT SMART. HE LOOKED IN THE YELLOW PAGES. HE SAW SOMETHING THAT HE COULD MAKE A LOT OF MONEY DOING. SO HE STARTED TO PLAY THE PIANO. HE MADE A LOT OF MONEY SO HE COULD BUY WOOD.

--HENRY SPURGEON

CHRISTMAS REINDEER

CHRISTMAS REINDEER, HOW ARE YOU?
WON'T YOU MAKE MY WISH COME TRUE?
IF YOU DO, I WILL HUG YOU.
IF YOU MAKE MY WISH COME TRUE.
--LINDA GUTIERREZ

SANTA'S SPECIAL ELF

ONE DAY SANTA SAID TO THE ELVES, "I WILL PICK THE ELF I THINK THAT CAN DO A SPECIAL JOB."

"WHAT IS IT?" SHOUTED ALL THE ELVES.

SANTA SAID, "I WILL TELL YOU."

SANTA TOLD THE ELVES WHAT IT WAS. THE NEXT MORNING ALL THE ELVES WORKED THEIR BEST. BUT HANS WORKED THE BEST. SANTA PICKED HANS. HANS WAS HAPPY THAT CHRISTMAS EVE.

--LESLIE SAN MIGUEL

THE SNOWMAN

I MAKE MY LITTLE SNOWMAN. YES, BUT WHEN THE SUN COMES OUT, OH DEAR! MY LITTLE SNOWMAN MELTS AWAY, ONE MORNING ON A SUNNY DAY.

BUT WHEN THE SNOW COMES AGAIN, YOU'LL SEE HIM BACK. THEN HE'LL SAY, "GOOD-BY, THAT'S ALL, I'M MELTING AWAY. I HOPE YOU'LL WRITE ABOUT ME AGAIN. GOOD-BY."

--LAURIE COLE

GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WAS BORN IN 1732.
RIDING HIS PONY WAS FUN TO DO.
GEORGE'S PONY KNEW HOW TO PRANCE.
EVERYONE HAD TO KNOW HOW TO DANCE.
WHEN GEORGE GOT OLDER HIS FATHER DIED.
GEORGE WAS HONEST AND NEVER LIED.
--GLENN WICKERN

SECOND GRADE

COLORS

COLORS ON CHRISTMAS TREES
COLORS ON LIGHTS.

COLORS ON STARS
THAT SHINE AT NIGHT.
--BRUCE MACKINTOSH

WHAT IS BLUE?

BLUE IS THE SKY.
BLUE IS A BIRD,
THAT CAN FLY.
BLUE IS MY HOUSE.
BLUE IS MY MOTHER'S BLOUSE.
BLUE IS MY SHIRT
AND BLUE IS THE WATER THAT SQUIRTS.
--MATTHEW NISKERN

THE FAIRY THAT ATE FRUIT

ONE DAY I SAW A FAIRY
ON THE CHERRY TREE.
SHE WAS EATING MANY CHERRIES
WHICH EVERYONE COULD SEE.

I SAW HER ON THE APPLE TREE
ON A RAINY DAY.
SHE ATE TWO GREAT BIG APPLES,
AND THEN WAS ON HER WAY.
--KAREN CREEL

WHAT IS BROWN?

BROWN IS A CHAIR,
BROWN IS A TABLE.
BROWN IS THE GROUND
WHERE PLANTS ARE FOUND.
BROWN IS A BEAR
THAT GIVES YOU A SCARE.
--CHRISTA BOYES

WHAT IS RED?

RED IS A HEART,
RED IS A BARN,
RED IS AN APPLE ON THE FARM.
RED IS A ROSE,
RED IS YOUR NOSE,
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD.
--JENIFER KRENZ

THE LITTLE ELF

TWITTLE-DEE, TWITTLE-DEE IS AN ELF
PEOPLE SAY HE'S TOO LITTLE FOR HIMSELF.
HE CAN SWING,
BUT CANNOT CLIMB UPON A SHELF.
TWITTLE-DEE, TWITTLE-DEE IS AN ELF.
--MARGARET HELM

THE DINNER TRIANGLE

I WAS A LITTLE DINNER TRIANGLE THAT ALWAYS WAS HIT ON THE CHIN. WHEN DINNER CAME, I GOT HIT ALL THE TIME. ONE NIGHT I LOOKED AT THE CLOCK. IT WAS 3:30. THAT DAY I RAN AWAY. IT WAS HARD TO RUN ON TWO HUMPS. REALLY IT WAS! THEN I FELL INTO A PIT! A ROCK FELL FROM OUTDOORS. BANG! I WAS ALL CRUMBLED UP AND NO ONE COULD HIT ME ANY MORE.

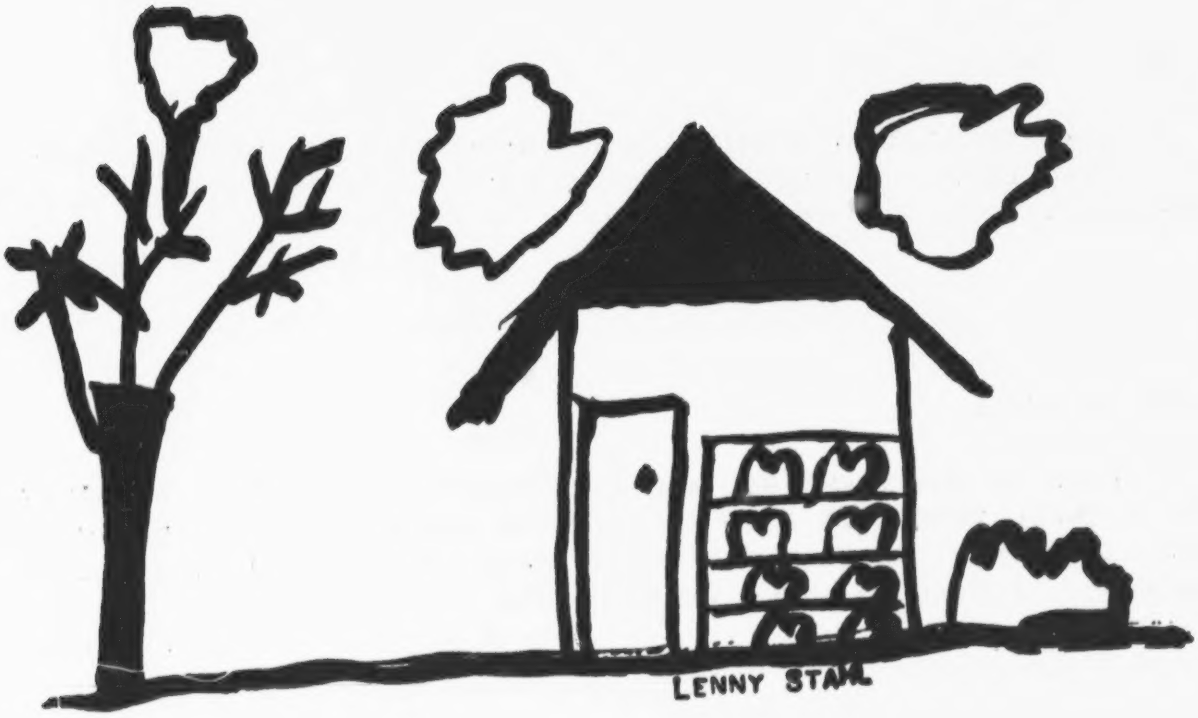
--CORINE DAGGETT

SECOND GRADE

MAGIC VALENTINE

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS GOING INTO THE STORE I HEARD SOMETHING. IT SOUNDED LIKE "BUY ME, BUY ME, BUY ME." I LOOKED ALL AROUND AND THEN I SAW A SIGN. IT SAID ON IT, "MAGIC VALENTINES." SO THEN I TOOK THE BRIGHTEST LITTLE RED HEART. ONE DAY I WISHED ON THAT LITTLE RED HEART AND I WISHED THAT IN SCHOOL WE WOULD HAVE A PARTY. AND WE DID!

--DOROTHY MYERS


LENNY STAHL

MAKING VALENTINES

MAKING VALENTINES IS SO MUCH FUN,
YOU CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE DONE.
--KEITH MIYAMOTO

SECOND GRADE

THESE ARE THE THINGS - - -

I LIKE TO SEE

I LIKE TO SEE THE BIG WHITE FLUFFY CLOUDS FLOAT IN THE SKY. I LIKE TO SEE MY MOTHER BUSY WITH HER WORK. I LIKE TO SEE A BIG PINE TREE WITH ITS NEEDLES FALLING DOWN. I LIKE TO SEE A BIRD IN A NEST EATING WORMS. THESE ARE THE THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

--JUDY BANE

I LIKE TO TOUCH

I LIKE TO TOUCH A DONKEY'S SOFT BROWN EAR. I LIKE TO TOUCH A FUZZY GREEN LEAF. I LIKE TO TOUCH A PUFFY PIECE OF COTTON. I LIKE TO TOUCH A LITTLE FLUFFY YELLOW CHICK.

--DIANE MORGAN

I LIKE TO SMELL

I LIKE TO SMELL THE RED AND PINK ROSES IN MY MOTHER'S GARDEN. I LIKE TO SMELL VEGETABLE STEW BUBBLING ON THE STOVE. I LIKE TO SMELL THE FRESH AIR WHEN IT RAINS. I LIKE TO SMELL THE GREEN PINE TREES IN THE MOUNTAINS. I LIKE TO SMELL THESE THINGS.

--CHERYL SAINT

I LIKE TO SMELL

I LIKE TO SMELL THE NICE RIPE FRUIT MY MOM BRINGS HOME. I LIKE TO SMELL THE FRESH SUMMER AIR IN THE MORNING. I LIKE TO SMELL THE SMOKE FROM THE FIREPLACE. I LIKE TO SMELL MY MOM'S PERFUME.

--CHRISTOPHER MAGINNIS

SECOND GRADE

My Sister

My sister is three years old.
She never does what she's told.
She cries all the time.
Once she almost swallowed a dime.

She is not very tall,
But she can bounce a ball!
She goes to bed in a crib
She wears a bib.
--Christine Carlson

People

People mad, sad, and glad.
Don't you wish you were the kind
Who could be glad all the time?
--Lois Sarkisian

The Beach

Mary said to Jane, "Would you like to go to the beach?"
"I'd love to," said Jane, "but first I have to ask my mother."
"No," said Mary, "We are just going to pretend to play beach."
Mary and Jane laughed all the way on their way to the beach.

--Laura Eklund

The Green Shoes

Once upon a time a little girl wanted a pair of green shoes. When she got a pair of green shoes she went dancing. She was dancing so much that her green shoes took her to the woods. Then she took them off.

--Cynthia Jackson

Car Thirty-One

Once upon a time there was a lonely car. No one wanted to buy it. One day a little old lady from Pasadena looked inside of this garage.

"Wow!" said the little old lady from Pasadena. "This little Oldsmobile can make me rich!"

Here we are at the race track!

"Little car Number 31, please come to the ring. On your mark, get set, go! And the little old lady from Pasadena wins!"

--Gary Wilson

With a Cowgirl

Once there lived a cowgirl and her mother and father. The cowgirl fed the horses and her mother worked in the house.

One day the cowgirl mounted up Blackie and they went to see a lake and some mountains. She saw a cowboy with a gold saddle and bridle on his horse.

But now it was time to go home. It had been a nice day.

--Cynthia Pasco

SECOND GRADE

JACK'S JOURNEY TO THE MOON

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY NAMED JACK. HE TRAVELED AND TRAVELED AND HE READ AND HE READ SO THAT ONE DAY HE COULD GET TO THE MOON. HE NEVER GAVE UP TRYING AND ONE DAY HE FINALLY GOT INTO HIS ROCKET AND LANDED ON THE MOON. THERE HE FOUND CRATERS AND ROCKS AND MOUNTAINS. ALL OF THE ROCKS WERE VERY HARD. HE FLOATED AND HE FLOATED AROUND AND HAD SO MUCH FUN FLOATING AROUND THE MOON. HE LOOKED AT THE STARS AND ALL THE OTHER PLANETS.

FINALLY, HE SAID, "IT IS TIME TO CALL EARTH." SO HE CALLED 54-902, 54-902 ON HIS WRIST TRANSISTOR RADIO.

WHEN 54-902 ANSWERED HE SAID, "I THINK I SHALL RETURN TO EARTH. I AM COMING IN, SO BE READY."

JACK GOT INTO HIS ROCKET AND, AS HE LOOKED BACK AT THE COOL, HARD MOON HE SAID, "DON'T FORGET ME. I WILL BE BACK SOON."

--SCOTT GOODFRIEND

A MOON TRIP

A BOY WAS VERY ANXIOUS TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE MOON. HE STUDIED AND NEVER FOOLED AROUND AND ALWAYS FINISHED HIS WORK AND NEVER WASTED ANY TIME AT ALL. AFTER MANY YEARS OF WORK, HE FINALLY HAD HIS WISH REALIZED AND FOUND HIMSELF ON THE MOON. AS HE FLOATED OUT OF HIS SHIP, (A ROCKET SHIP) THE FIRST THING HE SAW WAS A MOON MONSTER. SUCH A MONSTER NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN. HE HAD GREEN HAIR, A YELLOW BEARD, RED EYES, AND LOOKED LIKE A FROG. THE BOY WAS TERRIFIED. HE HEADED BACK TO EARTH IN HIS ROCKET WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING BACK ONCE.

AND EVER SINCE THEN THIS BOY IS HAPPY JUST TO LOOK AT THE MOON IN HIS OWN BACK YARD. --MARTIN MANN

THE ELF GIRL GETS HER JEWELS BACK

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS AN ELF GIRL.

ONE DAY THE ELF GIRL SAID, "I WILL TAKE A WALK."

WHEN SHE WAS IN THE COUNTRY, SHE SAW A GIANT IN HIS CASTLE. IT WAS A GOLD CASTLE. IT SPARKLED LIKE A STAR. HER MOTHER TOLD HER THAT A GIANT STOLE ALL HER JEWELS, AND THAT THE GIANT LIVED IN A GOLD CASTLE. SO SHE KNOCKED ON THE DOOR THREE TIMES. THEN A WITCH OPENED THE DOOR AND LET HER IN. SHE SAW ALL THE JEWELS THAT THE GIANT HAD STOLEN. WHEN THE WITCH WAS GONE, THE ELF GIRL TOOK ALL OF THE JEWELS.

WHEN NIGHT CAME AND THE WITCH SAW THAT THE JEWELS WERE GONE, SHE WENT OUTSIDE. THE ELF GIRL SAW HER COMING, SO SHE CLIMBED UP A CLOVER LEAF. RIGHT WHEN SHE WAS AT THE TOP OF THE CLOVER LEAF, IT BEGAN TO FALL OVER. IT FELL ON THE WITCH AND KILLED HER. THEN THE LITTLE ELF GIRL SLID DOWN THE STEM WITH HER JEWELS AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

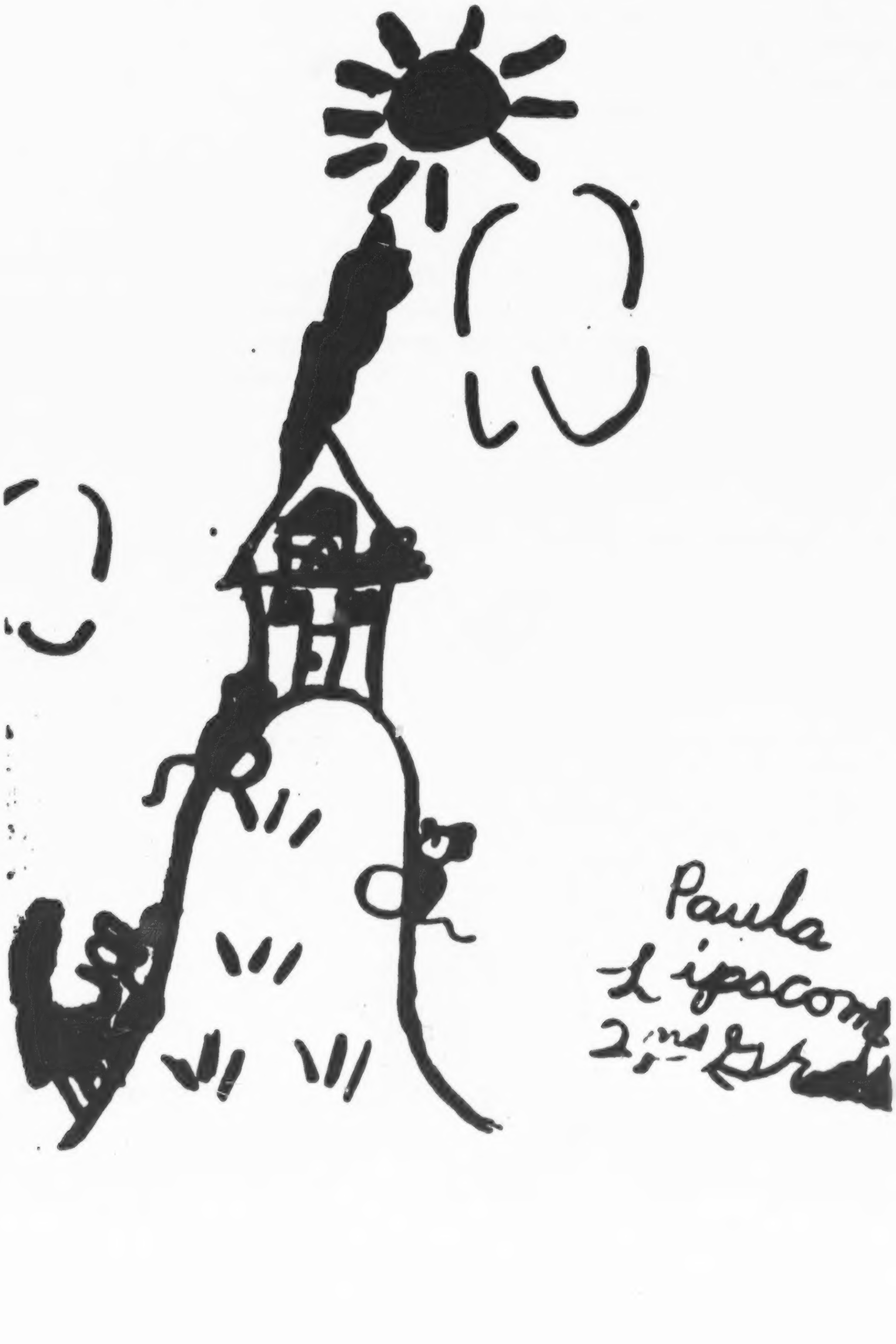
--KRISTIN MCCALL

SECOND GRADE

THE HOUSE ON MOUSE HILL

ONCE THERE WAS A HOUSE. IT WAS ON MOUSE HILL. EVERY NIGHT THE MICE MET THERE. THE SCOTTS LIVED IN THE HOUSE. THE MICE ALWAYS MET UNDER A BED. THEY CAME FROM IN AND OUT OF THE HOUSE. SOME CAME FROM THEIR LITTLE HOUSES OUTSIDE. SOME CAME FROM THEIR HOLES. BUT THE SMARTEST MOUSE CAME FROM THE ATTIC. THERE WAS A LITTLE STAIRWAY DOWN UNDER THE BED. ONE DAY THE SCOTT'S WENT TO THE BEACH. THE SCOTT'S TOOK MOST OF THE FOOD. BUT THERE WAS STILL CHEESE. THEN VERY SOON THE SCOTT'S CAME BACK. ALL THE MICE SCRAMBLED TO THEIR HOUSES. THEN ALL OF THE MICE WERE SAFE.

--KENT BOHMKE



Paula
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THIRD GRADE

OCTOBER

MAPLE LEAVES ARE GOLDEN,
OAK LEAVES ARE BROWN AND RED,
NOW FROGS AND TURTLES
ARE GOING TO BED.
--CALVIN BEERS

ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT

I SAW A WITCH PASS BY THE MOON.
SHE CAME TO EARTH WITH SUCH A ZOOM.
I ASKED HER FOR HER LOVELY BROOM.
SHE CAME IN AND SWEPT MY ROOM.
--ANN MORSE

WITCHES

WITCHES, CATS, AND GREEN-EYED PEOPLE,
THE WITCH IS ON THE CHURCH STEEPLE!
NOW SHE'S COMING DOWN TO SCARE US.
WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE SHE'S COMING IN A RUSH!
OH DEAR, OH DE[illegible], SHE'S COMING SO FAST!
OH, GOOD, SHE HAS CRASHED.
--DEBORAH BRAY

THE HALLOWEEN NIGHT

ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT THE WITCHES FLY
ALONG WITH WEIRD GOBLINS' CRY.
ALL NIGHT LONG THEY SCARE THE PEOPLE,
AS THEY SWOOP DOWN FROM THE CHURCH'S STEEPLE.
--MATTHEW HENKEN

HALLOWEEN NIGHT

WHEN GOBLINS LAUGH
AND WITCHES FLY THROUGH THE NIGHT,
GHOSTS CHANT MAGIC SPELLS
AND SKELETONS GET INTO FIGHTS.
--GLENN BURKE

DARLENE MCCAMMON

THIRD GRADE

WENDY WINDOW MONITOR

MY NAME IS WENDY WINDOW MONITOR,
I AM GREAT, AS YOU WILL SEE,
SO PLEASE DON'T VOTE FOR ANYONE, NOT ANYONE BUT ME!
I AM VERY WELL EXPERIENCED,
BECAUSE I HAVE BLUE EYES.
AND IF YOU WILL LOOK AT MY HAIR,
YOU'LL SEE I'M NOT TELLING LIES.
I THINK WINDOWS ARE FUN TO OPEN,
AND JUST AS FUN TO CLOSE.
SO IF YOU WILL VOTE FOR ME
(AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL DO, I SUPPOSE),
YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT AND THAT I GUARANTEE!
THAT'S FOR SURE, YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!
--ELLEN BARNES

PRESIDENT

I WANT TO BE PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS,
BECAUSE I'M SO VERY GOOD.
I'D PICK THE ROWS THAT WERE THE BEST,
BECAUSE I THINK I COULD.

AND AS I GO TO LEAD THE PLEDGE,
THEY WOULD BE VERY QUIET AND STILL
I COULD HARDLY HEAR A SOUND,
EXCEPT FOR THAT NOISY BILL.

SO VOTE FOR BOB WALL, CLASS,
AND YOU WON'T FORGET IT, NO!
BECAUSE I'M THE BEST OF ALL
AND I CAN RUN THE SHOW.
--ROBERT WALL

ELECT ME FOR HOUSEKEEPER

I AM RUNNING FOR HOUSEKEEPER,
I CAN CLEAN THE CLASSROOM
SO THAT IT SHINES LIKE A DOLLAR.
AS I SWEEP AWAY WITH MY BROOM
I DUST THE DARKEST CLOSET.
I MOP THE CEILING CLEAN.
I SCRUB THE PEOPLE THAT I SEE
AND THEN I GO HOME AND SCREAM.
--SHERYL BRODIE

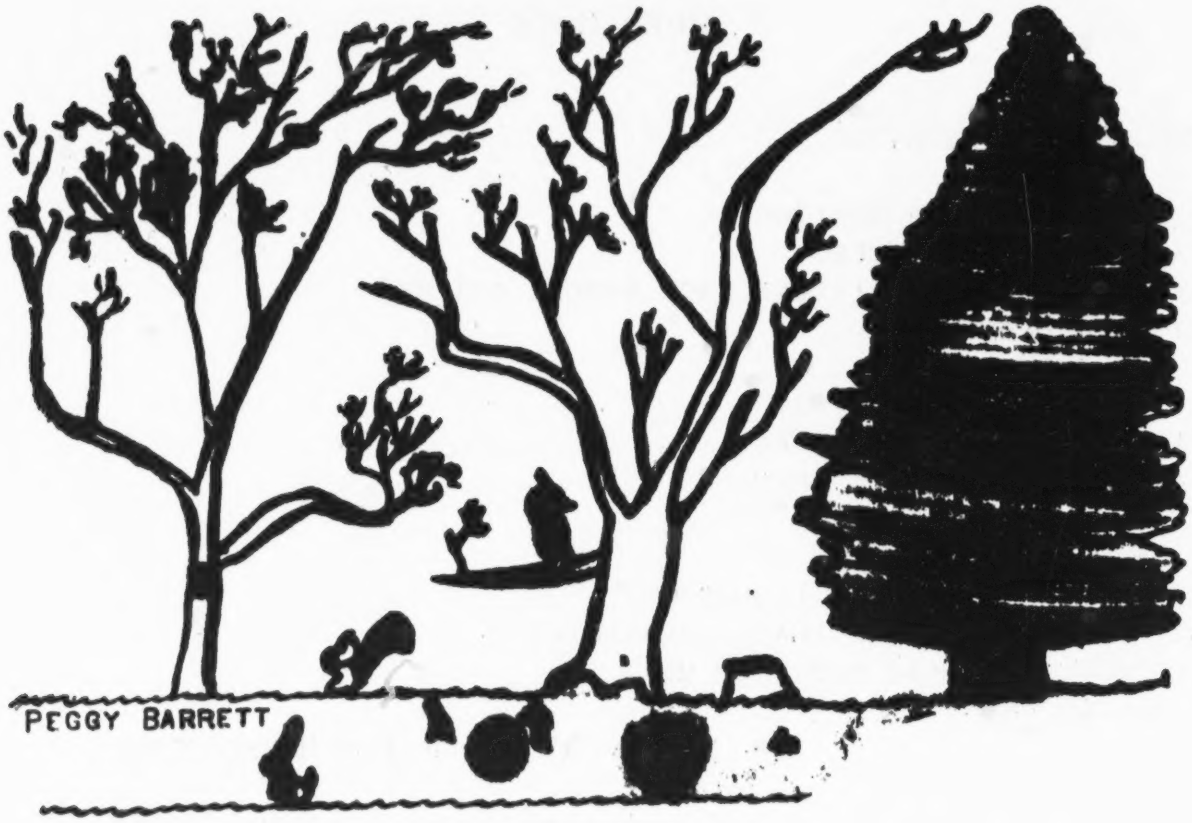
I AM MR. CAVE MAN

I AM MR. CAVE MAN.
I AM VERY STRANGE.
MY FOOD IS STEGOSAURUS MEAT
AND PTERODACTYL EGGS.

VOTE FOR ME FOR CAVE MAN LEADER
I'LL SKIN ANIMALS AFTER A HUNT
VOTE FOR ME FOR KING, MY BROTHERS
I CAN THROW SPEARS FARTHER FOR
THE GAME YOU WANT.

I WILL SAVE YOU FROM DINOSAURS.
I WILL CARE FOR ALL THE TRIBES.
VOTE FOR ME. I'M MR. CAVE MAN!
THE ONE WHO SKINS THE HIDE.
--KURT GETZELMAN

THIRD GRADE



THE FOREST

THE FOREST IS DARK GREEN.
WHEN YOU ARE IN THERE, YOU ARE NEVER SEEN,
FOR IT IS SPOOKY AND IT IS DARK
BUGS AND ANIMALS CRAWL OUT OF THE BARK.
--PAMELA FINDLEY

IF I WERE A TREE

IF I WERE A TREE, MY BRANCHES WOULD SWEEP THE SKY AND MY LEAVES WOULD SEND WATER TO THE CLOUDS. IF I WERE A TREE, I WOULD PAINT THE SKY BLUE AND THE CLOUDS WHITE WITH THE COLOR OF A BUTTERFLY'S WING. IF I WERE A TREE, I WOULD BOWL WITH THE THUNDER AND GOLF ON THE SKY. I WOULD KEEP THE BIRDS COMPANY. I WOULD WATCH THE BEES THAT WORK SO VERY VERY HARD. IF I WERE A TREE, I WOULD SHADE SOME PEOPLE HAVING A PICNIC. I WOULD LET BOYS CLIMB ME. I WOULD LET BIRDS BUILD NESTS AMONGST MY LEAVES. I WOULD LOOK OVER THE HOUSETOPS AND I WOULD LOOK OVER OTHER LITTLER TREES. BUT I'M NOT A TREE!

--KATHRYN CAMPEN

THIRD GRADE

A SNOWFLAKE

ONCE I SAW A SNOWFLAKE,
MY FAVORITE ONE OF ALL.
AND WHEN I TOUCHED THAT SNOWFLAKE,
IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL.
--DONALD SAUNDERS

TREES

I WENT ON A WALK ONE DAY,
AND I SAW SOME TREES.
ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEARD
SOME GROWLING BUMBLE BEES.

I WAS AFRAID
THAT I MIGHT BE STUNG.
AND AS I FEARED,
IT WAS DONE.
--DANA SHELLEY

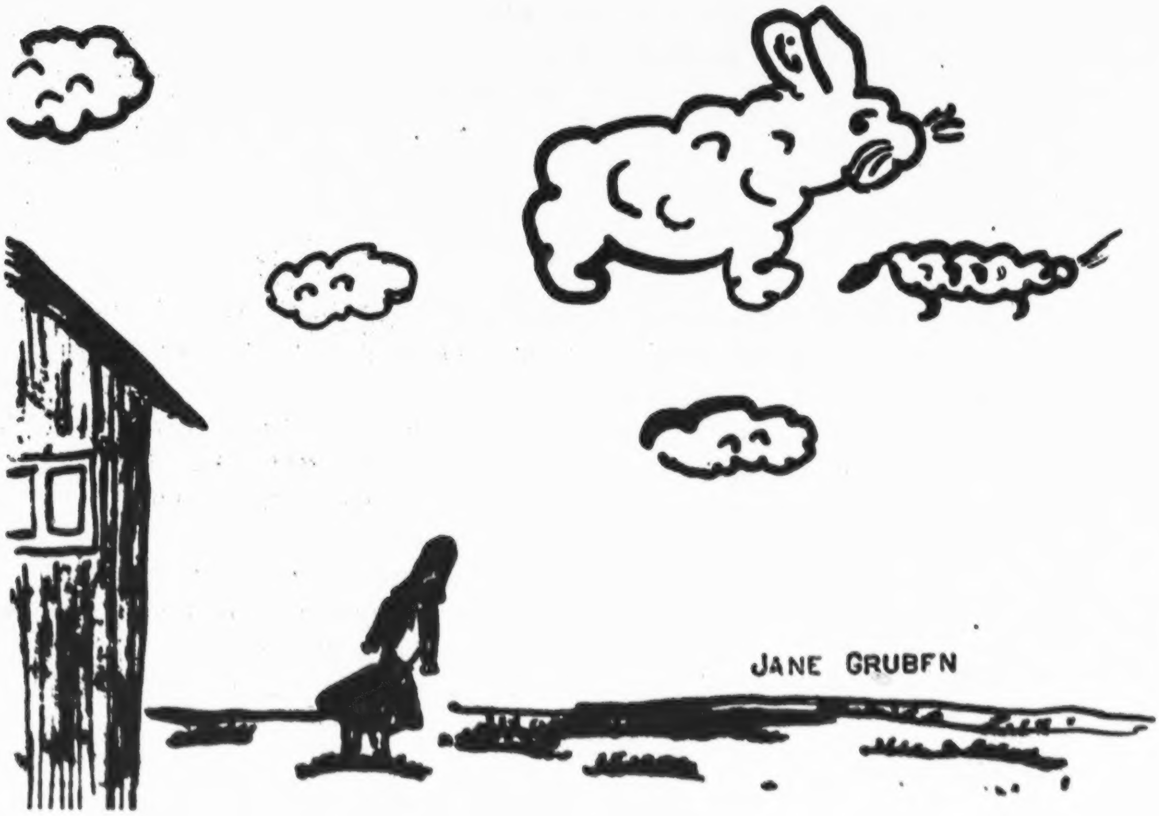
THE AIR

ALL AROUND US THERE IS AIR.
RAIN AND SUN ARE ALSO THERE.
WHEN THE WIND IS VERY HIGH,
WHITE CLOUDS FORM IN THE SKY.
WHEN IT RAINS VERY HARD,
OFTEN SNOW FALLS IN THE YARD.
--DIANE WILLSON

THE CLOUDS

ONE DAY TWO LITTLE WHITE CLOUDS
CAME FLOATING BY MY HOUSE.
THEY LOOKED LIKE A WHITE RABBIT
PLAYING TAG WITH A MOUSE.

THEY SOON HAD GONE BY.
I AGAIN SAW THE BLUE, BLUE SKY.
--CAROL LAY



THIRD GRADE

THE WIND

THE WIND BLOWS HIGH; THE WIND BLOWS LOW.
WHERE IT GOES, NOBODY KNOWS.
BLOWING SAND, CRACKING ROCKS,
I WONDER IF IT EVER STOPS.

THE WIND BLOWS HIGH; THE WIND BLOWS LOW.
BLOWING CLOUDS WHEREVER IT GOES.
YOU CANNOT SEE IT, BUT YOU KNOW IT'S THERE.
BECAUSE OF THE WAY IT BLOWS YOUR HAIR.
--DENISE CLOLERY

PEGGY BARRETT

JACK FROST

JACK FROST, COULD IT BE
  THAT YOU MAKE ALL THE CHRISTMAS TREES?
COULD IT BE THAT YOU MIGHT BE THE MAN
  I SAW LAST NIGHT MAKING PICTURES THREE BY THREE?
OR COULD IT BE THAT YOU MAKE
  ICICLES TWO BY TWO?
AND COULD YOU BE THE MAN WHO PUTS
  FROST ON MY WINDOW PANE TOO?
--LEE ANN RUPPER

MY LIFE AS A FLOWER

THE LAST THING I COULD REMEMBER WELL AS A SEED WAS THAT I WAS PUT INTO THE DARKEST PLACE YOU EVER SAW. IT WAS RATHER DIRTY. AS A MATTER OF FACT, THAT IS WHAT IT WAS -- PLAIN OLD DIRT.

ONE DAY WHILE I WAS SLEEPING, SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE. ROOTS CAME OUT OF MY BODY; THEN A STEM. IT WAS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE. THEN SOME LEAVES AND SOME BLOSSOMS CAME. OUT CAME A PINK FLOWER. I FELT VERY GOOD WITH MY LEAVES AND PINK BLOSSOMS.

"SOME DAY," I SAID, "I CAN BE THE MOST FAMOUS FLOWER ON EARTH."

AS THE DAYS PASSED BY, IT BECAME COLD AND I WAS GETTING OLD. BUT I STOOD AS STILL AS I COULD. IN SPRING I WOULD BE PINK AGAIN.

--SHARON BANNO

THIRD GRADE

A JOLLY OLD FELLOW

THERE'S A JOLLY OLD FELLOW WHOSE HAIR IS WHITE.
  AND HIS LITTLE BRIGHT EYES ARE SO BLUE.
HE'LL BE PAYING VISITS ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT
  AND PERHAPS HE WILL CALL UPON YOU.
--CORINNE HANSON

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

ALL THE STOCKINGS WERE FILLED WITH CANDY AND TOYS.
AND IT WAS ALL FOR THE GOOD GIRLS AND BOYS.
BABY WAS HAPPY WITH A RATTLY THING.
SHE WAS SO HAPPY, SHE TRIED TO SING.
THE TREE WAS PRETTY WITH ALL THE LIGHTS.
AND ALL THE ORNAMENTS MADE IT LOOK BRIGHT.
--MARK RITTER

THANKSGIVING

NEXT WEEK IS THANKSGIVING DAY,
EVERYONE IS HAPPY AND GAY.
WE WILL EAT TURKEY AND PUMPKIN PIE,
TOO BAD THE TURKEY HAD TO DIE!
--TONY BLUM

MY MOTHER

MY MOTHER IS VERY SMALL
NOT EVEN FIVE FEET TALL.
BUT SHE IS SO VERY SWEET
SOMEONE I WOULD LIKE YOU TO MEET.
SHE CARES FOR US WHEN WE'RE SICK OR WELL.
WHEN SHE COOKS, THERE'S SUCH A GOOD SMELL.
HER "SMOTHERED CHICKEN" IS MY FAVORITE DISH.
TO GROW UP LIKE HER IS MY ONLY WISH.
--RANDY RICHMAN

OUR FLAG

O FLAG WAVING GLADLY
FROM THE MAST ABOVE,
WAVE FOR MARCHING CHILDREN
AND FOR THE LAND THEY LOVE.
--KATHY KATH

THIRD GRADE

SOMETHING PRETTY

WE HAVE A CHANDELIER,
IT IS SO BRIGHT AND CLEAR.
WITH CRYSTAL BALLS AND SILVER STRINGS,
IT IS THE PRETTIEST OF THINGS.
--LORRIE KAY SWANSON

AT THE PARK

WHEN WALKING THROUGH THE PARK,
YOU CAN HEAR A DOG BARK.
YOU CAN HEAR A CAT MEOW.
YOU CAN HEAR A TRAIN TOOT
LIKE A LITTLE FLUTE.
YOU CAN HEAR A FIRE ENGINE ROAR
TO THE CORNER STORE.
YOU CAN HEAR THE TREES RUSTLE
THROUGH THE AFTERNOON HUSTLE.
YOU CAN HEAR ALMOST ANYTHING
AT THE PARK IN THE DARK.
--KATHRYN HANKS

A SANDSTORM

THE SKY GOES OVER ME.
THE SKY GOES OVER A TREE.
IT GOES OVER MY FRIEND.
THE SKY HAS NO END.
IT GOES OVER A CLOUD.
IT GOES OVER A CROWD.
IT GOES OVER A TOAD.
AND LAST OF ALL, A ROAD.
--RICHARD KEAVNEY

RAINY DAYS

ON A RAINY DAY THERE IS NOTHING TO DO.
I'VE READ ALL MY BOOKS AND PLAYED GAMES TOO.
SO I WAIT FOR THE SUN TO CHASE CLOUDS AWAY
THEN I OPEN THE DOOR AND RUN OUT TO PLAY.
--DAVID HANSEN

A BATCH OF RAIN

PITTER-PATTER, PITTER-PATTER,
BAKE SOME RAIN IN A BIG FAT BATTER.
FIRST SOME SALT, THEN SOME MILK,
AND MAKE THAT RAIN AS SOFT AS SILK.

ADD SOME BUTTER AND SHORTENING, TOO.
AND PEPPER, MOLASSES, AND A CRAYON BLUE.
PUNCH AND TIN TO MAKE SOME THUNDER.
AND A GOOD THICK BOARD TO CRAWL UNDER.

LET'S GET BACK TO THE RAINY BATTER.
I'M STARTING TO HEAR A PITTER-PATTER.
NOW ADD AN EGG FOR SHELLS OF LIGHTNING.
AND MAKE THAT RAIN REALLY FRIGHTENING!

NOW WE'RE DONE. THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY.
BUT WE'LL TRY IT OUT ANYWAY.
SO TAKE IT OUTSIDE AND THROW IT IN THE AIR.
BUT WAIT, I SEE A BUNNY HAIR!

I'LL THROW THE BATTER INTO THE AIR.
NOW, I GOT RID OF THAT PESTY HAIR.
BUT I'LL THROW IT AWAY, I SHOULD, I SHOULD
BECAUSE, GUESS WHAT! IT'S NO GOOD!
--JEANNE SMAXWELL

THIRD GRADE

SATURDAY

ONE SATURDAY WHEN I WAS EIGHT,
I HAD MADE A SPECIAL DATE.
KICKBALL, I WAS GOING TO PLAY,
KICKBALL ON A SATURDAY.

ONE DAY WHEN I WENT OUT TO PLAY,
JUMP ROPE ON A SATURDAY,
I JUMPED IT SLOW AND VERY FAST.
I REALLY HAD TO STOP AT LAST.

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS GOING TO PLAY
WITH A FRIEND ON SATURDAY,
WE TRADED DOLLS AND RODE OUR BIKES,
WE EVEN READ A BOOK OF MIKE'S.

ONE DAY I WENT OUT TO PLAY
ON MY BIKE AND ON MY WAY,
IT WAS ON A SATURDAY,
YES, IT WAS ON A SATURDAY.
--KATHY BOWEN

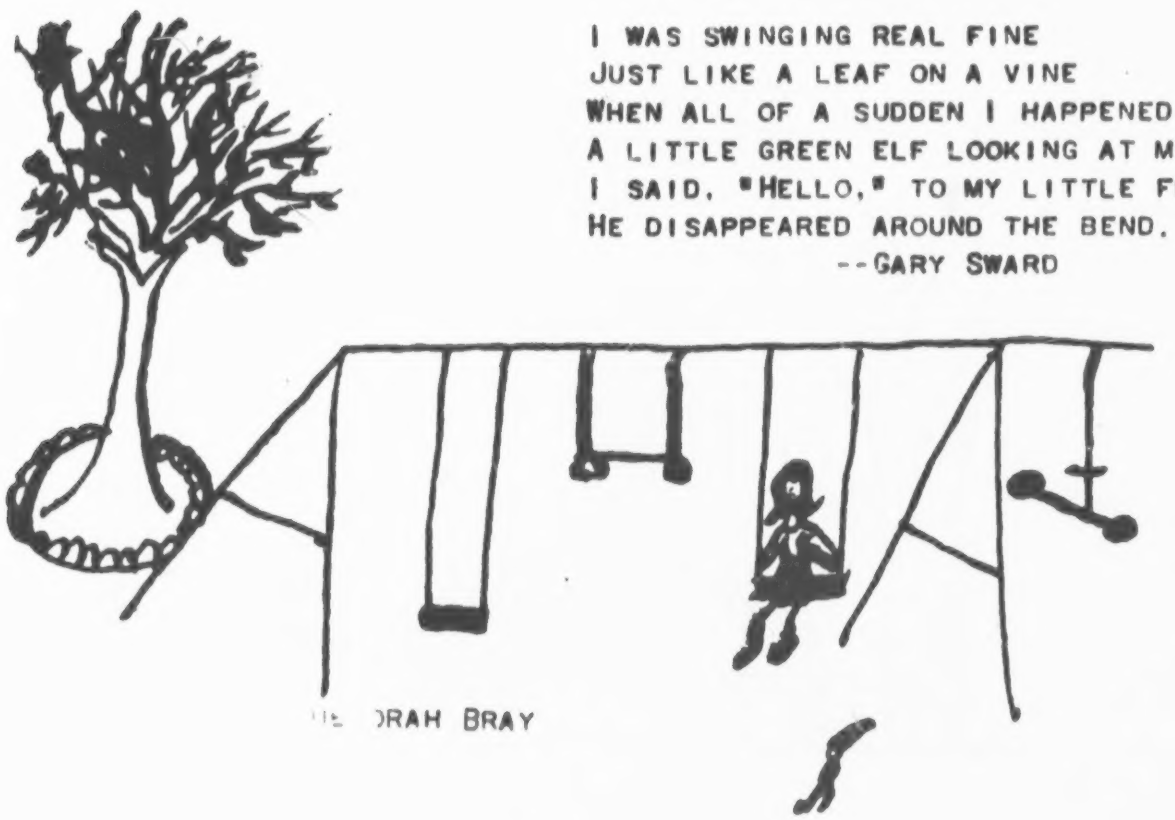
I AM A TRUMPET

I AM A TRUMPET, LONG AND GOLD.
I AM A TRUMPET, BRAVE AND BOLD.
I AM A TRUMPET, A NICE ONE TOO.
I AM A TRUMPET, THAT WILL PLAY ANY
TUNE FOR YOU.

I AM A TRUMPET; I AM IN THE BAND.
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE WAY I
STAND?
I STAND FUNNY LIKE A CLOWN,
THE FUNNIEST TRUMPET IN TOWN.
--DIANE MADARIS

SWINGING ON A SWING

I WAS SWINGING REAL FINE
JUST LIKE A LEAF ON A VINE
WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN I HAPPENED TO SEE
A LITTLE GREEN ELF LOOKING AT ME.
I SAID, "HELLO," TO MY LITTLE FRIEND
HE DISAPPEARED AROUND THE BEND.
--GARY SWARD



DEBORAH BRAY

THIRD GRADE

IF I WERE AN ELF

IF I WERE GOING TO CHANGE MYSELF
I'D LIKE TO TURN INTO AN ELF.
I'D GET ON THE BACK OF A DRAGONFLY
AND TOGETHER FLY ALL OVER THE SKY.

I'D SWIM IN A PUDDLE,
BUT I DON'T THINK I'D DROWN,
FOR I'D PLAY I WAS A DOG,
AND SWIM LIKE A HOUND.

A BLADE OF GRASS WOULD SEEM SO BIG.
A TINY LEAF WOULD LOOK LIKE A TWIG.
IT WOULD BE FUN BEING AN ELF,
FOR I WOULD REALLY JUST BE MYSELF.
--DANIEL WALKER

THE MAGIC TURTLE

I SAW A LITTLE TURTLE
ON A ROCK ONE DAY.
I SAID, "CAN I BE A FAIRY?"
HE SAID, "YES, RIGHT AWAY."

I GREW SO TINY IN A FLASH
I WAS SO VERY SMALL
I JUMPED UPON THE TURTLE'S BACK
HE SAID, "WATCH OUT, DON'T FALL!"
--RICKY KNIGHT

AN ELF AND I

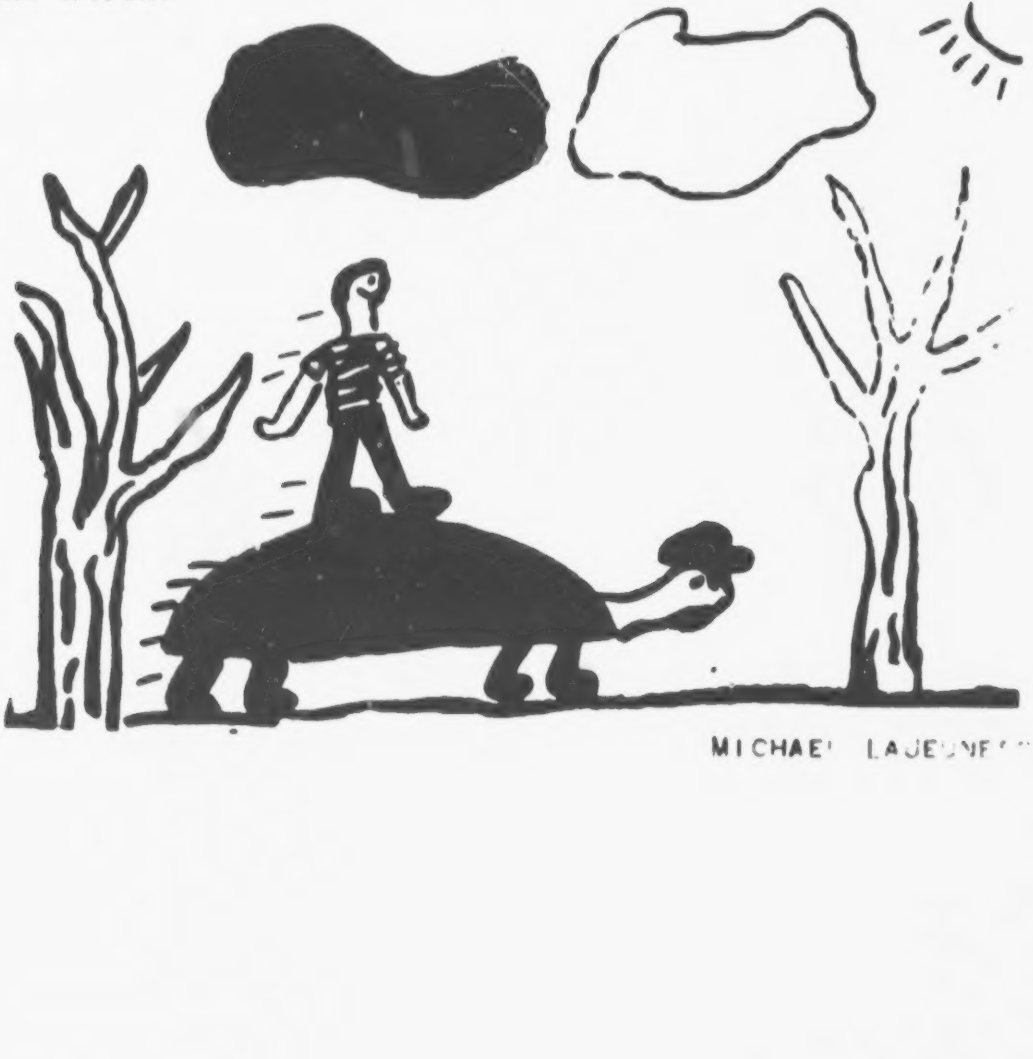
AN ELF AND I WERE PLAYING
IN OUR YARD ONE DAY,
LOOKING AT DAFFODILS AND ROSES,
AND DANCING AROUND IN THE HAY.

WE FOUND AN OLD TOMATO CAN
BY OUR BIG OAK TREE.
WE USED IT FOR SOME FURNITURE
AND PLAYED LIKE WE WERE AT SEA.
--JILL JOURNIGAN

TINY LITTLE ME

MY DOG NOW SEEMS SO VERY BIG,
BEFORE, HE LOOKED SO SMALL.
MY DADDY IS A GIANT NOW.
A PILLBUG IS MY BALL.

A BALL OF COTTON IS MY BED.
A THIMBLE IS MY CHAIR.
A CATERPILLAR IS MY COAT.
AT MY SIZE YOU PAY NO FARE!
--BETH BARKER



MICHAEL LAJEUNESSE

THIRD GRADE

What Is Blue?

Blue is the bluebird happy and gay.
Blue is the sea happy at play.
Blue is someone's eyes looking around.
Blue is the sky looking down at the ground.
--Jane Gruben

What Is Yellow?

Yellow is a banana or a pear.
Yellow is the sun shining in the air.
Yellow is a chick that pops out of
its shell.
Yellow is a happy color, yes, you
can tell.
--Sandra Carl

What Is Black?

Black is my pony and a snowman's hat.
Black is a bridle and a muddy baseball bat.
Black is scary Frankenstein's shirt.
Black is Mommy's dancing skirt.
Black is dead trees around the witch's castle.
Black is Daddy's graduation tassel.
Black is the trigger on a gun.
Black is a pair of stockings with a hole in one.
--Linda Ellis

What Is Brown?

Brown is a doughnut.
Brown is a chocolate cake
Brown is a broiled pork chop
Or a barbecue steak.
Brown is the bamboo in the jungle.
Brown is the mud near the swamp.
Brown is a color one sees all about.
--John Toomey

Green is My Color

It's green as a shamrock.
It's green as a tree.
It's green as a meadow.
The grass is green as can be.
It's green as the toad.
It's green as the grasshopper.
It's green as the ivy that grows
by the wall.
--Jeffrey Genster

THIRD GRADE

What Is Red?

Red is the color of a beautiful rose,
Red is the color of a funny clown's nose.
Red is the color of a little boy's shirt,
Red is the color of a little girl's skirt.
Red is the color of a little girl's cheeks,
Red is the color of high mountain peaks.
Red is the color of a big brick wall.
Red is my favorite color of all.
--Bruce Coffman

What Is Red?

Red is a new dress that you wear.
Red is a rocket high in the air.
Red is an apple that you eat.
Red is a fire truck rushing down the street.
Red is a part of our Flag.
Red is a heart with a name on the tag.
--Deborah Fraser

What Is Red?

Red is Santa's suit round and fat.
Red is lipstick. Red is Mother's hat.
Red is an eraser with which to erase,
Red is a bookmark to keep your place.
Red is a rocking chair.
Red is a shirt to wear,
Red is a ribbon in your hair.
Red is just a plain old chair.
Red is a bell that makes things ring.
Red is all these things.
--Mark Stowitts

What Is Blue?

Blue is the sky, firecrackers, and butterflies.
Blue is my dress sewed with yarn.
Blue is a flower on a windy day.
Blue is my sweater all cozy and warm.

Blue is a policeman's suit when he blows his whistle.
Blue is an old lady's hat on her head.
Blue is a bird flying high in the sky.
Blue is the merry-go-round -- and pink and red.
--Stephanie Coleman

THIRD GRADE

WHAT IS PINK?

PINK IS THE YUMMY PINK ICING ON A CAKE.
PINK IS A PRETTY NEW PARTY DRESS.
PINK IS THE EVENING SUNSET.
PINK IS THE NEWBORN BLOSSOMS ON AN APPLE TREE.
PINK IS THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS THAT HAVE JUST BLOSSOMED.
PINK IS A BRIGHT NEW PENCIL ERASER.
PINK IS A BRIGHT NEW ART PAPER.
PINK IS THE COLOR OF A PRETTY STORY BOOK.
PINK ARE THE FLOWERS ON A SUNDAY HAT.
--GAIL PRICE

WHAT IS PURPLE?

PURPLE IS THE COLOR THAT IS FOR PLUMS
AND GRAPES.
PURPLE IS THE COLOR OF THE NIGHT.
PURPLE IS FOR ROSES, DYING ON A BUSH.
PURPLE IS THE COLOR OF OUR NEW COUCH.
PURPLE IS MY FAVORITE COLOR.
FAVORITE MEANS I LIKE IT BETTER THAN
ANY OTHER.
--WENDY HANSEN

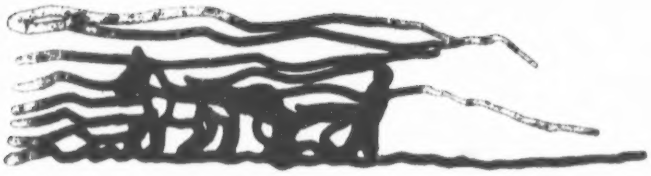
A SNORKEL

A SNORKEL GOES UP SO HIGH,
IT CAN ALMOST TOUCH THE SKY,
IT HAS BALLOON TIRES,
OUTRIGGERS TOO SO IT CAN FIGHT HIGH FIRES,
ITS HOSES HAVE STRENGTH OF ONE THOUSAND FOUNTAINS.
IT CAN FIGHT FIRES, WAY UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.
SO IF YOU SEE A FIRE, HERE'S WHAT TO DO --
CALL ON OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT, IT'LL BRING HELP TO YOU.
--SCOTT FLUKE

MY NOSE

IT DOESN'T BREATHE, IT DOESN'T SMELL.
IT DOESN'T FEEL SO VERY WELL.
I AM DISCOURAGED WITH MY NOSE.
THE ONLY THING IT DOES IS BLOWS.
--DAVID DAUGHTREY

THIRD GRADE



I Am a Rabbit

I am a fat white rabbit
Eating carrots is my habit,
I live on a happy farm
In the warm brown barn,
I have a tail two inches long
When I hop, I'm quickly gone.
--Craig Otis

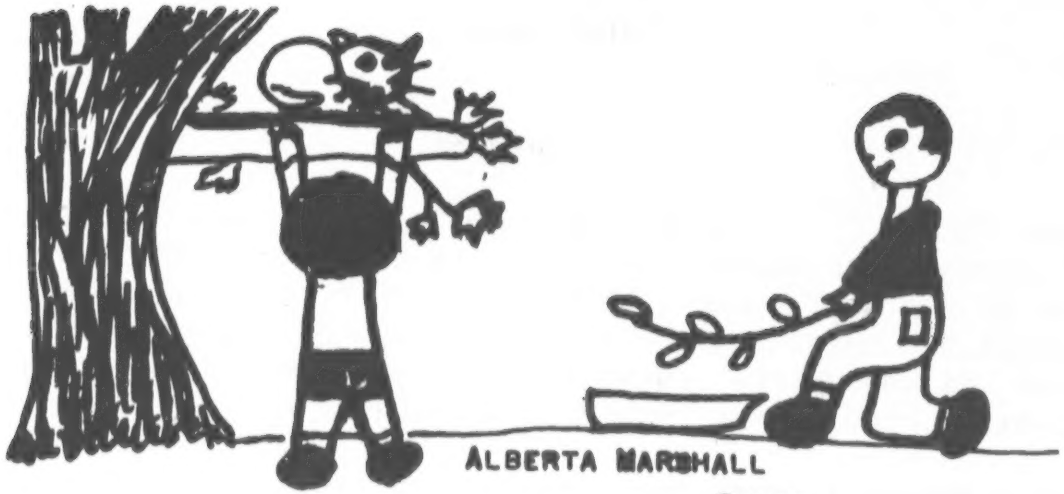
Mr. Fly

Are you a nut, Mr. Fly?
You little pest,
You land on me and that's not nice.
I don't like it, when I'm at rest.
--Calvin Coatsworth

Just Wishing

I wish I had an ice cream cone
With a topping of lemon or lime.
Thinking of it in my head I know
It would be very fine.
But when I get home my mother
    will say,
"It's too close to dinner time."
--Anton Giedt

THIRD GRADE



Alberta Marshall

Pussy

O, little brown pussy on a limb,
I think I would like to call you Jim.
I will pick you off and put you on a pillow.
Because you are a little soft pussy willow.
--Shelley Sue Borcher

A Cat

I am a cat. I live in a tree that has no leaves on it. On Halloween a ghost passed by. I jumped on his back to see where he was going. He was going to an old shack that was very scary. I did not like that shack, so I jumped off his back. When the ghost saw me, he ran after me. I ran out of the shack, up my tree, and never came down again.

--Penny Hurn

Swift Arrow

A little boy was named Swift Arrow because he could shoot an arrow swiftly. One day he was going on a hunt with his friend and he heard some noise behind him. He turned his head and saw a big bear coming at his friend. He got out his bow and arrow, aimed for the bear, and let the arrow go flying. In a minute the bear was down and the friend was safe.

When they got back from the hunt, the boy told the chief that Swift Arrow had saved his life. Then Swift Arrow got his feather. The Chief was glad also because they had bear meat for dinner and Swift Arrow got to sleep on the bear skin.

--Colleen Stewart

The Terrible Monster

Once there was a monster whose name was Consido, but he didn't scare. He was scared of most things himself.

One day he went for a walk and saw a terrible monster. He started to run. He ran all the way home and told Mother Consido all about it. She looked at him, then she said, "That wasn't a terrible monster. That was you! You have the measles!"

--Margo Sullivan

THIRD GRADE

I AM A SPARROW

MY NAME IS PETE. I LIVE WAY, WAY UP IN A TREE IN A NEST ON A BRANCH. I HAVE A WIFE NAMED PERRI. SHE IS NICE, TOO. ONE DAY I WENT TO THE EDGE OF THE NEST, CAREFUL NOT TO FALL. I LOOKED DOWN AND SAW FIVE BIG ANIMALS. THERE WAS A BIG, BIG ONE WHO WAS PUTTING LOTS OF FOOD ON SOMETHING BIG AND WHITE. THERE WAS ONE JUST A WEE BIT SMALLER, AND TWO MIDDLE-SIZED ONES. THEN THERE WAS A WEE SMALL ONE, BUT IT LOOKED LARGE TO ME!

ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEARD THE MIDDLE-SIZED ONE SAY, "LOOK! WAY UP IN THAT TREE! THERE IS A NEST!"

I WAS SO FRIGHTENED I POPPED INTO THE NEST. I WAS SCARED TO DEATH! WHEN PERRI ASKED ME WHAT HAD HAPPENED, I WAS SO SCARED I COULD SCARCELY SPEAK! BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE HER SAD SO I SAID, "THERE ARE FIVE BIG ANIMALS DOWN ON THE GROUND. ONE ...."

SUDDENLY WE WERE DISTURBED BY SOMEONE SAYING, "HEY UP THERE! WE DON'T LIKE TO BE CALLED BIG ANIMALS!"

WE BOTH WERE SO FRIGHTENED WE COULD SCARCELY SPEAK. NOW PERRI KNEW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO GET YELLED AT! WE BOTH THOUGHT THE ANIMALS WERE GOING TO EAT US UP! WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE BIGGEST ANIMALS IN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND PERRI THOUGHT THEY WERE GIANTS. WE WEREN'T GOING TO POKE OUR HEADS OUT OF OUR NEST NOW. PERHAPS THEY WERE GOING TO TAKE US SOMEWHERE AND WE PROBABLY WOULD GET KILLED.

CAREFULLY I POKED JUST MY BEAK OUT AND I SAID, "I WONDER IF ..."

AGAIN I WAS INTERRUPTED. THE WHOLE TREE WAS SHAKING AND WE WERE FRIGHTENED. WE HEARD A LOUD NOISE, BUT IT GREW SOFTER AND SOFTER UNTIL FINALLY IT FADED AWAY.

I THINK THOSE ANIMALS WERE PEOPLE, AND THAT'S WHO I WISH I WERE.

--BRIAN JACKSON

IF I WERE A FOX

I'D BE RED AS FIRE AND MY TAIL WOULD BE BLACK
WITH A COAL-BLACK STRIPE RUNNING DOWN MY BACK.
I WOULD HAVE PEP AND LOTS OF VIGOR.
I WOULD EAT HONEY AND SOMETIMES SUGAR.

I'D BE SO SLY THAT I WOULD OUTFOX A MAN.
BUT I COULDN'T EAT, WITH NO FRYING PAN.
BUT I COULD ALWAYS EAT SMALL BIRDS AND LIZARDS,
AND FOR A TREAT, FRESH CHICKEN GIZZARDS.

--DOUG DRENKOW

THIRD GRADE

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

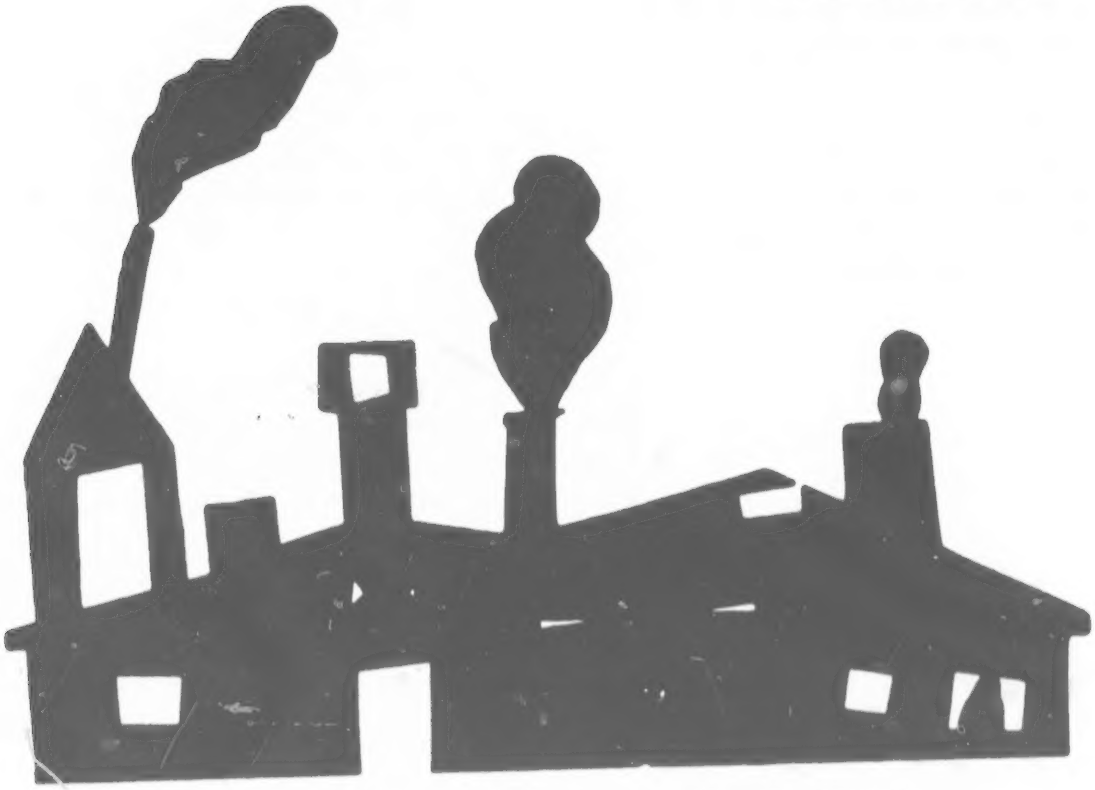
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, ANYTHING AT ALL.
I MIGHT SEE A FAIRY; I MIGHT FIND A DOLL.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, ANYTHING AT ALL.
I MIGHT SEE A LION; I MIGHT SEE A BALL.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, ANYTHING AT ALL.
I MIGHT SEE A BEAR OR SOMEONE MIGHT CALL.
--EMILY BOICE

THE WINCHESTER HOUSE

YOU ENTER THE HOUSE AND OPEN A DOOR.
THERE MIGHT BE A STAIRCASE,
THERE MIGHT BE A FLOOR.
THERE MIGHT BE AN OPENING THAT LEADS NOWHERE AT ALL.
THE STAIRS WERE BUILT WITH THIRTEEN STEPS, SO DON'T FALL.
THE OWNER COULD CALL THE MAIDS FROM ONE ROOM TO ANOTHER,
AS WELL AS TO HER FATHER OR SISTER OR BROTHER.
THE WINCHESTER HOUSE IS AS STRANGE AS CAN BE.
YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER LIKE IT, BELIEVE ME!
--JANET EASTMAN



DAVID CONNER

THIRD GRADE

Lisa Blackburn

My Goat

I had a little goat,
Who chewed on our neighbor's boat.
He got so bold he fought their cat.
He left some bones on top of a mat.
One day he swallowed some bees,
While eating the bark off many trees.
He got so big and round
He ate some sweaters at the school's "Lost and Found."
I had to send him far away,
And I haven't seen him to this very day.
--Hal Pust

Birds

There are many different kinds of birds.
They are many colors too.
Some birds help and some birds don't.
Some birds just look at you.

Birds pick up seeds
And spread them all around.
They fall down from the air
And then they grow in the ground.
--Lisa Bluemel

My Dog

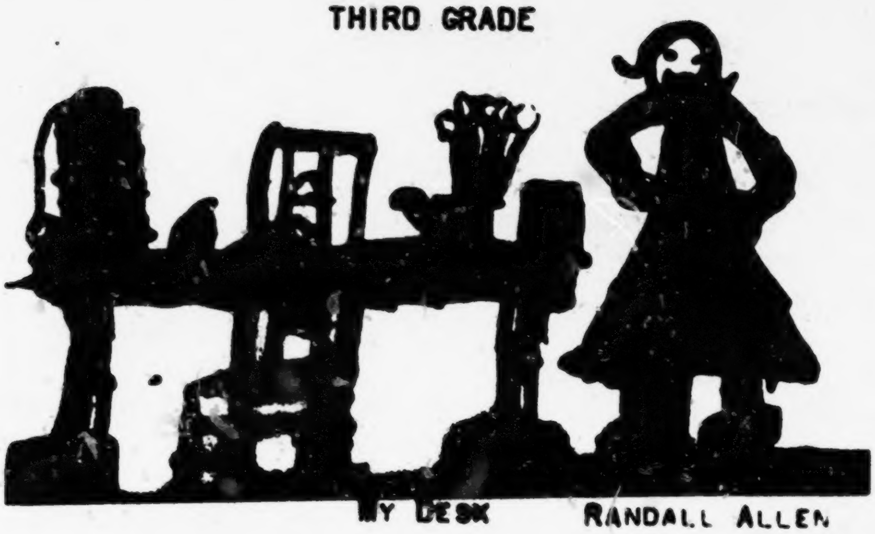
Cindy, Cindy, you're so cute.
In your little fairy suit.
Big brown eyes, wagging tail.
You love to go and fetch the mail.
--Janice Cramer

My Dog

I have a dog whose name is Sam.
For his dinner we give him ham.
His colors are black, brown, and white.
When he's dirty, he's quite a sight.

When he was young, he jumped the wall.
Now he is older, chases me down the hall.
The milkman brings him a bone each day.
When he forgets, there is trouble to pay.
--Susan Langley

THIRD GRADE



MY DESK RANDALL ALLEN

SOMETIMES I AM BAD,
I OFTEN LEAVE A MESS.
MY DESK LOOKS LIKE A JUNK YARD,
I NEED TO IMPROVE, I GUESS.

THIS YEAR I WILL CLEAN MY DESK
AND CLEAN MY DRAWERS UP, TOO.
MY MOTHER WILL BE PROUD OF ME,
AND NOW I CAN FIND MY GLUE.
--JOHN ROBINSON

THE CIRCUS

TO A CIRCUS, OUR CLASS WENT TODAY.
WHEN I SAW IT, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.
WE SAW MONKEYS PLAYING IN A BAND --
ONE WAS PLAYING A HARP WITH HIS HAND.

THERE WERE TWO RABBITS IN A HOT ROD
A LION WITH A HEAD THAT WOULD NOD.
THE CIRCUS WAS VERY EXCITING TO SEE.
EVERYONE LIKED IT, ESPECIALLY ME!
--NANCY STOKES

I LIKE SO MANY THINGS

I LIKE THE SMELL OF DAFFODILS.
I LIKE THE ROLLING OF THE HILLS.
I LIKE THE HEAT THAT COMES FROM THE SUN.
I LIKE TO RUN AND TO HAVE SOME FUN.
I LIKE FLOWERS VERY MUCH.
I LIKE THE TREES, BUSHES, AND SUCH.
I LIKE TO CLIMB UP INTO THE TREES --
BUT, I DO NOT LIKE THE STING OF BEES.
--LYNN KERNS

THIRD GRADE

THE GRASSHOPPER

MR. GRASSHOPPER, HOW DO YOU DO.
MR. GRASSHOPPER, YOU JUMPED ON MY HOSE.
MR. GRASSHOPPER, YOU NAUGHTY OLD THING,
NOW YOU JUMPED ON MY NOSE.

MR. GRASSHOPPER, MR. GRASSHOPPER,
YOU HOP-HOP, HOP-HOP
BUT PLEASE, MR. GRASSHOPPER
DON'T JUMP ON MY MOP.
--SUSAN NASH

GARDENS

IVY GROWS ON MY GARDEN WALLS,
OVER THE TOP, THEN IT FALLS.
MY BACK GETS TIRED CLEANING LEAVES.
I WISH OUR YARD JUST DIDN'T HAVE TREES!
--ALAN SMITH

WISHES

I WISH I COULD RIDE A PONY.
I WISH I HAD LIVED LONG AGO.
I WISH I COULD FOLLOW BUFFALO BILL
AND TRACK WILD GAME THROUGH THE SNOW.
--MARC BERTONE

WISHING SHOES

IF I HAD A PAIR OF WISHING SHOES,
I WOULD GO TO LONDON TOWN
AND SEE BIG BEN AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
WHERE THE QUEEN GOT HER CROWN.
--RITA RUIZ

THE PET SHOP

(THIS IS A STORY WHICH INCLUDES THE SPELLING WORDS FOR UNIT 16 IN THE THIRD GRADE SPELLING BOOK.)

ONE DAY QUITE EARLY IN THE MORNING, I WAS WALKING BY THE PET STORE. I LOOKED IN THE WINDOW AND SAW A SNAKE. I WALKED IN. ALL OF A SUDDEN A FISH JUMPED OUT OF THE WATER AND STARTED TO THROW PEBBLES. I STARTED LOOKING FOR THE SNAKE. JUST AS I STARTED TO TURN THE CORNER, THE THINNEST THING YOU EVER DID SEE CAME OUT FROM UNDER THE PEBBLES. WELL, I GOT OUT OF THERE FAST. ALL THIS NOISE BROKE THE MONKEY FROM HIS DEEP SLEEP. HE STARTED DOING THE TWIST. WHEN A SHEEP CAME IN AND STARTED TO WASH HIS FACE, I HAD HAD ENOUGH.

I STARTED FOR HOME. I THOUGHT ABOUT TELLING MY SISTER ABOUT THIS, BUT SHE NEVER DOES BELIEVE ME.

--SCOTT BORDEN

FOURTH GRADE

MY BROTHER AND I

WE WERE TRICK AND TREATING,
  MY BROTHER AND I,
WHEN WE SAW A WITCH
  HIGH IN THE SKY.

WE HID IN THE BUSHES,
  KEPT TOGETHER TIGHT,
BECAUSE SHE MIGHT SEE US
  ON THIS GLOOMY OLD NIGHT.

SHE WENT RIGHT BY US.
  WE GOT OUT OF THERE FAST,
LIKE THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING
  OR A DYNAMITE BLAST.

WE RAN TO OUR HOME,
  AND JUMPED THROUGH THE DOOR.
OUR HALLOWEEN CANDY
  FELL ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

WE LOCKED ALL THE DOORS
  CAUSE MY MOTHER WAS OUT.
WE LOCKED ALL THE WINDOWS
  AND THE [illegible]NEY SPOUT.

WE HEARD MY MOM'S CAR,
  AS IT CAME TO THE HOUSE.
EVERYONE WAS QUIET,
  AS QUIET AS A MOUSE.

THE WITCH JUMPED ON JOE'S ROOF,
  HE WAS MY FRIEND,
THEN SHE FLEW AWAY
  NOT TO BE SEEN AGAIN.

--ROBERT RUSSELL

JACK O'LANTERN

MR. JACK O'LANTERN
  IS SITTING ON THE PORCH,
WITH HIS CANDLE LIGHTING HIM
  LIKE A LITTLE TORCH.

LOTS OF OTHERS, JUST LIKE HIM
  ARE ON THE VERY DARK STREET,
WHILE ALL THE KIDS GO UP AND DOWN
  SAYING, "TRICK OR TREAT!"

HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS GO BY.
  HIS CANDLE MELTS WAY DOWN.
THEN, POOF! HE IS OUT,
  LIKE MOST OTHERS IN THE TOWN.

--BRADFORD BOYES

HALLOWEEN

HALLOWEEN COMES ONCE A YEAR,
THIS SPECIAL NIGHT I DO NOT FEAR.
SPOOKY SOUNDS CAN EASILY SCARE,
WITCHES ON BROOMSTICKS ARE FILLING THE AIR.
CHILDREN GO ROAMING THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
FILLING THEIR BAGS WITH THINGS THAT ARE GOOD.
PEOPLE ARE WALKING DOWN THE STREET.
GOBLINS AND CLOWNS ARE WHAT YOU WILL MEET.
NOW IT IS TIME TO GO HOME AND REST.
HALLOWEEN IS THE NIGHT I LIKE BEST.

--CHRISTINE VOGEL

HALLOWEEN

WITCHES AND GOBLINS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR,
TONIGHT, TONIGHT WHO ARE YOU GOING TO SCARE?
      I'M GOING TO BE A WITCH
      GOING TO CARRY A SWITCH.
            DON'T BE SCARED BY OUR GHOST
            HE IS SITTING ON OUR POST.
                  PEOPLE WILL BE A HORRIBLE SIGHT
                  FOR HALLOWEEN IS TONIGHT!

--LAURIE RICHARDSON

FOURTH GRADE

GOING TO A HALLOWEEN PARTY

ONE DARK HALLOWEEN, BERTHA, A KIND LITTLE WITCH FROM PASADENA, WAS ON HER WAY TO A HALLOWEEN PARTY IN ARCADIA. SHE WAS PROUD BECAUSE SHE WAS GOING TO DRIVE HER NEW 1964 BROOMSTICK.

WHEN SHE WAS OVER GLOOMY AVENUE, SHE SAW A BAT LYING IN THE ROAD. SHE LOOKED AT IT, THEN LOOKED AT THE TIME. SHE WAS ALREADY TEN MINUTES LATE. BUT BERTHA FELT SO SORRY FOR THE BAT THAT SHE JUST HAD TO GO DOWN AND SEE WHAT WAS WRONG.

SHE ASKED HIM IN A KIND VOICE, "WHAT'S WRONG?"

THE LITTLE BAT SAID, "I WAS FLYING ALONG AND WASN'T WATCHING WHERE I WAS GOING, AND I BUMPED INTO ONE OF THOSE GUYS ON A ZOOM-BROOM. I STARTED FALLING, AND WHEN I HIT THE GROUND, I BROKE MY WING."

BERTHA TOLD HIM TO WAIT WHILE SHE GOT HER FIRST AID KIT. SHE WENT TO HER BROOM AND GOT THE KIT OUT OF THE GLOOM COMPARTMENT. WHEN SHE PATCHED UP THE BAT'S WING, HE SAID, "GOOD-BY," AND FLEW AWAY.

WHEN BERTHA REACHED GERDY'S HOUSE, WHERE THE PARTY WAS BEING HELD, SHE WAS THREE HOURS LATE. THEY HAD PLAYED MOST OF THE GAMES, BUT SHE WAS JUST IN TIME FOR SOME NICE HOT BREW WITH THE OTHER WITCHES.

--MOLLIE SCHIMMEL

I HEARD A THUMP IN THE BASEMENT

ONE AFTERNOON AS I WAS ALONE, I HEARD A THUMP-THUMP. I JUMPED AND LANDED ON THE FLOOR.

"IT'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. I BET IT'S THE WIND!" I SAID.

SO I SAT DOWN AGAIN AND I HEARD A THUMP-THUMP-THUMP! I WALKED TO THE BASEMENT DOOR. IT WAS OPEN SO I WALKED INSIDE. THE WIND PUSHED THE DOOR SHUT. I RAN BACK TO THE DOOR, BUT IT HAD LOCKED. I SAT DOWN TO LOOK AROUND WHEN I SAW TWO GOBLINS AND A GHOST, LOOKING VERY SAD.

"WHY ARE YOU SAD?"

"WE ONLY NEED ONE MORE PERSON TO DANCE AND NOBODY WANTS TO PLAY!" CRIED THE GHOST.

"THEN I WILL PLAY," I SAID.

"OH! THANK YOU," THEY CRIED.

I DANCED WITH THEM AND WE HAD SOME PUNCH TO DRINK.

I SAID, "I HAVE TO GO NOW."

I WENT UP TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS AND SAT DOWN. JUST AT THAT MOMENT MY MOTHER OPENED THE DOOR.

"WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY?" SHE SAID.

I DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY. HOW COULD I EXPLAIN THIS? WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SAID?

--PEGGY SUNDSTROM

FOURTH GRADE

The Turkey

The turkey is quite funny
  In a certain kind of way.
All he does is gobble, gobble
  All the time each day.

The turkey is quite silly
  In a certain kind of way.
He gobbles as he wobbles
  But I think that's how he plays.

The turkey is quite pretty
  In a certain kind of way.
His tail and back are colored
  With colors, mostly gray.
--Susan Hollander

Kukumonga

Kukumonga is a Pilgrim.
He is very silly indeed.
He doesn't know his numbers
And he doesn't know how to read.

One day the Pilgrims had a feast
Oh, my it was a big one!
But Kukumonga could not join,
So he missed all the fun.

The other Pilgrims were mean to him,
And he wondered just why.
It made him feel so bad --
He thought he wanted to cry.

Then one day his friend Tom Turkey,
Came waddling merrily along.
So Kukumonga said to him,
"I wonder what is wrong?"

"Well," said smart Tom Turkey,
"The first thing I would do
Is to get all my numbers right
And learn to read well, too."

So Kukumonga studied his lessons.
He studied them every day
And when he had learned all of them,
The others let him play.
--Karen Creel

The First Thanksgiving Day

The Indians came to the Pilgrim camp
  To have a great big feast.
They ate turkey with great big bites;
  They ate a pound at least.

The Chief came with his people;
  They were smiling from ear to ear.
They all were, oh, so happy
  That they came from far and near.

The Indians did some dances
  With a nice and pleasant song.
They shot some arrows into the air,
  For the feast had made them strong.
--Stephen Martin

FOURTH GRADE

Winter Day

The snow is deep.
The wind is blowing.
What a dark, gloomy day!
Tree is bare
Bush is bare
Cold people
Walking in the cold snow.
House so warm and cozy
You can't resist it.
--Kenneth Bock

When I Get Home

When I get home from Halloween,
I give a great big shout.
Because when I start to eat my treats,
My mother throws them out.

Our garbage man can hardly wait
For Halloween to come,
Because when he takes our garbage cans
He takes my bubble gum!
--David Weckerly

The Swan

The graceful swan with feathers white,
Glides on the pond day and night.
He bows his head and spreads his wings.
I guess he really thinks he's king.
--Vicki Kroeger

The Day I Was in the House

It was a rainy day and I had to stay inside. I wondered what to do. I finally said, "Why don't I pretend I am a teacher?"

It was a fine idea so I got everything ready.

"Now, children, let's begin with arithmetic."

We began and, when it ended, I didn't think arithmetic was much fun. Next we did reading. I didn't think it was fun either. When recess came, I was all tuckered out. For you see, the children were dolls and I had to do their work.

--Elizabeth Maize

FOURTH GRADE

WHAT RAIN IS

RAIN IS A PARACHUTE FLOATING DOWN;
RAIN IS A LADY IN A BEAUTIFUL GOWN;
RAIN IS A DEW DROP OF SPARKLING LIGHT,
RAIN IS A PLANE SHOT DOWN IN A FIGHT.
RAIN CAN BE HELPFUL AND DO A GOOD DEED,
BY HELPING A PLANT GROW FROM A SEED.
--GAY SARTORE

AFTER THE RAIN

WHAT USED TO BE A RIVER
IS NOW QUIET AND STILL.
THE MOUNTAINS LOOK AS PRETTY
AS A DAISY-COVERED HILL.
THE DAINTY, GRACEFUL RAINBOW
IS PERCHED UP IN THE SKY.
THE CLOUDS ARE DRIFTING SLOWLY
UP VERY, VERY HIGH.
--TERRY STEWART

I LOVE THE RAIN

I LOVE TO SEE THE RAIN COME DOWN.
IT WASHES AWAY THE DEW.
THOSE TINY LITTLE DROPS,
I LIKE TO FEEL THEM TOO.

THE RAIN IS GOOD FOR ALL OUR CROPS
IT'S GOOD FOR ANIMALS TOO,
COWS, HORSES, SHEEP, AND PIGS
LIKE TO LOOK AT THE RAINBOW'S HUE.
--HELEN STEENMAN

MY AMERICA

RUSHING WATER, LAKES, AND STREAMS
ALL THESE THINGS ARE IN DREAMS.

THE SINGING BIRDS, THE HAPPY FACES
ALL OF THESE THINGS ARE IN DIFFERENT PLACES.

IN ICY COLD WEATHER THE FROSTED WINDOW PANE,
IS LISTENING TO THE WATER, LISTENING TO THE RAIN.
--CARLA BODY

HEAVENLY STREET

RAIN, RAIN, CAME AGAIN!
HOW IT CAME?
DOWN, WE KNOW.
IT CAME DOWN FROM THE SKY.
IT LOOKS LIKE A LACE CURTAIN?
FALLING FROM THE SKY.
IT COMES FROM THE FLUFFY PUFFY
CLOUDS IN THE SKY.

IT SOUNDS LIKE LITTLE ANGELS' FEET.
A-PATTERING ON THEIR HEAVENLY STREET.
--APRIL ANDERS

FOURTH GRADE

Santa's Apple Pie

Santa is a great big fellow
And I know just why.
My mother once cut up some apples
And Santa made apple pie.

The next day my mother said,
"Where could those apples be?"
I told my mom what Santa did
But she just laughed at me.

Then I told my father,
And he just did the same
So I gave up and agreed with them.
I guess Santa's not to blame.
--Kirk Bell

Buying Christmas Trees

Christmas trees are such a bother!
It begins with my father.
Mom and I find one that's nice,
But Dad says, "Ugh! what a price!"

Then Dad finds one bare and tall,
But none of us like it at all.
So I guess we'll just be on our way
To pick a tree another day.
--Maureen Rochetto

How Windy Saved Christmas

A goat named Windy lived with Santa at the North Pole. Windy would help with the toys by eating the extra cloth for the doll clothes.

You would think Windy would be very happy, but he wasn't. He wanted to be able to fly like Santa's reindeer and pull Santa's sleigh. But he couldn't fly because he was too fat and he didn't want to go on a diet. Even if he could fly he couldn't pull Santa's sleigh, for there were already enough reindeer and Santa didn't need any more.

But on December 14, 1964 eleven days before Christmas, Vixen got the flu and probably wouldn't be well in time for Christmas. Santa didn't know what to do, so he called Windy and said,

"Windy with your legs so strong,
Will you pull my sleigh along?"

Windy said, "But I'm too fat."

"So, go on a diet," said Santa, "or else I'll ... I'll have to cancel Christmas."

Windy went on a diet as Santa suggested and got thinner, thinner, and thinner. Then Santa told Dancer to teach Windy how to fly. It took all day to teach him. He practiced jumping, running, and hopping until his legs hurt. But when the day was over, Windy could fly.

On Christmas Eve Windy could pull Santa's sleigh, and Santa didn't have to cancel Christmas.

--Kathleen Richards

FOURTH GRADE

CHRISTMAS EVE

'TWAS CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE MANSION TOWER
SANTA CLAUS SLOWLY CAME NEAR.
WHEN SANTA CLAUS STOPPED AT THE OLD HOUSE,
HE WAS FILLED WITH A HORRIBLE FEAR.

THE HOUSE WAS DARK AND GLOOMY
AND BATS FLEW IN AND OUT.
TO GO INTO THIS OLD PLACE
SANTA CLAUS HAD SOME DOUBT.

BUT HE WENT DOWN THE CHIMNEY
AS EVERY GOOD SANTA CLAUS SHOULD.
HE GOT STUCK ONCE OR TWICE
AS I KNEW HE WOULD.

INSIDE THE HOUSE IT WAS SPOOKY,
ALL THE FURNITURE WAS DUSTY.
WHEN HE HEARD A SPOOKY NOISE,
I SAID TO MYSELF, "MUST HE?"

BUT SANTA CLAUS WENT FROM ROOM TO ROOM
AND TRIED HIS VERY MOST,
UNTIL HE WAS FRIGHTENED
BY A TERRIBLE, HORRIBLE GHOST.

SUDDENLY SOMETHING GRABBED HIM.
YOU KNOW WHAT HE HAD IN MIND.
IT MIGHT BE DRACULA
OR EVEN FRANKENSTEIN.

SANTA CLAUS GOT SO SCARED
HE JUMPED RIGHT OFF THE TERRACE
AND CALLED HIS REINDEER OVER
WHOSE NAME HAPPENED TO BE HARRIS.

SANTA CLAUS FLEW AWAY
AND I'LL MAKE A BET
THAT HE HAD HAD A SCARE
HE NEVER WOULD FORGET.

BUT SANTA CAME BACK NEXT YEAR
AND NOBODY DID HAUNT HIM.
HE FELT SO VERY LONELY
AS IF NOBODY DID WANT HIM.

HE LOOKED IN EVERY SINGLE ROOM
AND EVEN IN THE BASEMENT.
HE HAD LOOKED IN EVERY CORNER
THEN HE PUZZLED WITH AMAZEMENT.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THAT SPOOKY GHOST
AND THAT SPOOKY SOUND?
HE'D LOOKED IN EVERY SINGLE PLACE
BUT NO ONE WAS AROUND.

SANTA CLAUS KEPT ON LOOKING,
THROUGH EVERY ROOM HE'D ROAM
AND I'LL BET HE'D STILL BE THERE
IF HE DIDN'T HAVE TO GO HOME.

BUT HE NEVER FOUND HIS FRIENDS.
YOU KNOW WHERE THEY WERE HIDING?
INSIDE A SECRET PANEL
IN THE WALK'S WALL SIDING.

--JOHN HEATH

CHRISTMAS EVE

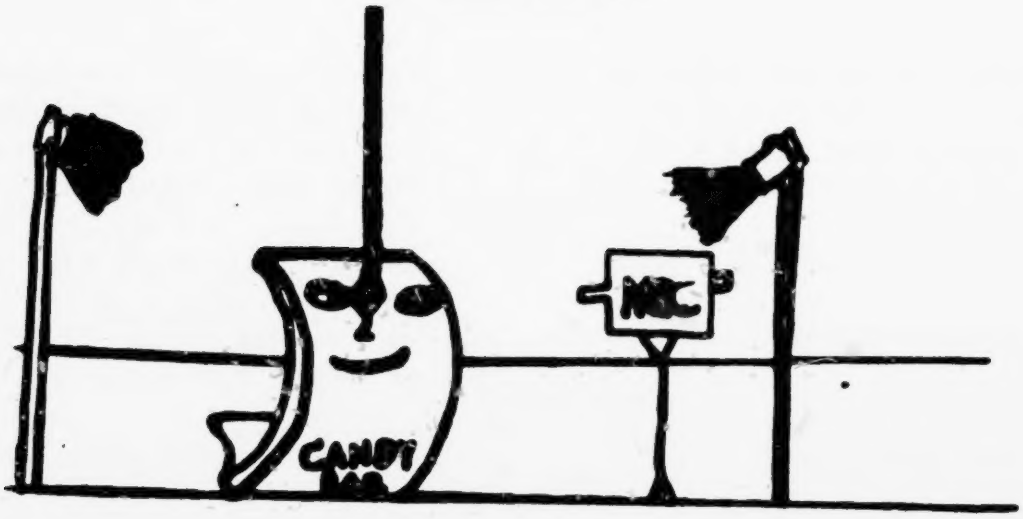
ONE VERY QUIET WINTER NIGHT,
WHEN THE EARTH WAS COVERED WITH SOFT MOONLIGHT
I HEARD A NOISE ON THE ROOF.
IT SOUNDED LIKE A REINDEER'S HOOF.

I PEEKED OUT OF MY BEDROOM DOOR,
THERE WERE PRESENTS ALL OVER THE FLOOR.
WHILE I WAS LOOKING AT THE TOYS,
THEN AGAIN I HEARD THE NOISE.

I LOOKED OUT OF MY WINDOW AND INTO THE SKY,
THERE WAS SANTA'S SLED FLYING BY!

--TORI ANDERSON

FOURTH GRADE



WESLEY GARY

THE MOST FAMOUS CANDY BAR

THE MYSTERIOUS CANDY BAR

ONCE WHEN I WAS TRICK OR TREATING,
I WENT TO SOME LADY'S PLACE.
SHE GAVE ME A VERY ODD CANDY BAR
WITH A FUNNY LOOK ON HER FACE.

THEN WHEN I LEFT THAT LADY'S HOUSE,
A VOICE CAME FROM MY SACK!
I SAW NO ONE, NO MATTER WHAT,
I THOUGHT I'D BETTER HEAD BACK.

WHEN I CAME HOME FROM TRICK OR TREATING,
I DUMPED MY CANDY OUT.
BUT THEN THE LADY'S CANDY BAR
BEGAN TO MOVE AND TALK.

"HELLO, MADAM, AND HOW DO YOU DO?"
I ASKED THE PIECE OF CANDY.
"OH, I'M ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I GUESS.
I'M JUST FINE AND DANDY."

UP JUMPED MY LITTLE CANDY BAR;
I THEN TRIED TO CATCH IT.
BUT I COULD NOT FIND IT.
IT WAS IN MY CATCHER'S MITT.

FOURTH GRADE

FINALLY I FOUND IT!
MY CANDY BAR WAS DISCOVERED.
BUT IT WAS AWFULLY, AWFULLY SICK,
IT TOOK THREE WEEKS TO RECOVER.

I PUT MY CANDY ON TELEVISION
ON CHANNEL N.B.C.
NEXT IT WAS ON THE NEWS
ON CHANNEL M.J.B.

I MADE MILLIONS FROM MY CANDY,
AND HE GOT MONEY TOO.
WE GOT A MANSION AND LIVED ALONE,
NO ONE WAS HAPPIER THAN WE TWO.

FINALLY WE WERE NO LONGER
WEALTHY MILLIONAIRES.
BUT STILL WE COULDN'T BE HAPPIER
THAN WEALTHY ZILLIONAIRES.

TWO OR THREE YEARS LATER,
MY CANDY BAR SAID TO ME,
"I'M GOING ON A WALK,
I'LL BE BACK AT 4:43."

WE WENT ON THE WALK TOGETHER,
THEN WE SAW A LION.
THE CANDY BAR WENT OUT TO FIGHT,
THEN THAT SECOND I HEARD CRYIN'.

I WENT INTO THE JUNGLE.
THE CANDY KILLED THE BEAST.
THE CANDY HAD SAVED MY LIFE!
WE SHOULD CELEBRATE WITH A FEAST.

THEN THE NEXT MORNING I WOKE TO FIND
THE CANDY BAR WAS DEAD.
ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HIM
WAS HIS CHOCOLATE HEAD.

I BURIED THE CANDY BAR THAT NIGHT
IN THE TULIP PATCH.
THAT HAD BEEN A CANDY BAR,
THAT NOTHING ELSE COULD MATCH.

--CARL SPIELMAN

FOURTH GRADE

FAIRIES AND ELVES

ELVES, SLIDING DOWN THE RAINBOW,
THEIR COAT TAILS FLYING HIGH,
ARE TAKING COLORS THEY WILL NEED.
TO PAINT THE MAPLE LEAVES FOR THEE
WHEN AUTUMN COMES AROUND
TO OUR LITTLE TOWN.

FAIRIES ARE COMING OUT
FROM BEHIND THE WATERFALL,
TO MIX THE PAINT THAT THEY WILL NEED
BEFORE THE APRIL SHOWERS,
TO PAINT THE DAINTY FLOWERS,
THE FLOWERS OF THE SPRING.
--EMILY BOICE

DREAMING

WHILE I'M LYING IN MY BED,
THINGS ARE DANCING IN MY HEAD.

ALL THE STARS ARE IN THE SKY,
TWINKLING, TWINKLING UP SO HIGH.

THINKING, DREAMING ABOUT MYSELF,
DREAMING I'M A LITTLE ELF.

DANCING AROUND THE WEE TOADSTOOL,
JUMPING AROUND JUST LIKE A FOOL.

THAT'S WHAT'S DANCING IN MY HEAD,
WHEN I'M LYING IN MY BED.
--JERILYN BENDER

FOUR CHRISTMAS ANGELS

FOUR CHRISTMAS ANGELS
SITTING ON A STAR,
THEY ALL THINK THEY'RE BETTER
THAN THE OTHERS ARE.

THE FIRST HAS A HARP,
A GOLDEN ONE!
SHE PLAYS HER HARP WELL
AND THINKS IT'S FUN.

THE SECOND HAS THE LONGEST HAIR.
IT'S LONGER THAN HERSELF.
HER HAIR IS SOFT AND LOVELY,
LIKE THE BEARD OF AN ELF.

THE THIRD ONE HAS THE BIGGEST WINGS
AND HAS THE BEST GOWN.
SHE SINGS LIKE A HAPPY BIRD,
AND WEARS A GOLDEN CROWN.

BUT THE FOURTH IS THE NICEST,
THE KINDEST, YOU SEE.
I THINK SHE'S BETTER
THAN THE OTHER THREE.
--CAROL PALMER

FOURTH GRADE

GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS A GENERAL
IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.
HE FOUGHT HIS BATTLES BRAVELY
THROUGH MUD, RAIN, AND MORE.

HIS WIFE HE DID SO CHERISH,
FOR SHE WAS VERY KIND.
HE LOVED HIS CHILDREN VERY MUCH,
A GREATER MAN YOU COULDN'T FIND.
--CAROL STAMP

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN WAS AN HONEST MAN,
TO GET A BOOK HE RAN AND RAN.
AND EVEN BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR STARTED
HE WAS ALWAYS RESPECTED AND VERY
KINDHEARTED.

THE WAR WAS HERE, THE WAR WAS THERE,
IT SEEMED TO BE JUST EVERYWHERE.
THE NORTH FOUGHT THE SOUTH,
AND THE SOUTH FOUGHT THE NORTH,
OVER THEIR LINES BACK AND FORTH.

NOW LINCOLN WAS PRESIDENT, YES-SIR-REE,
AND THANKS TO HIM, THE SLAVES WERE FREE.
AND THROUGH EVERY VENT HE HEARD EVERYONE,
YELLING AND LAUGHING AND SHOUTING,
"WE WON!"
--DEBRA ANDERSON

FOURTH GRADE

WHY?

WHY IS THE SUN SO BRIGHT AND GAY?
WHY DO THE BIRDS ALL FLY AWAY?
WHY DO THE ROBINS SO SWEETLY SING?
ONLY BECAUSE IT IS SPRING.
--KIMBERLEE BARRETT

THE NOISE AT THE PARKS
IS FROM HAPPY PEOPLE'S LAUGHS
THAT ARE SO JOYFUL.
--TERRY BRALLEY

MOTHS

MOTHS
EAT WOOL.
MOTHERS DISLIKE MOTHS.
THEY CAUSE MUCH TROUBLE.
MISCHIEFMAKERS.
--WILLIAM MCCALL

BASEBALL

BASEBALL
BEING UP,
GETTING ON BASE,
WINNING EVERY BASEBALL GAME.
BOYS!
--NANCY DAVIES

STARS

STARS ARE BRIGHT AT NIGHT,
THEY SEEM TO MOVE AROUND US,
DISAPPEAR AT DAWN.
--LINDA JONES

A FLOWER IS NICE,
AS SWEET AS TINY RAINDROPS.
IT HAS NO SADNESS.
--JANE HOSTERMAN

FOURTH GRADE

SEASONS

SEASONS ALL HAVE FOUR MONTHS;
EACH SEASON HAS DIFFERENT WEATHER.
EVERYBODY GROWS A LITTLE BIT TALLER;
EACH BIRD WILL GET A NEW FEATHER.

ALL THE LEAVES WITHER
IN THE FALL.
"IT'S TIME TO GO SOUTH,"
ALL THE BIRDS CALL.

IN THE WINTER
WE SUDDENLY GET COLD.
WHEN IT SNOWS
THE GROUND CARRIES A LOAD.

IN THE SPRING
ALL THE FLOWERS BLOOM
THE SUN COMES OUT.
THERE IS NEVER ANY GLOOM.

IN THE SUMMER
IT IS SOMETIMES COOL,
BUT YOU ARE LUCKY
IF YOU HAVE A POOL.

SEASONS ALL HAVE FOUR MONTHS;
EACH SEASON HAS DIFFERENT WEATHER.
EVERYBODY GROWS A LITTLE BIT TALLER;
EACH BIRD WILL GET A NEW FEATHER.
--JACKIE HALLOCK

MY FAVORITE TREE

WE HAVE AN OLIVE TREE AT HOME,
THAT IS FUN TO CLIMB.
WE BOYS PLAY ARMY THERE
AND HAVE SUCH A VERY GOOD TIME.

I REMEMBER ON ONE SPECIAL DAY,
I JUMPED OUT OF THAT TREE,
AND LANDED ON MY OLDER BROTHER
AND CAUGHT HIM YOU CAN SEE.
--NEIL LONG

THE STREAM

WHEN MY DAD WAS A LITTLE BOY,
THERE WAS A STREAM CLOSE BY.
EVERY DAY HE WOULD GO AND SWIM
WHENEVER THE STREAM WAS HIGH.

ALL AROUND IT WERE SOME TREES
THAT SHADED IT SO COOL.
EVERY TIME IT HAPPENED TO RAIN
IT MADE A SWIMMING POOL.

AND THAT STREAM IS THERE TODAY
IF YOU WANT TO SEE IT, YOU COULD.
IT'S THERE, IT'S THERE, IT'S RUNNING
STILL
RIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD.
--MARGARET MILLER

FROM UNDER MY HOUSE

UNDER MY HOUSE WHERE IT IS DARK
AND THERE IS A LOT OF DIRT,
I HEAR SOME NOISES THAT ARE LOUD
BUT I KNOW I WON'T GET HURT.
I AM NOT SCARED LIKE SOME PEOPLE ARE.
I AM A GIRL THAT IS VERY BRAVE.
I WILL NOT RUN FROM ANY NOISE.
I WOULD EVEN LIKE TO EXPLORE A CAVE.
ONCE I FOUND A GREAT BIG ROCK;
I PICKED IT UP AND FOUND A WORM.
IT WAS CURLED UP AND FAST ASLEEP
IT DID NOT EVEN SQUIRM.
SO YOU SEE THAT I AM BRAVE
WHEN I GO UNDER MY HOUSE.
I DO NOT SCREAM OR RUN IN FEAR,
NOT EVEN IF I SAW A MOUSE.
--SARAH BOWLING

FOURTH GRADE

THE SEA

I GO TO THE SEA WHEN I AM ALONE.
BUT THERE'S SOMEONE THERE, MAKING ITS HOME.

THE CRAB DIGS DEEP INTO THE SAND.
I TRY TO FIND HIM BUT HE'S UNDER THE LAND.

THE FISH SWIM AROUND AS FAST AS CAN BE.
IT LOOKS LIKE A FISH TOWN, WAY UNDER THE SEA.
--DONNA BIRD

LEAF

I AM A LEAF
DANGLING FROM A TREE.
I WILL FALL OFF PRETTY SOON.
BEFORE THE BEES
USED TO WHIZZ BY ME,
BUT NOW I'LL WHIZZ
BY THEM.

WHEN I FALL
I'LL TRAVEL AFAR.
WHERE I LAND NOBODY KNOWS.
ONLY THE WIND.
BUT HE ALONE.
ALONE.
--JENIFER CONOVER

WHERE THE LEAF WENT

THE MOVING OF THE GRASS
WHEN THE STRONG WINDS BLOW,
IS AMONG THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN
WHEN THE SUN SETS LOW.

THE LITTLE OLD LEAF
FELL TO THE GROUND.
IT STARTED FLYING UPWARD
AND THEN ALL AROUND.

IT FLEW UP INTO THE AIR
IN THE SKY SO BLUE.
IT FLEW INTO A CANYON.
YES, THAT IS TRUE.

IT FOUND A LITTLE HOLE
IN THE CANYON DEEP.
IT WENT THROUGH THE HOLE
WITH HARDLY A PEEP.

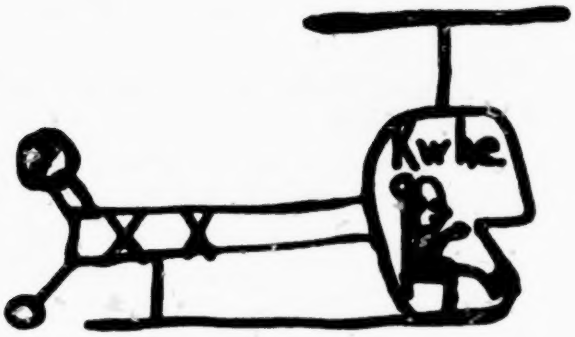
DOWN INTO THE WATER,
SURROUNDED BY GRASS,
IT FLED THROUGH THE WATER
AND OUT THROUGH THE PASS.

IT WENT DOWN A LITTLE STREAM
DOWN AND ON AND ON.
AT LAST INTO A LITTLE BAY
AND NEVER AGAIN TO GO ON.
--KAREN REED

THE APPLE ORCHARD

THE APPLE BUDS ARE BLOOMING, BLOOMING, BLOOMING.
THE BIRDS' SMALL SHADOWS LOOMING, LOOMING, LOOMING.
THE MUSIC RINGS FROM END TO END OF THE APPLE GROVE.
THE MUSIC RINGS FROM GRASS AND TREES,
AS THROUGH THE FIELD WE DROVE.
--JANET CANAAN

FOURTH GRADE



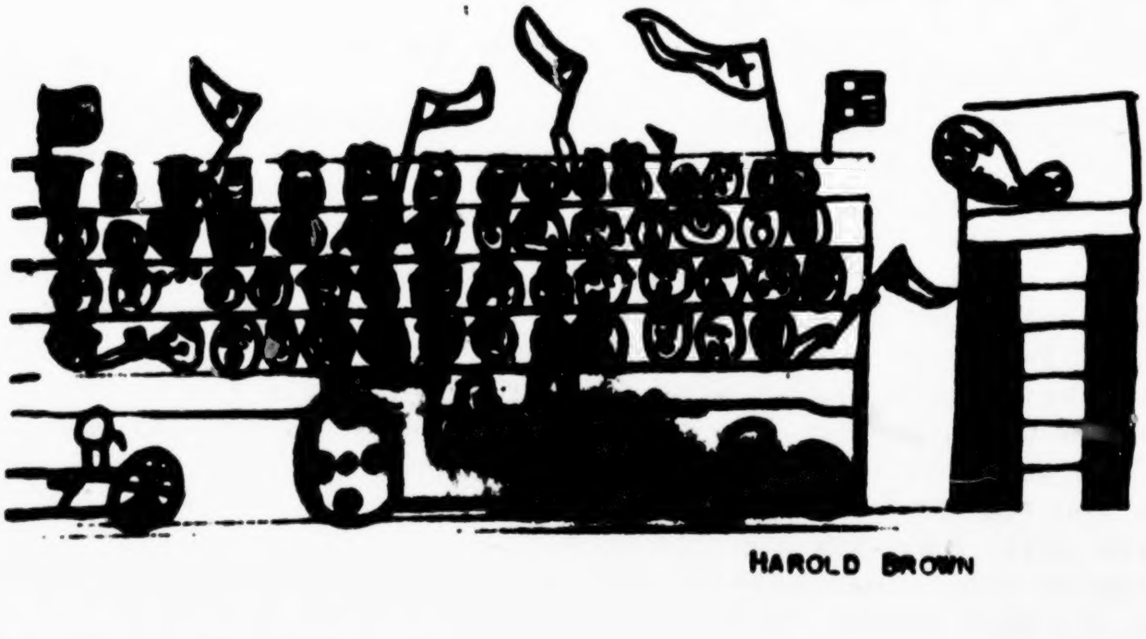
Hot Rod Seven

Down the road zoomed Hot Rod Seven,
Right behind was Number Eleven.
But Number Four was in the lead.
Hot Rod Seven needs more speed.

Hot Rod Seven roars off the track
For in its tire it's got a tack.
Hurry, change it or lose the race.
He's off again at a mighty fast pace!

Hot Rod Number Four is still ahead.
"Come one, come on, Number Seven," I said.
Across the finish line, but not in time.
It's all over. The flag is the sign.

The winner is Hot Rod Number Four.
Driver of seven crawls out the door.
What a disappointment he has had!
Losing the race makes him real sad.
--John Fasana



Harold Brown

FOURTH GRADE

FRANK HOWARD

WHENEVER SKIES WERE VERY GRAY
IN 1962
FRANK HOWARD WOULD COME UP TO BAT
AND TURN THE SKIES TO BLUE!
FOR EVERY TIME HE CAME TO BAT
HE'D HIT A GRAND HOME RUN
THEN THUMP AROUND THE BASES
AS IF HE WEIGHED A TON.
FRANK CAME BACK IN '63
AND HIT A BATTING SLUMP.
THE DODGERS DIDN'T LIKE IT
AND THREW HIM IN THE DUMP.
THE FANS WERE DISAPPOINTED
THEY DIDN'T WANT FRANK TO STAY.
THE DODGERS DIDN'T EITHER
AND TRADED HIM AWAY.
NOW FRANK PLAYS FOR WASHINGTON
A SENATOR HE'LL BE
WILL HE PUT THEM IN THE SERIES?
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE!

--STEVEN JAHNKE

PAUL BUNYAN

PAUL BUNYAN WAS A GREAT TALL MAN,
WHO COULD CHOP MORE TREES THAN ANYONE CAN.
FOR A PET HE HAD A GREAT BLUE OX
THAT WAS SO STRONG, AND AS SMART AS A FOX!
HE HAD FIFTY MEN TO HELP WITH THE TREES.
WHO WORKED AS FAST AS A HIVE OF BEES.
HE HAD A TABLE SO LONG, MY FRIEND,
A TRAIN HAD TO RUN FROM END TO END.
HE WAS TALL AS 10,000 RAILROAD TIES.
I'M HALF AS BIG AS THE WHITES OF PAUL'S EYES.

--GABRIELLE COHEN

TIMOTHY, THE DISOBEDIENT DOG

TIMOTHY WAS A COCKER SPANIEL WHO WAS BORN IN NEVADA. TIMOTHY LOVED TO ROMP AND PLAY. ONE DAY THERE WAS GOING TO BE A FIGHT. TIMOTHY'S MASTER, RICK LUCAS, TOLD TIMOTHY TO STAY HOME AND NOT TO ROMP AND PLAY.

A FEW MINUTES LATER ALL THE MEN WERE READY TO FIGHT OUT IN THE FOREST. TIMOTHY DID NOT ALWAYS OBEY HIS MASTER, SO TIMOTHY FOLLOWED THE MEN.

WHEN EVERYBODY GOT TO THE FOREST, TIMOTHY HAD A PERFECT HIDING PLACE. WHEN THE FIGHT BEGAN, DOGS BARKED, SWORDS FLEW FROM ALL THAT BARKING. TIMOTHY CAME OUT AND BARKED WITH ALL THE OTHER DOGS.

THEN RICK SAID, "GO BACK, TIMOTHY, GO BACK." THEN RICK AND THE REST OF THE MEN WERE CAPTURED. A GUARD KICKED TIMOTHY. A HALF HOUR LATER, HE WOKE UP AND FOLLOWED THE TRACKS. TIMOTHY FOUND ALL THE MEN IN PRISON.

RICK SAID, "GO BACK AND GET HELP."

TIMOTHY DID. THAT WAS THE VERY FIRST TIME HE OBEYED HIS MASTER AND ALL THE MEN WERE FREED, THANKS TO TIMOTHY.

--FREDERICK LUCAS

FOURTH GRADE

TWO HEROES REPORT TWO HOODLUMS

TOM AND JIM WERE AT THE SWIMMING HOLE WHEN THEY HEARD A CAR COMING DOWN THE ROAD.

THE DRIVER YELLED "WATCH OUT," AND THEN SPLASH! THE BOYS HELPED HIM OUT OF THE WATER AND TOOK HIM INTO THE HOUSE. THEY GAVE HIM NEW CLOTHES AND LET HIM BORROW A HORSE TO GET THE GARAGE MAN TO FIX HIS CAR.

IT WAS GETTING LATE BUT SOON HE CAME WITH THE MAN. ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE WAS A CRASH AND THEY HEARD TWO HORSES GALLOPING AWAY. THE NEXT DAY TOM AND JIM WENT INTO TOWN. AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE THEY SAW TWO POSTERS. THEY WERE OF THE VERY TWO MEN WHO HAD BEEN THERE LAST NIGHT. THEY TOLD THE SHERIFF, BUT HE DIDN'T BELIEVE THEM.

THE NEXT DAY THEY AGAIN WERE AT THE SWIMMING HOLE WHEN TOM SAW A BAG UNDER THE WATER. HE WENT DOWN AND PICKED IT UP AND FOUND THAT IT WAS FULL OF MONEY.

THEY WENT TO TOWN AND GOT THE REWARD MONEY. THEY USED IT FOR THE FARM. THAT YEAR WAS THE BEST CROP THEY EVER HAD.

--JEFFREY HULIHAN

THE DARK JUNGLE

"OH, BUT THIS JUNGLE IS DARK," SAID THE LITTLE CAMEL. HE SAW A GREAT LIGHT, WALKED TOWARD IT, AND SUDDENLY, HE FROZE. THERE IN FRONT OF HIM STOOD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WHITE CAMEL HE HAD EVER SEEN. SHE SAT ON A BEAUTIFUL THRONE WITH MANY OTHER CAMELS AROUND HER. SOME OF THEM WERE CARRYING HER THRONE. THERE, TOO, THE LITTLE CAMEL SAW HIS MOTHER THAT HAD BEEN CAUGHT A FEW DAYS AGO.

BEFORE THINKING, THE LITTLE CAMEL DARTED OUT YELLING, "MAMA, MAMA."

THIS MADE THE QUEEN CAMEL VERY ANGRY. SHE YELLED TO HER SERVANTS, "CATCH HIM! CATCH HIM!"

THE LITTLE CAMEL RAN TO HIS MOTHER AND BIT THE ROPE LOOSE THAT TIED HER TO THE THRONE. THE THRONE TIPPED AND THE WHITE QUEEN FELL INTO THE SWAMP. INSTEAD OF CHASING THE LITTLE CAMEL AND HIS MOTHER, THE OTHER CAMELS RAN TO THE SWAMP TO SAVE THEIR QUEEN. THE EDGE WAS SLIPPERY AND THE CAMELS ALL FELL IN.

THE LITTLE CAMEL AND HIS MOTHER RAN INTO THE DARK JUNGLE WHICH NOW BECAME THEIR HOME.

--KAREN HILLERY

FOURTH GRADE

SHIRLEY

SHIRLEY AND HER MOTHER WERE GOING TO THE STORE. ON THE WAY THEY PASSED A DOLL SHOP. SHIRLEY STOPPED AND STARED AT A DOLL IN THE WINDOW. SHE ASKED HER MOTHER IF SHE COULD HAVE THAT DOLL.

HER MOTHER SAID, "MAYBE ON YOUR BIRTHDAY."

SHIRLEY THOUGHT TO HERSELF, "MY BIRTHDAY IS ONLY ONE WEEK AND ONE DAY AWAY."

THE NEXT DAY SHIRLEY WENT DOWN TO THE STORE AGAIN AND LOOKED HARD AT THE DOLL. THEN SHE REMEMBERED THAT TOMORROW WAS A SCHOOL DAY AND SHE WOULD NOT HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO LOOK AT HER FAVORITE DOLL AGAIN.

THAT WEEK EACH SCHOOL DAY HAD GONE BY VERY FAST. NOW SHE COULD LOOK AT HER FAVORITE DOLL AGAIN, BUT WHEN SHE GOT TO THE STORE, SHE FOUND THAT THE DOLL WAS GONE. SHE WAS VERY SAD INDEED.

THE NEXT MORNING SHE GOT UP BRIGHT AND EARLY AND, IN SURPRISE, SHE FOUND HER FAVORITE DOLL BY HER BED. SHE KISSED HER MOTHER AND FATHER AND THANKED THEM FOR HER WONDERFUL PRESENT.

--VICTORIA WILLIAMS

THE UNNAMED SQUIRREL

A SQUIRREL THAT DIDN'T HAVE A NAME WAS SEARCHING FOR ACORNS TO STORE FOR THE WINTER. HE TURNED AROUND QUICKLY AND NOTICED THAT HIS TAIL HAD TOUCHED SIX LEAVES. TO HIS SURPRISE THE LEAVES TURNED DIFFERENT COLORS; RED, BROWN, YELLOW, AND ORANGE. THIS WAS SOMETHING TO TELL LEO, THE LION, THE KING OF BEASTS.

HE STARTED OFF BRIGHT AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING. WHEN HE GOT THERE, HE SAID, "YOUR MAJESTY, I HAVE DONE A FANTASTIC TASK. I WAS HUNTING FOR ACORNS FOR WINTER AND, WHEN I TURNED AROUND, MY TAIL TOUCHED SIX LEAVES. THE LEAVES TURNED RED, BROWN, YELLOW, AND ORANGE."

LEO SAID, "THIS CANNOT BE TRUE!"

"OH, BUT YOUR MAJESTY, IT IS VERY TRUE. I SHALL MEET YOU AT SWAMPY SWAMP TOMORROW AND ALL THE LEAVES IN THE FOREST WILL BE DIFFERENT COLORS. YOU WILL SEE," THE SQUIRREL SAID AS HE LEFT.

THE SQUIRREL STARTED THE TASK RIGHT AWAY OF COLORING SIX LEAVES AT A TIME. HE WORKED UNTIL LUNCH TIME THE NEXT DAY.

WHEN HE WENT TO SWAMPY SWAMP, THE LION WAS THERE.

HE SAID, "I HAVE SEEN ALL THE FOREST. I SAW ALL THE LEAVES. I AM PROUD OF YOU. I CROWN YOU KING MAGIC TAIL. YOU ARE THE KING OF ALL LITTLE ANIMALS IN THE FOREST."

KING MAGIC TAIL WAS SO PLEASED THAT EVERY FALL HE TURNED THE LEAVES DIFFERENT COLORS.

--KATHY GREWE

FOURTH GRADE

Dick Tracy

"Okay, chief. I'll get on it right away. Calling Joe Jitso, calling Joe Jitso. Come in, please."

"Honorable Joe Jitso is coming in, thank you."

"Listen Joe, I've got a good one for you. Someone has just robbed Granny's First and Last Federal Savings Bank. We've got a hunch it's Flat Top Flop."

"Okay. I'll sniff them to their hiding place with Rover. Good-by."

"Joe, I'll call you back later. Over and out."

"Over where, anyway? Oh, well, I'll never get that kind of talk. Here Rover. Here Rover. (Whistle, whistle, whistle, whistle.) Ah, come on, Rover."

"Ruff."

"That's my dog Rover. He comes to me every time automatically. Rover, we have to get a crook who stole a big bunch of money."

"Ruff."

"Okay, okay. I know it's rough on you, but look at me! I work too, you know. Here's your X-Y-Z-F-O-M-B-D-R bone that gives you super sniffing power. Here, catch."

Clomp! Chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp.

"Now he's super sniffer!"

Sniff! Sniff!

"There, it's already taking effect on him. Go get him! Hey, did I say charge? Whoa, Nelly, I mean, Rover. Whoa! Stop! We're going to get a ticket! I said whoa!!"

TWO HOURS LATER

"At last you stopped. Hey, look at the ship. Is that where Flat Top Flop is hiding? Quit shaking your head and tell me if he's hiding in there or not. Oh, you're nodding your head yes. I keep forgetting you can't talk. Come on, Rover, let's find out where he's hiding in the ship. Let's see now -- U.S.S. Sea Pup. Boy, some pup. I would hate to see the Sea Dog! Hey, what's this round thing? Oh, it's a window. I can see through it. You have to be smart to figure that out, you know. There's Flat Top Flop. Hey, don't pull me through the window!"

"I'm not going to pull you all the way through. I'm just going to get you stuck in the middle. Oh, no! I pulled too hard! AHHHHHH! "

CRASH!!!!

"Hey, what do you know! I fell on him and knocked him out! Oh, hi, Dick Tracy. How did you know I was here?"

"I followed the trail Rover made. Well, you did it again. I just don't know hou you do it, Joe!"

--Robert Burke

FOURTH GRADE

STUCK IN A CAVE

BILLY WAS THE FASTEST RUNNER ON THE TEAM. HE COULD RUN 50 YARDS IN 5 SECONDS FLAT. HIS BEST FRIEND WAS JOHNNY. ONE DAY HE AND JOHNNY WENT ON A HIKE TO DEAD MAN'S PEAK. BILLY WANTED TO EXPLORE THE OLD CAVE BUT JOHNNY WAS AFRAID TO ENTER.

"MANY MEN WERE TRAPPED IN THAT CAVE," HE SAID.

"NONSENSE," SAID BILLY.

"OH, YEH, THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY THAT CAME INTO THE CAVE WHO GOT OUT ALIVE."

"WHO?"

"OLD MAN TRAVER AND HE SAYS THE CAVE'S HAUNTED."

WELL, FINALLY BILLY TALKED JOHNNY INTO GOING WITH HIM, BUT WHEN HE GOT INTO THE CAVE, HE FELT A LITTLE SCARED HIMSELF BUT HE STILL WANTED TO EXPLORE IT.

SUDDENLY JOHNNY TRIPPED AND HIT A POST. THE CAVE CAVED IN QUICK AS A FLASH. BILLY GRABBED JOHNNY AND PULLED HIM AWAY.

BILLY SAID, "OH, NO, I HAVE A GAME TOMORROW."

"OH, YOU STOP THINKING ABOUT YOUR GAME AND HELP ME DIG."

"O.K., BUT THIS MUST BE AT LEAST FIVE FEET THICK."

"BILLY, I'M SCARED."

"SO AM I. IT MUST BE DARK OUTSIDE BY NOW AND WE STILL HAVE ABOUT THREE FEET TO GO."

"O.K., SO LET'S DIG."

"WOOOOOO."

"WHAT WAS THAT?" SAID JOHNNY.

"JUST AN OWL," SAID BILLY."

"HOW COULD AN OWL GET IN HERE? THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT."

"LET'S FIND IT."

"O.K."

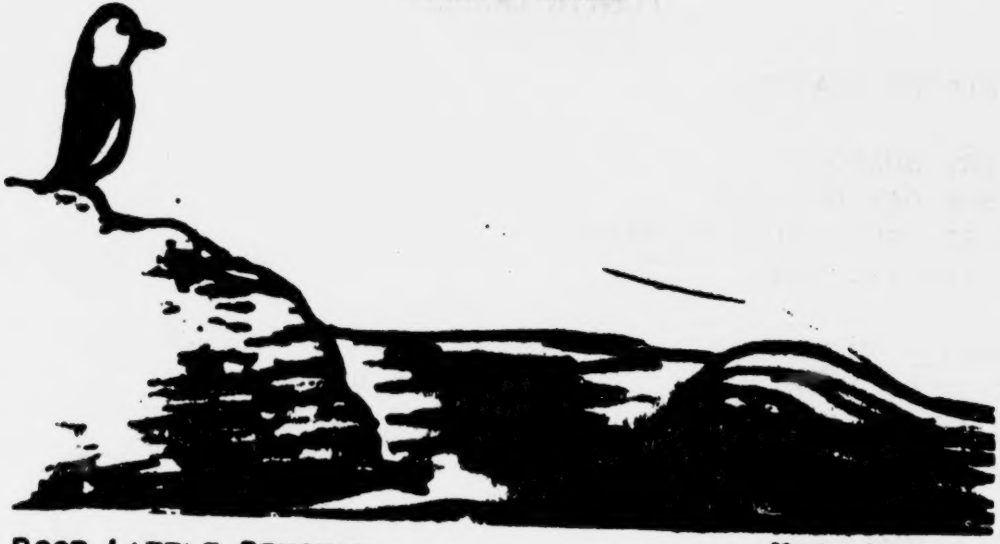
"LET'S GO IN THAT PASSAGE."

SURE ENOUGH! THERE WAS A HOLE. THEY CLIMBED OUT OF THAT AS FAST AS THEY COULD GO.

THEN JOHNNY SAID, "WELL, I GUESS YOU'LL MAKE YOUR GAME AFTER ALL."

--RICHARD DEETMAN

FOURTH GRADE



POOR LITTLE PENGUIN MARK MEW

WAY DOWN ALONG THE SANDY BEACH
THERE IS A PLACE I CANNOT REACH.
THERE'S A LITTLE PENGUIN PERCHED UP HIGH
AND ALL HE SEEMS TO DO IS CRY.

ALL HE DOES IS WALK AROUND
BECAUSE HE CANNOT REACH THE GROUND.
THE WAVES ARE GETTING VERY ROUGH
AND HE'S NOT USED TO ALL THAT STUFF!

THE CRASHING WAVES, THE MORNING DIM,
ALL THOSE THINGS FRIGHTEN HIM.
WILL SOMEONE HELP ME GET HIM DOWN,
BEFORE I START TO WEAR A FROWN?
--SUSAN HOLLANDER

REDDY

REDDY'S MY DOG, A BEAGLE BY BREED
MANY COMMANDS HE HAS LEARNED TO HEED.

HE'LL RUN AWAY FOR A DAY OR SO.
BUT HE'LL COME RIGHT BACK WHEN THE WIND STARTS TO BLOW.

HE WEARS A COLLAR (AS MOST DOGS DO)
AND HAS A BIG BONE ON WHICH HE LIKES TO CHEW.
--JEFF HENDERSON

FOURTH GRADE

My Little Sister Sharon

My little sister, Sharon,
Is as cute as she can be.
She has a ruffled dress with flowers,
And blue eyes like the sea.

She has very pretty ribbons,
And pretty red-brown hair.
She walks beautifully like
She's floating on the air.

She has a little smile
That winks and twinkles so,
With dimples right beside it,
And rosy cheeks that glow.
--Kathryn Todd

My Saxophone

I love to play my saxophone,
I play and play and play.
But then my father comes in and says
"It's time to hit the hay."

I wake up in the morning,
And really moan and groan,
Because I had a dream
That someone took my saxophone.

A saxophone is a wood wind
That's really fun to play,
But before you even know it,
Your father says, "Hit the Hay."
--Michael Walz

My Little Mouse

For my little mouse I made
A bunch of little clothes;
A school dress and a lot of socks
To warm her little toes.

I made her a little party dress
And a ball gown too.
And when I mend her little clothes,
They look just like they're new.

Now my mouse is happy,
As happy as a mouse should be.
And do you know why this is?
Because of me, me, me.
--Constance McClain

Know How to Ride

Bike riding is fun,
But dangerous, too.
Listen to me,
And you'll learn something new.

I've seen people ride,
Making like a pro.
I could see all the rules
That they didn't know.

Walk your bike; lock your bike.
Keep your license up-to-date.
Do these things and policemen will think
That you are first rate.
--William Patterson

FOURTH GRADE

FOR SALE

"AND THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, AND THAT'S THE WAY IT HAS TO BE," DAD FINISHED HIS SENTENCE WITH A GRUNT AND A SIGH, BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.

THE CHILDREN WERE SPEECHLESS. BETTY STARED AT DAD, OPEN-EYED, OPEN-MOUTHED. TEARS GATHERED IN THOMAS' EYES. JAT LOOKED AT HIS FEET. JAN TURNED WHITE. EVEN THE BABY WAS STILL. THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY ADDEM'S WILD "YAHOO!" AND THE GRIN ON HIS FRECKLED FACE.

"WHAT'S SO GOOD?" BETTY SNAPPED IN HER 2-YEAR-OLD WAY. "DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT DAD'S LOSING HIS JOB IS THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN?" HER VOICE WENT UP TO A SHRILL SQUEAL. "WHY, WE MIGHT EVEN STARVE TO DEATH!" THAT WAS LIKE BETTY, JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS LIKE THAT.

"AW, WE WON'T, MOVING AROUND LIKE THAT," STATED ADDEM, THEN PAUSING AND SAYING, "ESPECIALLY IF WE SELL OUR JUNK AND OUR HOUSE. SAY, DAD, MAY I HELP PICK BEANS?"

SELLING THEIR HOUSE! THAT SENT THOMAS REALLY WAILING. THOMAS' SOBS SENT THE BABY CRYING LIKE ALL GET OUT. ADDEM LOOKED HURT BECAUSE NO ONE PAID ANY ATTENTION TO HIS QUESTION.

JAT BLURTED OUT, "DO WE HAVE TO BE MIGRANTS LIKE WE READ ABOUT IN SCHOOL?"

"YUP," ANSWERED ADDEM, HAPPILY.

"ON THE MOVE LIKE THAT, YOU WON'T GO TO THCOOL," JAN LISPED, RECOVERING FROM HER WHITENESS, AND NOW TURNING GREEN, AND THEN BLACK. NOW THREE PEOPLE WERE CRYING.

"WE'LL HAVE TO SELL OUR THINGS," SAID MOM GRIMLY, "AND GET US A TRUCK WITH THE MONEY FOR THE HOUSE."

"DO WE HAVE TO SELL MY DOLLY?" ASKED JAN.

"OF COURSE!" TEASED ADDEM, "TO BUY FOOD SO WE WON'T STARVE TO DEATH." HE LAUGHED AT HIS JOKE AND POKED BETTY. "WORRY WORT," HE SAID.

SO AN UNHAPPY SEVEN CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO BED. THE EIGHTH ONE TRIED TO STAY AWAKE AND THINK WHAT FUN IT ALL WAS, BUT FINALLY FELL ASLEEP, TOO.

IN THE MORNING, THE LAWN IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE WAS CROWDED WITH ALL THEIR VALUABLE ITEMS, WITH A "FOR SALE! BIG VALUES" SIGN IN FRONT.

SULLENLY, THE FAMILY WATCHED THEIR PRECIOUS THINGS DISAPPEAR, AND THE MONEY MOUNT UP. WHEN THE OLD BED PASSED, BETTY COULDN'T STAND IT AND BROKE INTO SOBS. THE BED HAD BEEN HER COMPANION FOR ELEVEN YEARS. SHE HAD TAKEN NAPS ON IT, DRAWN ON IT, CRIED ON IT, AND A LONG TIME AGO, WHEN SHE GOT INTO TROUBLE AND WAS SENT TO HER ROOM, SHE HAD FELT SO, SO MUCH LIKE BEATING SOMEONE UP THAT SHE HIT THE BED INSTEAD.

WHEN THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY, AND THE LAWN BARE, THEY BOUGHT A TRUCK, PACKED AND WENT TO SEE IF THEY HAD LEFT ANYTHING.

"BETT-IEE!" MOM CALLED.

"GOOD-BYE, OLD HOUSE," BETTY WHISPERED. "I HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR NEW OWNERS." SHE KISSED THE WOODEN WALL SHE HAD KNOWN FOR TWELVE YEARS AND RAN OUT TO JOIN THE OTHERS ON THEIR LONG JOURNEY AHEAD.

--CATHERINE HOWARD

FOURTH GRADE

A RACE WITH FLAMING DEATH

WE WERE PULLING OUT OF BOSTON ON APRIL 7, 1861, WITH A BOX CAR WHICH HAD TWO VALUABLE HORSES, A STRING OF OIL CARS, AND AN EMPTY COACH. HALF WAY DOWN HILL OUR OIL CARS CAUGHT ON FIRE. WE SET OUR BRAKES, UNCOUPLED THE CARS, AND STARTED DOWN HILL TO GET THE FIRE BRIGADE.

THAT WAS WHEN WE SAW SOMETHING BACK OF US. IT COULDN'T BE A TRAIN,, BUT IT WAS! THE OIL CARS WERE COMING STRAIGHT TOWARD US, SO WE GAVE HER FULL THROTTLE. WE SLIPPED AND STARTED WITH A JERK. THE ONLY THING THAT WE COULD HOPE FOR WAS TO MAKE FLAT ROCK.

I REMEMBERED THAT A MAIL TRAIN WAS DUE THROUGH THERE AT THE SAME TIME THAT WE WOULD BE THERE. I HOPED THAT THE WEST SWITCH WOULD BE OPEN, BUT AS USUAL IT WAS CLOSED. WE SAW LIGHTS. IT WAS FLAT ROCK.

BUT WAIT, I HEARD A WHISTLE. IT WAS THE MAIL TRAIN. WE WHISTLED FOR THE SWITCH. THE DISPATCHER LOST NO TIME IN FLIPPING THE SWITCH AND WE GLIDED INTO THE SIDING AND OUR OIL CARS CAME TO A STOP. WE WERE BURNED, BUT ALIVE.

--MARK WILLIAMS

THE ART OF SKIING

SKIING IS A SKILLFUL SPORT!
IT CAN BE A LOT OF FUN.
I GET VERY TIRED SOMETIMES
AND I'M GLAD WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

THE ROPE-TOW IS FOR LITTLE KIDS,
WHO ARE STILL PRETTY SLOW.
THE CHAIR-LIFT IS THE HIGHER ONE
FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO GO.

I ALWAYS TAKE THE CHAIR-LIFT.
IT'S MUCH MORE EASY, YOU KNOW.
YOU GO UP HIGH INTO THE SKY
AND COME DOWN IN CLEAN WHITE SNOW.

NOW WE HAVE TO START FOR HOME
SO WE WILL TAKE THE TRAIN.
IT WILL BE A LONG, WET RIDE
THROUGH THE DRIZZLIN' RAIN.

--KURT ANDERSON

HOW TO MAKE STRAIGHT A'S

FIRST YOU TAKE SOME FLOUR,
THEN A CUP OF SUGAR,
ADD AN INCH OF CORN OIL,
AND THEN A FAT HAMBURGER.

NEXT YOU ADD A CAKE MIX,
THEN SOMETHING OUT OF SILK.
THEN FIFTY CUPS OF WHOLE, DRY,
EVAPORATED MILK.

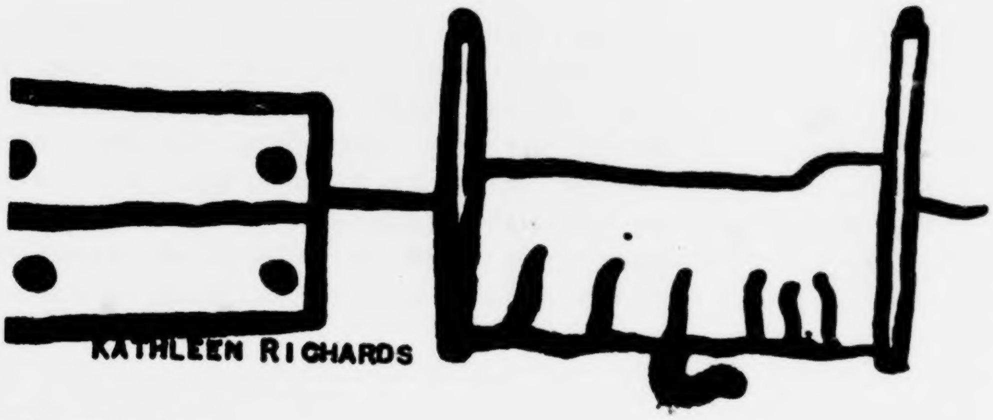
NEXT YOU ADD SOME MUSTARD,
THEN A HALF A HOT DOG,
THEN YOU ADD A FULL-GROWN
JUICY LITTLE HEDGEHOG.

THEN YOU BEAT IT UP
AND BAKE IT AT 543°.
AFTER IT COMES OUT WELL DONE,
YOU ADD A LITTLE TEA.

AFTER THAT'S COMPLETED,
LET IT SET FOR A FEW DAYS.
THEN GO OUT AND GET IT,
AND BEHOLD! YOU HAVE STRAIGHT A'S.

--CARL SPIELMAN

FOURTH GRADE



KATHLEEN RICHARDS

OUR LITTLE CAT

I HAVE A LITTLE CAT, YOU KNOW
  THAT SCAMPERS ALL AROUND.
SHE TIPTOES UNDERNEATH THE BED
  AND NEVER MAKES A SOUND.

HER FUR IS LIKE A RAINBOW
  WITH YELLOW, ORANGE, AND BLACK.
AND IF SHE WENT TO THE FAIR,
  SHE'D WIN THE GOLDEN PLAQUE.
--JANE VALLON

WE ARE SIAMESE CATS

WE ARE THE SIAMESE CATS IN THE HOUSE.
WE'RE FEROCIOUS AND MEAN WHEN WE SEE A MOUSE.
  THAT'S US FEROCIOUS CATS!

WE LOVE TO PLAY AND ROMP AROUND.
WE JUMP AND SCREAM AND SOMETIMES POUND.
  THAT'S US MISCHIEVOUS CATS!

OF COURSE, WE NEVER OBEY OUR MAMA,
BUT WE SAY "UH-OH" WHEN SHE DECIDES TO CALL PAPA.
  THAT'S US NAUGHTY CATS!
--FRANCINE GERSH

FIFTH GRADE

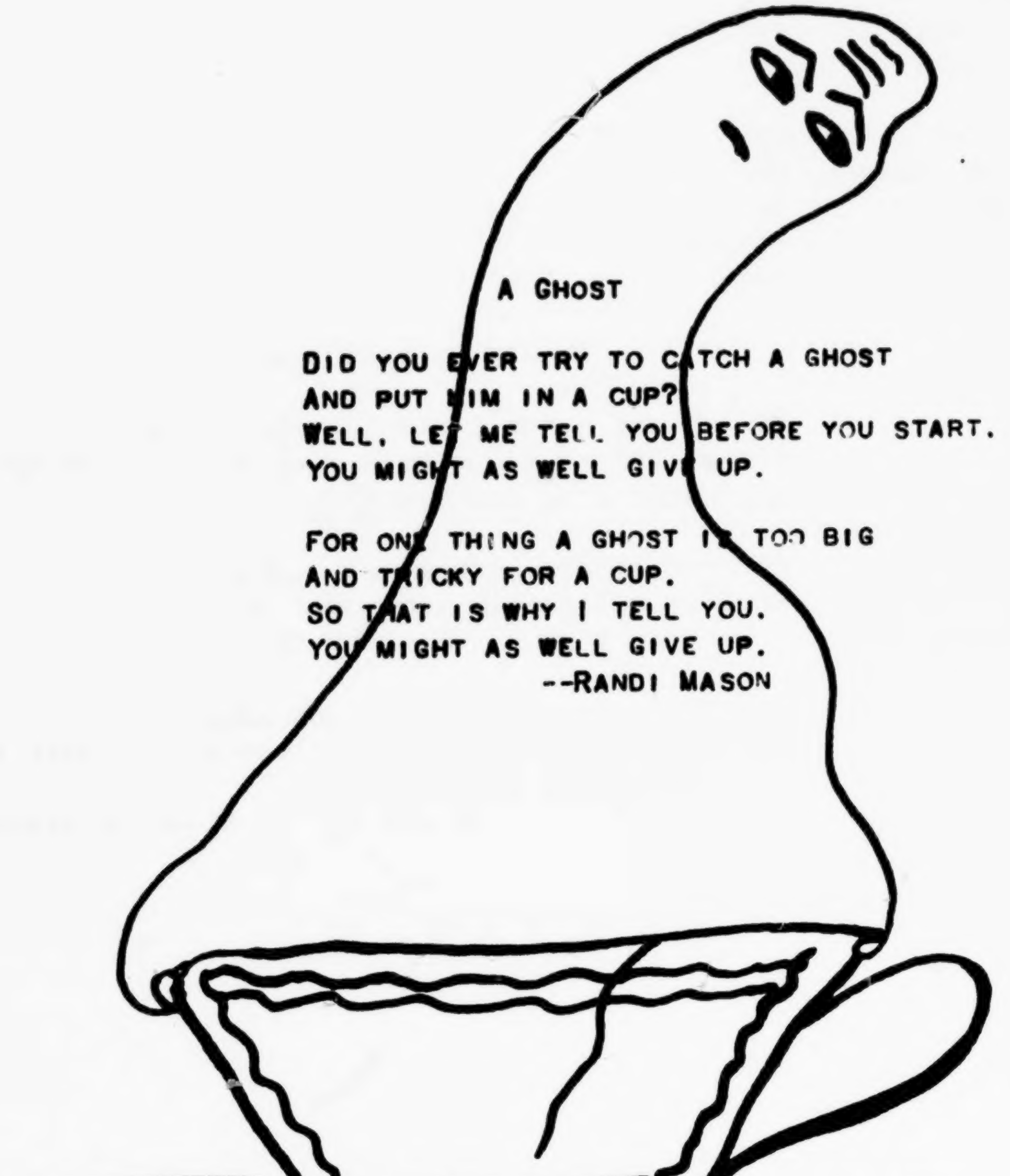
HALLOWEEN NIGHT

ON HALLOWEEN WHEN THE MOON IS BRIGHT
YOU CAN SEE WITCHES THAT LOOK LIKE A FRIGHT.
GOBLINS AND GHOSTS GO KNOCKING ON DOORS.
WATCH OUT FOR THEM WHEN YOU OPEN YOURS.
"TRICK OR TREAT," THEY WILL ALL CALL.
DO YOU HAVE ENOUGH FOR ONE AND ALL?
BACK HOME THEY GO WITH BAGS OVERFLOWING
TIRED LITTLE GOBLINS, THEIR FACES GLOWING.
--MICHAEL STEWART

A GHOST

DID YOU EVER TRY TO CATCH A GHOST
AND PUT HIM IN A CUP?
WELL, LET ME TELL YOU BEFORE YOU START.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP.

FOR ONE THING A GHOST IS TOO BIG
AND TRICKY FOR A CUP.
SO THAT IS WHY I TELL YOU.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP.
--RANDI MASON



DIANE ST. ONGE

FIFTH GRADE

DARK AND GLOOMY HALLOWEEN

IT WAS ON A DARK AND GLOOMY HALLOWEEN NIGHT,
THAT I WENT OUT TO GIVE CHILDREN A FRIGHT.
THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH GOBLINS AND GHOSTS,
AND THEN SUDDENLY IN MY TRACKS I FROZE.

FOR UP IN THE SKIES, WHICH WERE FILLED WITH GLOOM,
A WITCH WAS FLYING AROUND ON HER BROOM.
FOR HOME I RAN WITH MY COSTUME TEARING.
THAT WAS THE END OF ME AND MY SCARING.
--DAVID ALEXANDER

DOWN BY THE GRAVEYARD

HALLOWEEN NIGHT, OH WHAT A SIGHT!
THE WITCHES FLYING WITH GLEE.
GHOSTS AND GOBLINS CAME OUT THAT NIGHT,
TO SCARE THE DEATH OUT OF ME.

DOWN BY THE GRAVEYARD,
THE TREES WATCHING THE DEAD,
AS I WALKED PAST,
I FELT SOMETHING TOUCH MY HEAD.

I TURNED AROUND, AND THEN STOOD STIFF.
I FELL TO THE GROUND, AND OVER THE CLIFF.
NOW NO ONE SEES ME, BUT I'M STILL THERE,
DOWN BY THE GRAVEYARD, SO BETTER BEWARE.
--MARIA ODOM

THE MYSTERIOUS NIGHT

WHILE STUMBLING IN A CAVE ONE NIGHT,
A MYSTERIOUS GRAVE CAME INTO SIGHT.
JUST BARELY ABLE FOR ME TO SEE,
A GHOST APPEARED IN FRONT OF ME.

IT SCARED ME JUST HALF OUT OF MY WITS.
I WENT INTO CONNIPTION FITS.
IT SCARED THE GHOST, BUT MOSTLY ME.
I CLIMBED INTO AN APPLE TREE.

SO IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE PASSING BY
AND LOOK UP INTO THE BLUE SKY
AND SEE AN ANGEL UPON THE CLOUDS,
REMEMBER ME, YOUR FRIEND BILL SHOUDS.
--MONA MITCHELL

FIFTH GRADE

THE PILGRIM STORY

ONE DAY A LITTLE GROUP OF PEOPLE
SET OUT ON THE OCEAN WAVE,
THEY WANTED TO LEAVE THE ENGLISH CHURCH,
MY, THEY SURELY WERE BRAVE!

AFTER A LONG WHILE ON THE SHIP,
THEY KNEW THAT LAND WAS NEAR.
AND AFTER JUST ANOTHER NIGHT,
THEY SAW THAT LAND APPEAR.

THEY JUMPED FROM THE SHIP INTO THE BOAT,
AND ROWED THEIR BOAT TO THE SAND,
THEN THEY SAW THIS WASN'T VIRGINIA
WHERE THEY HAD PLANNED TO LAND.

THEY MADE A COLONY OF THEIR OWN.
AND THEN THE WINTER CAME,
SO IF MANY OF THE PEOPLE DIED,
COLD WEATHER WAS TO BLAME.
--JANET BATES

FIRST THANKSGIVING

(THIS POEM WAS WRITTEN USING ALL THE SPELLING WORDS IN UNIT 13 IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY OCCURRED IN THE SPELLING BOOK.)

THE PILGRIMS HAD GOOD CROPS THAT YEAR,
SO THEY CELEBRATED WITHOUT A FEAR.

THEY INVITED INDIANS TO SHARE THEIR FEAST,
THE MEN STOOD UP AND CARVED THE BEAST.

BEFORE THEY ATE THEY SAID A GRACE,
YOU COULD SEE A SMILE ON EVERY FACE.

WHEN THEY HAD GIVEN THEIR THANKS THEY WERE ALL EXCITED,
IT SOON BECAME DARK SO THE CANDLES WERE LIGHTED.

WHEN THEY FINISHED THEIR MEAL OF POTATOES AND PIES,
THEY CLEANED THE TABLES AND SAID THEIR GOOD-BYES.

THEY ATE COOKIES WITH SUGAR; THE SALT AND DRIED MEAT THEY PUT AWAY;
THIS HAD BEEN AN EXCITING DAY.

THE CHILDREN WERE GIVEN POPCORN WHICH THEY ATE AND ATE,
THEN THEY WENT TO BED FOR IT WAS QUITE LATE.

EXCEPT FOR NINETEEN THE WHOLE TOWN STAYED UP ALL NIGHT,
MEN SAT IN THE MIDDLE AND TOLD STORIES BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT.

BEFORE THEY WENT TO BED, THEY GAVE THANKS THAT THEY WERE LIVING,
THIS HAD BEEN AN EXCITING FIRST THANKSGIVING.
--DEBORAH GEDDES

FIFTH GRADE

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS WERE GOOD ONES.
STROLLING ALONG MAIN STREET
TO THOSE OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE,
THAT REALLY WAS SOME TREAT.

THE LADIES AND THEIR BUSTLES,
THE MEN AND THEIR SPATS.
AS THE LADIES WORE LONG SKIRTS,
THE MEN WORE HIGH TOPPED HATS.

YOU MIGHT SEE A CART OF FLOWERS.
EVEN LUNCH IN THE HOTEL CLAREDGE,
OR IF YOU WERE GOOD, AN ICE CREAM SODA,
AND A RIDE IN A HORSELESS CARRIAGE!
--PAULA PROCTOR

MUD

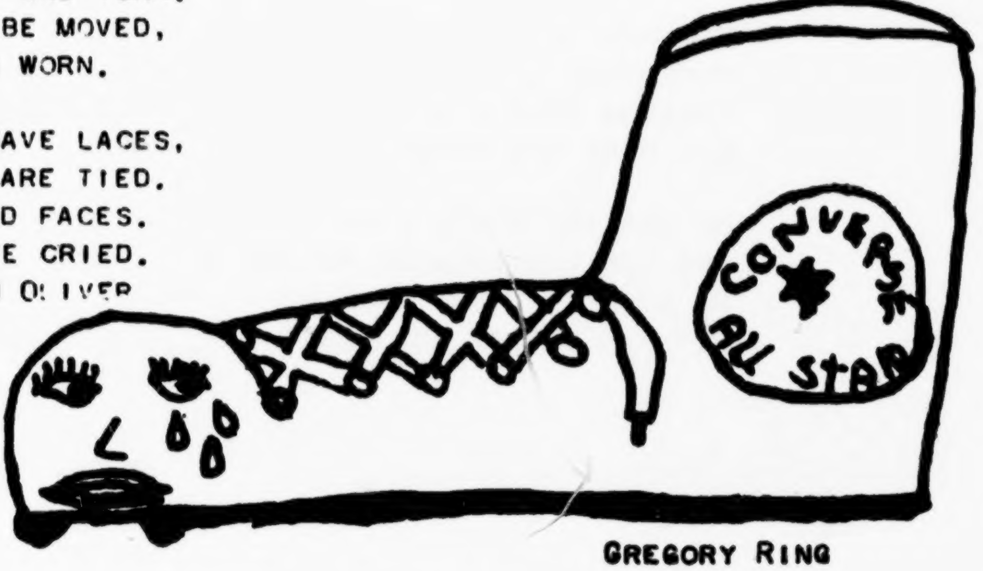
MUD IS VERY NICE TO FEEL,
I SOMETIMES WONDER IF IT'S REAL.
I SLUSH AROUND IN IT ALL DAY,
BUT I KNOW THE SUN WILL TAKE IT AWAY.

I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE FUN WHILE IT'S HERE.
IT DOESN'T HAPPEN EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR,
ONLY WHEN IT RAINS REAL HARD,
DOES MUD APPEAR IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD.
--JOHN ROUDEBUSH

SHOES

PITY THE SHOE,
ALL TATTERED AND TORN,
THAT CANNOT BE MOVED,
UNLESS IT IS WORN.

SOME SHOES HAVE LACES,
THOSE SHOES ARE TIED.
SOME HAVE SAD FACES.
MY SHOES HAVE CRIED.
--SUSAN OLIVER



GREGORY RING

FIFTH GRADE

GEORGE AND ME

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND I (I AM AMOS, A MOUSE) STARTED OUT TO HAVE A FINE LIFE TOGETHER, UNTIL THE COLONISTS AND THE BRITISH STARTED THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. I HELPED GEORGE BECOME THE LEADER OF THE COLONIAL ARMIES.

THE FIGHTING LASTED FOR SIX AND A HALF YEARS. ONE TIME WHEN GEORGE AND HIS MEN WERE CAPTURED, I TOLD HIM HOW TO ESCAPE. AND HOW HE THANKED ME!

AFTER THE WAR WAS OVER AND THE COLONIES HAD WON INDEPENDENCE, I HELPED GEORGE BECOME OUR FIRST PRESIDENT. I DID SO BY MAKING POSTERS. IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME BECAUSE I AM SMALL AND THE POSTERS WERE REALLY BIG.

WHILE GEORGE WAS PRESIDENT, I HELPED HIM MAKE DECISIONS, PASS LAWS, AND DO MANY OTHER THINGS. AFTER HIS FIRST TERM, I HELPED HIM TO BE RE-ELECTED FOR HIS SECOND TERM. I HELPED HIM MAKE MORE DECISIONS AND PASS MORE GOOD LAWS.

GEORGE DID NOT WANT TO TAKE A THIRD TERM, SO HE RETIRED FROM POLITICS. PEOPLE STILL ASK QUESTIONS AND I STILL HELP HIM ANSWER THEM.

--DAVID JORDAN

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT WAS A VERY GREAT MAN.
WHEN POLIO STRUCK, HE FOUGHT TO WALK AGAIN.
HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS,
FROM WORLD WAR ONE TO THE WAR YEARS.

"WE WANT FREEDOM FROM WANT AND HUNGER," HE SAID.
AND WORKED TO MAKE SURE THAT PEOPLE HAD BREAD.
FREEDOM OF WORSHIP AND FREEDOM TO PRAY.
SO EACH CAN FOLLOW GOD IN HIS OWN WAY.

FREEDOM TO SPEAK AND FREEDOM TO WRITE,
PRESERVES OUR COUNTRY'S JUSTICE AND MIGHT.
FREEDOM FROM FEAR AND FREEDOM FROM DREAD
ALL OVER THE WORLD AS YOU GO TO BED.

HE WAS PRESIDENT LONGER THAN ANY OTHER MAN,
AND LED HIS COUNTRY AS FEW MEN CAN.
HE DIED IN NINETEEN FORTY-FIVE,
BUT HIS DREAMS AND WORDS ARE STILL ALIVE.

--DICK SHUNK

FIFTH GRADE

REMEMBERING

THE SOUND OF MARCHING SOLDIERS WAS HEARD ONE DAY,
WHEN A BOY OF TWELVE YEARS WENT OUT TO PLAY.
BUT INSTEAD OF PLAYING HE FORMED A GROUP,
WHO PRETENDED AND DRILLED A REGULAR TROOP.

THOSE WERE OLD MEMORIES, HAPPENING AT TWELVE.
HE WAS OLD NOW, AND ALL HIS THOUGHTS FELL.
HE REMEMBERED HIS TROOP, BOTH BRAVE AND BOLD,
AND HE KNEW HOW EVERYONE WAS BOTH HUNGRY AND COLD.
BUT NOW HE KNEW SO CLEAR THAT WAR WAS NOT FUN,
HE WAS A GENERAL, A PRESIDENT, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

--DEBORAH HANDY

THE FOURTH OF JULY

OUT OF THE WINDOW I LOOKED ONE NIGHT,
I SAW THE FIREWORKS, OH, SO BRIGHT,
RED AND YELLOW AND GREEN THEY FLEW,
THEN THERE WAS A STREAK OF BLUE.

I THOUGHT OF THE FLAG WAVING FREE,
OVER LAND AND OVER SEA.
AN AMERICAN I'M PROUD TO BE,
IN A LAND BOTH STRONG AND FREE.

--RANDOLPH PIERCE

VETERANS DAY

AT THE SIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER WHO DIED
MANY OF US, OH, MANY OF US FELL DOWN AND CRIED.
CRIED AND CRIED OUR HEARTS OUT AT THE THOUGHT,
THAT THIS MIGHT BE A LOVED ONE WHO HAD FOUGHT.

I'M GLAD IT'S OVER, OH, YES, I AM.
AND I HOPE THERE'S NO WAR IN VIET NAM.
WHY CAN'T WE HAVE PEACE? CAN'T SOMEONE TELL WHY?
DO ALL OUR MEN HAVE TO END UP IN THAT PLACE IN THE SKY?

WE THANK ALL THE MEN AND BOYS WHO HAD TO PAY
THAT'S WHY WE CELEBRATE VETERANS DAY.

--SHARI ILER

FIFTH GRADE

THE PIONEERS

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF OUR COUNTRY
  THE PIONEERS HAD IT ROUGH.
THEY HAD TO CROSS UNKNOWN PLACES.
  BOY, IT MUST HAVE BEEN TOUGH!

CROSSING MOUNTAINS, DESERTS, AND PLAINS,
  HARDLY EVER KNOWING,
LOOKING UP AND PRAYING TO GOD
  THAT THEY WOULD GET WHERE THEY WERE GOING.

AN INDIAN MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED THEM,
  RIDING HIS SPOTTED MARE,
YELLING AND SHOOTING ANYONE,
  AND ACTING AS IF HE DIDN'T CARE.

NOW THE PIONEERS ARE GONE,
  BUT THE LAND THEY THOUGHT WAS NEW
STILL REMEMBERS THEM VERY WELL,
  SO STRONG, SO BRAVE, SO TRUE!

--THOMAS WILLHITE

THE OLD HOUSE

I SPENT A NIGHT IN THAT HOUSE ONCE MORE,
THE ONE WITH THE OLD SQUEAKY DOOR.

I TOLD MYSELF, "I'VE GOT TO BE STOUT."
BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEARD A SHOUT.

I SAID I'D HEARD IT THE NIGHT BEFORE,
BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN IT OPENED THE DOOR.

WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPEN, NOBODY WAS THERE,
BOY, IT GAVE ME AN AWFUL SCARE!

THE NEXT MORNING JUST A LITTLE BEFORE DAWN,
I HAD PACKED MY THINGS AND I WAS GONE.

I WOULD NEVER SPEND A NIGHT ONCE MORE,
IN THE HOUSE WITH THE SQUEAKY DOOR.

--DEBORAH DE MADDALENA

FIFTH GRADE

WASTED TIME

ONE DAY I THOUGHT TO FLY A KITE,
  SO GOT TOGETHER STICKS, PAPER, AND PASTE,
AND SNIPPED AND CUT UNTIL IT WAS NIGHT,
  AND HAD IT ALL COVERED WITH FANCY LACE.

BUT FOUND NEXT MORNING MY TIME WAS WASTED,
BECAUSE MY PAPER WOULDN'T STAY PASTED.

--DANA KERN

STUDY HARD DAN

MY UNCLE'S NAME IS DAN.
  HE STUDIES HARD NIGHT AND DAY,
FOR HE'S A BRIGHT YOUNG COLLEGE MAN.
  BUT ISN'T THAT THE CORRECT WAY?

UNCLE DAN WALKS UP TO ME,
  SPEAKING WORDS A MILE LONG.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY MEAN.
  I TAKE A GUESS, BUT I GET IT WRONG.

I BETTER STUDY UP FOR NEXT TIME,
  FOR HE TEASES ME ABOUT BEING DUMB.
IF I ASK HIM A SILLY QUESTION,
  HE ANSWERS IT SILLY. THAT'S FUN!

--DANA STERNS

THE OLD SCHOOLROOM

AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST ALL COVERED WITH SNOW,
CLOSE TO THE TREETOPS WHERE MIGHTY WINDS BLOW,
STANDS ONE LITTLE SCHOOL HOUSE COVERED WITH WHITE,
WITH FROST BITTEN SHUTTERS COLD FROM THE NIGHT.

INSIDE IN THE CORNER STANDS A VERY SMALL STOOL,
WITH A BIG POINTED DUNCE CAP FOR SOME LITTLE FOOL.
IN FRONT STANDS A STOVE ALL STEAMING AND HOT,
WITH BITS OF BLACK CHARCOAL IN ITS BLACKBELLIED POT.

LITTLE CRUDE BENCHES WERE PLACES TO SIT,
WHILE TEACHER'S IN FRONT WITH HIS HICKORY STICK.
CHILDREN THEN WOULD LOVE TO LIVE THESE DAYS,
BUT WOULD YOU GO BACK AND LEARN IN THEIR WAYS?

--MARY CONSIDINE

FIFTH GRADE

SAM SMITH AND OLD FAITHFUL

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE FIRST PEOPLE SET EYES ON OLD FAITHFUL IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK? WELL, IT WAS A MOST HUMOROUS THING TO SEE.

THE FIRST PEOPLE TO DISCOVER OLD FAITHFUL WERE SAM SMITH, A POOR OIL DRILLER AND HIS TRUSTED INDIAN, BIG RAINWATER, ABOUT 1865. THEY ARE NOT CREDITED WITH THE DISCOVERY BECAUSE THEY NEVER MENTIONED IT TO ANYBODY.

IT HAPPENED ONE DAY WHILE IN WYOMING DRILLING FOR OIL, THEY CAME INTO A LARGE FOREST. THEY KEPT ON WALKING AND PRESENTLY CAME TO A GEYSER, WHICH THEY DID NOT KNOW ABOUT.

"LOOK, RAINWATER," EXCLAIMED SAM. "HERE IS AN OIL WELL ALREADY DUG FOR US, THOUGH IT IS IN A FUNNY SHAPE."

"UGH," GRUNTED RAINWATER. "MUST HAVE'EM BEEN WORKED."

"WHY, RAINWATER, LOOK, IT IS SHOOTING UP OIL."

"BUT IT IS WHITE AND STEAMY."

"HMPH," SAID SAM, STARTLED, "THIS IS THE FUNNIEST OIL I EVER DID SEE."

SUDDENLY THE GEYSER STOPPED. "OIL MUST BE ALL GONE." GRUNTED RAINWATER.

AN HOUR LATER -- "RAINWATER, HERE COMES THAT FUNNY OIL AGAIN. I MUST BE GOING CRAZY, FOR NO OIL STOPS AND STARTS UP AGAIN. WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE. NOT A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE."

SO THE TWO WERE HIGH-TAILING IT OUT OF WYOMING, NOT KNOWING THEY HAD DISCOVERED THE GEYSER LATER TO BECOME FAMOUS AS OLD FAITHFUL.

--WILLIAM SHERMAN

PAUL AND ME

MY NAME IS AGAMEMNON, CALLED AGGIE FOR SHORT. MY FIFTY-FIVE BROTHERS AND I WERE HATCHED ON PAGGY'S TAIL. PAGGY IS PAUL REVERE'S DOG THAT NEVER PARTS FROM HIS MASTER.

MY STORY IS SHORT BECAUSE FLEAS ONLY LIVE FOR A COUPLE WEEKS; BUT I PLAN TO LIVE IN HISTORY FOR A HUNDRED YEARS AND BE A FAMOUS FLEA. I HAVE ALREADY HAD MY NAME ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE BEARDHEAD GAZETTE FOR BEING A SMART FLEA, RIDING WITH PAUL REVERE ON HIS MIDNIGHT RIDE.

IT WAS ON APRIL 18, 1775, THAT I JUMPED OVER TO PAUL'S HORSE, NAMED NAP, JUST BEFORE THE RIDE STARTED. I ALMOST FELL OFF SEVERAL TIMES, BUT I WAS SAVED BY A COTTON STRING THAT WAS HANGING TO PAUL'S VEST.

WHEN WE STOPPED, WE WERE AT JOHN HANK'S HOUSE. AFTER A WHILE, WILLIAM DAVIS AND MY COUSIN BONEABOO CAME AND WE STARTED ON OUR RIDE AGAIN. IN A FEW MINUTES WE MET RON RALLY, A LAWYER IN THE FARM COUNTRY. WE WARNED HIM AND ALL MINUTEMEN OF THE DANGER COMING TO OUR COUNTRY. IN FACT, IT WAS HERE. WE MET TWO BRITISH SCOUTS WHO CAPTURED PAUL (ME TOO); BUT THE OTHER TWO MEN GOT AWAY.

PAUL WAS GIVEN A HORSE WITHOUT A SADDLE AND NO BRIDLE. YOU CAN IMAGINE THE DARING JUMP THAT I HAD TO MAKE. IT ALMOST COST ME MY LIFE.

I HAVE TO HURRY NOW BECAUSE IT LOOKS AS IF PAUL IS ABOUT TO STEP ON ME.

CRUNCH!

--GARY FINDLEY

Fifth Grade

Why the Rabbit Has Long Ears

When the world was young, Peter Rabbit's grandfather, a thousand times removed, was very curious. He used to listen in when others were talking, which was none of his business. He was able to hide in the grass, for his coloring was like dead leaves.

When it was spring, old Mother Nature came. When the meadow people told her about Peter Rabbit, she gave him long ears. From that day on, his ears stick up above the meadow grass so you can tell when he's around. --Gary Bender

How the Horse Got His Tail

In the high mountains in India, a huge tiger strolled out of his den in search of food. He came upon a weary jackal.

"Please don't eat me," cried the jackal.

But his plea didn't work, and the jackal was gulped down before you could say Jack Robinson.

A few steps away lay a trembling horse in the bushes. "What is your plea, dear horse? Have you not four legs to run with?"

"Devour me, magnificent tiger. These flies are eating me alive. My tail is just too short. Oh, oh." "Gladly," was the tiger's eager reply, and he caught the horse's short tail.

The minute the tail was in the tiger's mouth, the horse decided he would rather be eaten by flies. He pulled and pulled and the tiger pulled and pulled. The horse's tail stretched and stretched. Finally the tiger's mouth gave away. From that day on, horses have long tails and they never have trouble killing flies. --Holly Huber

I Have a Rabbit

I have a rabbit
That has four white paws.
When I give him carrots
He gnaws, gnaws, gnaws.

People say he's lucky,
And he really is.
Because he has four rabbit's feet
And they are all his.
--Frank McMillan

Merrie Ashton

FIFTH GRADE

WHERE I HID MY ELEPHANT

SEPTEMBER IS TIME FOR MY BIRTHDAY AND WHAT A GIFT I RECEIVED! MY AUNT AND UNCLE GAVE ME A FULL-GROWN ELEPHANT. WELL! I LIKED THAT, BUT ONE THING, MOM HATED THE BIG, FAT, CLUMSY THING, AND DAD, HE REFUSED.

I WANTED TO KEEP IT. I THOUGHT. I SAID TO MYSELF, "I'LL HIDE IT. YES, I'LL HIDE IT. WHERE? THAT WILL TAKE SOME THINKING, BIG THINKING. I NEED A BIG PLACE, A VERY BIG PLACE. GARAGE? NO. BATH TUB? NO. CLOSET? NO. THEN WHERE? WHERE WOULD I HIDE MY ELEPHANT? UNDER MY BED? YES! UNDER MY BED. I CAN TRY."

I TRIED ALL DAY -- FIRST HIS LEGS AND THEN HIS STOMACH. THAT WOULD BARELY FIT. HIS HEAD WAS THE MOST DIFFICULT. HIS EARS WERE EASY. I FINALLY GOT HIM TO FIT.

I FED HIM EVERY NIGHT AND NAMED HIM CADY. CADY WAS ALWAYS VERY NOSEY, SO I HAD TO MOVE EVERYTHING ELSE FROM UNDER MY BED INTO MY CLOSET.

HE WAS VERY GOOD FOR AN ELEPHANT, AND I KNOW ELEPHANTS. I HOPE HE LIKES IT UNDER THERE.

NO ONE KNOWS HE'S UNDER THERE, BUT I DO!

--SUSAN STRINGER

THE MOUSE AND THE SAUSAGE

A MOUSE AND A SAUSAGE LOVED EACH OTHER SO MUCH THEY DECIDED TO LIVE TOGETHER. ONE DAY, THE LITTLE SAUSAGE HAD PREPARED CABBAGE FOR DINNER. THE MOUSE, WHO HAD JUST RETURNED FROM THE CITY, ENJOYED IT VERY MUCH.

SHE SAID, "HOW DID YOU COOK THIS SO IT TASTED SO GOOD?"

"AW, MY DEAR," SHE SAID, "I POPPED MYSELF INTO THE POT WHILE IT WAS COOKING."

THE NEXT DAY THE MOUSE DECIDED TO COOK SOMETHING GOOD FOR THE SAUSAGE. LATER, WHEN THE SAUSAGE GOT HOME, SHE PEEKED ALL AROUND THE HOUSE LOOKING FOR THE MOUSE. SUDDENLY SHE SAW THE MOUSE IN THE COOKING POT. THE MOUSE STAYED IN THE POT TOO LONG!

THE LITTLE SAUSAGE COULD NEVER BE CONSOLED. THAT IS WHY TODAY, WHEN YOUR MOTHER COOKS SAUSAGE IN THE FRYING PAN, YOU WILL HEAR IT WEEP AND SPUTTER.

"M-MY P-POOR M-MOUSE! A-AH M-MY P-POOR M-MOUSE!"

YOU LISTEN AND SEE. --SUSAN LAMB

FIFTH GRADE

DOG TRAINING

ONE NIGHT MY MOTHER AND FATHER WERE DEBATING OVER HOW THEY SHOULD TRAIN THE DOG. MOM'S WAY (BEING LOVING AND KIND) OR DAD'S WAY (SWATTING HER WHEN SHE GOT OUT OF HAND).

AT THE MOMENT THEY WERE TRYING TO KEEP HER AWAY FROM THE DINNER TABLE. MOM GOT UP AND GENTLY PLACED THE PUP ON HER RUG, SAYING, "NOW STAY HERE, PUP, GOOD DOG" IN A VERY GENTLE TONE. SHE WENT BACK, SAT DOWN, AND THE DOG GOT UP. SHE REPEATED THIS PROCEDURE, AND THE DOG AGAIN GOT UP.

"LET ME DO IT THIS TIME," DAD SAID.

HE PICKED UP THE DOG AND SAID, "DOG!! SIT! STAY!" GIVING HER A WHACK ON THE RUMP IN THE PROCESS. HE SAT DOWN AND THE DOG IMMEDIATELY GOT UP. DAD REPEATED THE PROCESS, THIS TIME HITTING THE DOG HARDER. SHE GOT THE IDEA AND STAYED.

RESUMING THE ARGUMENT DAD SAID, "YOU GOT UP TWICE. I GOT UP TWICE AND WHERE'S THE DOG NOW?"

MOM SAID, "RIGHT OVER THERE, WHERE I TOLD HER TO BE."

--JONATHAN KOCH

KAMI

KAMI WAS A MISCHIEVOUS KOALA BEAR. NEAR HIS HOME LIVED A TIGER IN AN EERIE CAVE. THEY ALWAYS HAD TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HIM SINCE HE COULD CLIMB THE TREE SO KAMI'S MOTHER DECIDED THEY HAD BETTER MOVE.

KAMI, HIS SISTERS, AND HIS BROTHER FOLLOWED THEIR MOTHER. THEY PASSED A EUCALYPTUS TREE. ITS TENDER GREEN LEAVES SEEMED TO CALL TO KAMI. MMMM, HOW GOOD THEY WOULD TASTE. KAMI CLIMBED THE TREE AND NIBBLED SOME. HE DECIDED HE HAD BETTER GET DOWN OR HE MIGHT GET LOST. OH, BUT HOW COULD HE LEAVE THESE DELICIOUS LEAVES? HE'D JUST EAT A FEW MORE. HE DID, BUT THEN HE ATE A FEW MORE AND A FEW MORE, AND BEFORE HE REALIZED IT, HIS MOTHER WAS OUT OF SIGHT. WHAT COULD HE DO?

ALL OF A SUDDEN, HIS THOUGHTS WERE INTERRUPTED BY THE FRIGHTFUL GROWL OF THE TIGER. THE TIGER HAD SEEN HIM AND WAS CLIMBING THE TREE WITH GREAT HASTE. KAMI WENT OUT TO THE VERY END OF A THIN BRANCH. THE TIGER BEGAN TO CRAWL OUT ON IT TOO, BUT THE BRANCH GAVE WAY AND THEY BOTH TUMBLED TO THE GROUND.

KAMI BEGAN TO RUN, BUT THE TIGER WAS CLOSE BEHIND. KAMI DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HE WAS GOING. HE JUST RAN. SUDDENLY, HE WAS TRAPPED ON A SMALL LEDGE! OUT OF NOWHERE CAME AN EAR-SHATTERING SCREECH. OUT OF THE TREE CAME ABOUT ONE HUNDRED LARGE MONKEYS. KAMI HAD HEARD OF MANY HEROIC DEEDS DONE BY THESE MONKEYS. THEY COULD EVEN KILL A TIGER.

THE MONKEYS THREW ROCKS AND THE TIGER RAN AWAY. KAMI'S MOTHER, BROTHER, AND SISTERS HAD HEARD THE COMMOTION AND CAME TO INVESTIGATE IT. THEY FOUND KAMI UNHARMED BUT STILL SHAKING.

--PATRICIA TREYDTE

FIFTH GRADE

Nancy Spencer

The Christmas Puppy

It was Christmas Eve.
You couldn't believe
How full those stockings were,
And beneath the presents I heard a stir.

What do you think it was?
Then I saw some little brown paws,
Then a black wagging tail.
It looked like a dog carrying mail.

I took the mail (it really was a letter)
It said, "I hope you like this better
Than a ball, a sled, or any game,
Some day this little dog will win fame."

--Nancy Johnson

Too Many Carrots

One Christmas Santa had a big problem. His reindeer were fatter than he! Each one had eaten about 500 Asian carrots in two days. They were so sick that they had to be taken to Rumpie's Reindeer Hospital in Reindeerville.

"What shall I do? What shall I do? It's one day before Christmas! One day!" screamed Santa F. Claus.

When hope was about up, Mrs. Claus had a solution. She said, "Santa, you'll have to get new reindeer."

"You're right, Sally Claus," said Santa.

So he got new reindeer and I'm sure Santa will keep the gate to his Asian carpot patch closed to his reindeer before next Christmas.

--David Millard

FIFTH GRADE

HENRY, THE SCAREDYCAT DOG

JIMMY HAD FINISHED HIS NEW GREEN TREEHOUSE. HE WAS GOING UP INTO IT RIGHT NOW. MAYBE HE COULD BRING HENRY UP WITH HIM. HE TURNED TO HIS OLD BROWN SHAGGY DOG.

"HENRY, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO COME UP IN THE TREEHOUSE WITH ME?"

"UH. UH."

"WHY NOT? ARE YOU SCARED OR SOMETHING?"

"UH, HUH." EXCLAIMED HENRY.

JIMMY GOT HIM UP THERE, BUT NOW HENRY WAS TOO AFRAID TO COME DOWN.

"COME ON, HENRY, IT IS STARTING TO RAIN."

IT STARTED TO POUR AND IT MADE HENRY SO NERVOUS THAT HE BEGAN TO CRY. IN THE DISTANCE COULD BE HEARD THE TREMBLING SOUND OF THUNDER. THAT MADE HENRY PRETTY AFRAID. HE JUMPED INTO A CORNER. JUST THEN JIMMY SAW A STREAK OF LIGHTNING. HE HEARD A TREE ROLL DOWN THE HILL. AFTER JIMMY HEARD THAT, HE JUMPED INTO THE CORNER AND HUDDLED WITH HENRY WHERE THEY BOTH FELL ASLEEP. IN THE MORNING THEY CAME DOWN.

"HENRY, I'M NEVER GOING UP THERE AGAIN!"

HENRY ONLY SIGHED IN RELIEF. --DEBBIE HILL

SLOWY LEARNS A LESSON

SLOWY WAS A VERY SLOW ELF
  AND WAS ALWAYS LEFT BEHIND.
HE NEVER PLAYED WITH THE OTHER ELVES
  AND WAS NEVER EVER ON TIME.

HE WAS ALWAYS LATE TO ELF PRACTICE
  AND NEVER COULD SIT STILL,
AND SANTA GOT SO ANGRY WITH HIM,
  HE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS OUT TO KILL.

THEN ONE CHRISTMAS EVE
  IT WAS SLOWY'S TURN TO GO
WITH SANTA AND HIS REINDEER
  THIS YEAR HE WOULDN'T BE LATE, OH, NO!

SLOWY WOKE UP BRIGHT AND EARLY
  AND LOOKED AT THE TIME.
WHY, HE HAD MISSED SANTA
  AND, OF COURSE, WAS LEFT BEHIND.

SLOWY HAD LEARNED HIS LESSON
  AND NOW WAS JUST AS FAST
AS THE SPEEDIEST OF REINDEER
  AND NEVER, NEVER LAST.

--SUSAN MALOUF

FIFTH GRADE

Each in Its Place for Christmas

"Oh, my!" cried Caren Candle, "it's almost time for us to be taken out into the fresh air. Ah! how good that will feel!"

"But *I'll* be on top of the tree!" boasted Susie Star.

"Be quiet, snob," snapped Tilly Tree from a corner of the basement.

This quarreling had gone on all through November, and now they were finally going to be put into the living room for Christmas. But it wouldn't be a good Christmas unless they stopped this quarreling. Suddenly, the door of the basement opened and footsteps were heard!

Caren Candle had taken a seat on the top of the tree!

"Oh, Caren! Get off. You'll burn me up!" cried frightened Tilly.

"Oh, Tilly, I just want to be up here this year," pleaded Caren.

"Caren, you've started me on fire! Help!" screamed Tilly.

Luckily, the fire was put out. From then on, Caren Candle always just sat in her pretty place on the bookcase. Tilly Tree was safe near the window with Susie Star glistening on her topmost branch.

--Susan Cross

Once Santa Had a Problem

Once Santa had a problem,
His problem was such:
His elves were newly hired;
They did not have the touch.

Now he pondered this problem
Until he was sick,
And the fog in his mind
Was ever so thick.

So he went to bed,
And slept very well.
Then pulled the pull,
That rang the bell.

At the sound of the gong,
His advisor came running.
Santa told him his problem,
For better work he was gunning.

The advisor said, "Santa,
Feed your elves chili.
Then you will see their work improve,
Instead of being willy-nilly."

--William Vogel

Martian Santa

Santa is a jolly man.
A very fat man is he.
But this Santa does not go HO, HO
He always goes HEE, HEE.

He is a Martian Santa,
He has a Martian dog.
He laughs like a bowl of cement,
And talks just like a frog.

He has snowflakes in his beard,
And horns upon his head.
His Martian dog carries his toys,
And a cheap mattress is his bed.

If Mariner IV ever gets to Mars,
They'll have a big surprise.
They'll find a Martian Santa there,
With horns and big giant eyes.

--Steven Justin

FIFTH GRADE

AN UNUSUAL LETTER

SANTA CLAUS WAS LOOKING AT HIS LETTERS
WHEN HE SAW A CERTAIN ONE.
IT WAS SO UNUSUAL
BECAUSE THIS BOY ONLY WANTED GUM.

"ISN'T THAT FUNNY? ISN'T THAT QUEER?
I'VE NEVER HAD THAT BEFORE."
HE POINTED HIS FINGER AND SHOWED THE ELF
"WE HAVE PROBLEMS GALORE!"

"IF WE GIVE HIM THE GUM TO CHEW,
WHAT WILL HIS MOTHER SAY?"
"AH, HIS MOTHER WON'T MIND,
FOR I WILL TELL HER THIS IS OK."

JOE GOT HIS GUM ON CHRISTMAS,
AND HIS MOTHER DID NOT MIND,
BECAUSE THE ELF HAD TOLD HER,
THAT EVERYTHING WOULD TURN OUT FINE.
--JODY CEITHAML

THE CHRISTMAS HORSE

SUE WANTED A HORSE FOR CHRISTMAS
  MORE THAN SHE COULD SAY,
ONE THAT SHE COULD RIDE ON
  AND FEED ALFALFA HAY.

ON A SNOWY CHRISTMAS MORNING
  SHE WOKE UP EARLY,
WONDERING IF SHE HAD A HORSE.
  SHE THOUGHT SHE WOULD NAME IT SHIRLEY.

IT WAS TIME FOR OPENING PRESENTS.
  SHE HEARD A HA, HA, HA!
SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A REAL LIVE HORSE
  BUT IT WAS ONLY HER MA.

SHE SAW IN HER STOCKING SHE HAD A HORSE,
  BUT IT WASN'T REAL AT ALL.
IT RODE ON A PAIR OF ROCKERS
  AND WAS ONLY TWO HANDS TALL.
--MARY ANN MILLS

FIFTH GRADE

CAN'T MAKE UP THEIR MINDS

OUR TREE WAS IN THE HOUSE.
THE LIGHTS WERE ALL STRUNG.
ALMOST ALL THE ORNAMENTS
HAD BEEN HUNG.

OUR SANTA STAR AND ANGEL
WERE HAVING QUITE A SPAT,
ABOUT WHO WOULD LOOK THE BEST
AS OUR TREE'S HAT.

SANTA STAR SAID THAT HE COULD GIGGLE
AND SMILE AND LAUGH AND HARDLY WIGGLE.

BUT OUR ANGEL JUST WAITED AND SAT
WITH HER MOUTH CLOSED TIGHT.
SO MAMA SAID THAT THE ANGEL COULD SIT
ON OUR TREE BOTH DAY AND NIGHT.
--KIM MCKENZIE

CANDY THE DEER

CANDY WAS OUT IN THE FOREST ONE DAY,
WHERE SHE SAW A LOT OF MEN,
RUNNING AROUND WITH AXES OR SAWS,
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN EIGHT OR TEN.

THEY PICKED OUT SOME TREES AND CUT THEM DOWN
AND PUT THEM ON A SMALL RACK.
OFF THEY WENT OUT OF THE WOODS,
BUT YOU CAN BE SURE THEY'LL BE BACK.

CANDY FOLLOWED THE LITTLE GREEN MEN.
SHE WALKED IN THE FOREST DEEP.
UNTIL SHE COULD STEP NO MORE.
SHE LAY DOWN AND FELL ASLEEP.

NOW WHEN SHE WOKE UP IT WAS EIGHT O'CLOCK.
OH MY! ON CHRISTMAS EVE.
BUT SHE WAS HAPPY BECAUSE SHE HAD SEEN
MEN CUTTING DOWN THEIR OWN CHRISTMAS TREES.
--JANE TAYLOR

FIFTH GRADE

THE WIND

THE GOLDEN SUN IS WARM AND BRIGHT,
THE GENTLE RAIN FALLS SOFT AND LIGHT.
BUT WHO IS MEAN AND FULL OF FIGHT?
THE WIND.

HE WHIPS THE CLOUDS AND BENDS THE TREES.
HE PUSHES FLOWERS ON THEIR KNEES.
HE MAKES CHILDREN SNIFFLE AND SNEEZE,
THE WIND.

THE MOON SENDS DOWN ITS SILVER BEAMS.
THE SNOWFLAKES DANCE IN UNEVEN SEAMS.
BUT WHO WHISTLES, HOWLS, AND SCREAMS?
THE WIND.

HE SNATCHES HATS FROM PEOPLES' HEADS,
HE FRIGHTENS BABIES IN THEIR BEDS,
HE WRECKS MY HAIR AND CAUSES DESPAIR,
HE IS A NAUGHTY CHILD TO BE SO CROSS AND WILD,
THE WIND.

AND YET I'VE SEEN HIM IN ANOTHER WAY,
PLAYFUL, CHARMING, AND GAY.
HE CAN TOSS A KITE, AND COOL A STICKY SUMMER'S NIGHT.
HE CAN BLOW AWAY THE SMOKE AND HAZE,
AND GIVE US CLOUDLESS SHINING DAYS.
THE WIND.

HE CAN DRY THE WASH, AND CAP THE WAVES.
HE IS OUR FRIEND WHEN HE BEHAVES.
THE WIND.

--SHELLEY SPEIZER

THE OCEAN

THE OCEAN'S CRASHING WAVES CAME DOWN,
  UPON THE BEACH'S SAND,
WASHING BACK AMONG THE WAVES,
  LEAVING BARREN LAND.

NEVER WILL IT STOP ITS WAVES.
  CRASHING FROM THE SEA;
ALWAYS GOING TO AND FRO,
  FILLED WITH WONDEROUS GLEE!

--MARILYN CORLEY

FIFTH GRADE

THE WIND IS FREE

THE WIND BLOWS FREELY THROUGH THE TREES,
IT PLAYS TAG WITH THE BEES,
AND RUSTLES THE LEAVES.
  FOR THE WIND IS FREE.

IT SWIRLS AMONG FLOWERS SO SMALL AND FRAIL,
AND SETS O'ER THE TREES A FLYING VEIL
AS IT WHIRLS ALONG A MOUNTAIN TRAIL,
  FOR THE WIND IS FREE.

IT RUSHES QUICKLY THROUGH THE WEEDS,
WHERE RUNNING DEER PAY NO HEED
TO THE WIND AS IT ROARS THROUGH ITS FIERY DEEDS
  FOR THE WIND IS FREE.

THE WIND IS FILLED WITH A LUSTY ZEST
AS IT SWIRLS UPON THE MOUNTAIN CREST,
BUT THERE AT LAST IT COMES TO REST,
  FOR THE WIND IS FREE!
--LISA WOLFF

THE WEATHER

THE WIND BLOWS AS IT FLIES
THROUGH THE EVERLASTING SKIES.
THE SNOW DRIFTS AS IT DROPS
OVER THE FIELD AND FARMER'S CROPS.
THE RAIN POURS AS IT FALLS
INTO GARDENS. ONTO WALLS
THE HAIL POUNDS ON THE GROUND
ONTO GRASS AND ALL AROUND.
CLOUDS, LOFTY IN THE BLUE,
CUMULUS, NIMBUS, STRATUS TOO.
--LISA DOLESHAL

THE STORM

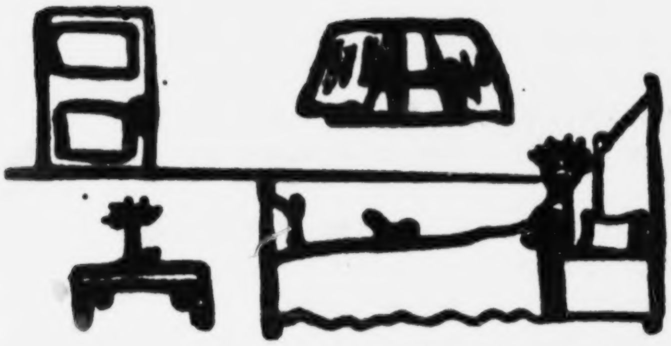
IN THE FURY OF THE STORM
  THE WAVES BEAT MADLY AT THE SHIP.
IN THE CURRENT OF THE SEA,
  IT WAS IN ITS MIGHTY GRIP.

THE FURIOUS WAVES BEAT HIGH,
  VIOLENTLY THE WIND DID BLOW,
ALWAYS BEAT UPON THE DECK,
  AND THE WATERS STEADILY FLOW.

"A LEAK! A LEAK! THE CREW ACTED
  AS THEIR ABLE CAPTAIN ROARED.
BUT BY THE STRENGTH OF THAT GREAT OCEAN;
  A HOLE IN THE SHIP WAS BORED.

THE SHIP WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN
  AND ALL THE WOMEN WEEP.
ALL THE BRAVE CREW STILL REMAIN
  IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.
--EARL BEUTLER

FIFTH GRADE



Gretchen Johnson

On That Stormy Night

The rain came thundering down that night.
The lightning lighted the sky very bright.
The thunder was loud, as loud as can be,
And I was home alone, you see.

I got very scared on that rainy night,
So I lighted a pretty candle light.
I sat with my dog and my cat in my bed.
The next time I heard thunder, I bumped my poor head.

Soon I heard a strange noise.
I thought, could it be some bad boys?
Then I thought it might be an ugly old ghost,
Having a party and being the host.

My father and mother came back from the town
My sister and brother came in with a frown.

I had been happy on that rainy night
I blew out that pretty candle light.
Although the thunder was loud as could be
I wasn't alone anymore, you see.
--Patty Rosenthal

Thunder and Lightning

It sprang through the air,
Announcing its armies, rain,
With noise of cannons.
--Gregg McNamara

FIFTH GRADE

If I Were a Great Pine Tree

If I were a great pine tree,
I would swing and sway as if I were free
And if some chipmunk made a home in me,
The chipmunk family would always be glee.

I'd spread my roots all over the land,
Through rocks, dirt, and even sand.
When it rained or even hailed,
I'd cover the tall, the short, and bushy-tailed.

I'd tell them stories and sometimes tales
Of tiny fish and awkward whales.
If some woodsman would chop me down,
All the animals would wail and frown.
--Denise Bronte

The Sea

With waves a-pounding and water a-sounding,
It looks like a mirror to me.
With seals a-crawling and voices a-calling,
"Come, come to the beautiful sea."
--Michael Barrett

Trees

Softly flowing
Blossoms falling from the tree
Small and tiny.
Then leaves come,
Green and sweet.

But oh! when the trees die out,
They leave one less beautiful thing
That was so very little.

Sometime in later years,
A baby tree will sprout
From the ground
And add a tiny lovely thing
To this beautiful earth of ours.
--James Caldwell

Beautiful River

A river is very beautiful,
Shimmering, dazzling in the
hot sun.

But wait! The tiny trickle
Has become flowing!
The beautiful river is rushing,
flooding.
The rapids are rolling, rolling,
Tumbling so, like they're
playing leap frog.

Now the river has come to a
transition,
Down, down, down
A beautiful waterfall.
--Patricia Riley

FIFTH GRADE

RIVERS

RIVERS GO SO SWIFTLY.
THE ROAR MAKES YOUR EARS ACHE SO,
CRASHING AT THE HUGE ROCKS,
THEN HOW PEACEFUL THEY CAN BE.
SO SMOOTH AND SOFTLY THEY FLOW.
--DEBORAH GOSSETT

RIVERS

RIVERS MAKE BEAUTY.
THEY STRUGGLE OVER ROCKS,
STRIKING,
ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO PUSH ON.
RIVERS ROAR AND THUNDER
WITH THE POWER OF SOUNDING CANNONS.
--DAVID AGUIRRE

THE JUNGLE

MONKEYS ARE FLYING THROUGH THE TREES
LIKE LITTLE MEN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE.
THE CALL OF THE BIRD
IS FOR SURE TO BE HEARD.
THEN THE STEPS OF THE LION ON THE GROUND,
MAKE A MIGHTY RUMBLE AS THEY POUND.
EVERYONE STOPS HIS PLAY,
AND RUNS INTO THE FOREST, FAR AWAY.
ANIMALS ARE SILENT, BIRDS DON'T SING,
THEY ARE FRIGHTENED OF THE KING.
HE WALKS AWAY EVEN THINNER,
MAD BECAUSE HE HAS NO DINNER.
THE ANIMALS COME BACK TO ROMP AND PLAY,
NOTHING NOW CAN SCARE THEM AWAY,
EXCEPT FOR THEIR KING, THE MIGHTY LION,
WITH THE ROAR THAT SOUNDS LIKE FIERCE CRYIN'.
--PETER PECKHAM

THE DESERT

THE WIND STIRS UP LITTLE BITS OF SANDY DUST,
WHILE THE NIGHT BEGINS TO CREEP SLOWLY IN.
ALL IS STILL EXCEPT FOR THE CRICKET'S CHIRPING,
STILL I SIT ON AN OLD GNARLED TREE LOOKING AT
THE BEAUTY OF THE DESERT.

THE NEXT MORNING A BIG ROSY RED FLOWER BEGINS TO OPEN.
A COLORFUL SUNRISE BRIGHTENS UP THE MORNING SKY,
WHILE THE ANIMALS OF THE DESERT BEGIN TO WAKEN.
EVERYTHING IS READY FOR A NEW DAY.
--CAROL JOHNSON

FIFTH GRADE

AUTUMN LEAVES

TWISTING, TURNING, AND TUMBLING
AND PAUSING HERE AND THERE,
THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE GLISTENING
GROUND
SWIFTLY THROUGH THE AIR.

ON AND ON THEY TRAVEL,
OVER THE CREEK SO WIDE .
THEN DIVING DOWN TO THE WATER,
BETWEEN THE WILLOWS THEY HIDE.

FLOATING DOWN TO WIDER STREAMS
AND THEN TO THE OCEAN GREAT.
THEY VANISH BENEATH THE TUMBLING WAVES
TO WAIT THEIR LONELY FATE.

--VICKEY TRAGER

SUSAN KIEFER

FIFTH GRADE

Mountains

Mountains are beautiful,
So purple and so tall.
But no matter how close they seem
They're not really close at all.
--Debra Watt

The Rushing River

Down the side of the mountain,
Leaps the rushing river,
Flowing down the mountainside,
Like stars falling from heaven
On its journey to the sea.
--Michael Logsdon

The Desert

The desert is a wonderful place to be at sunset. The flowers are in full bloom. Cool breezes blow sand and tumbleweed. When night comes, everything is still. The stars come out and light up the sky. Everything is quiet and beautiful. The day is done.

--Barbara Marshall

My Money Machine

One day I built a little machine,
  That looked so very funny.
All you did was press a button,
  And out came counterfeit money.

I called up all my friends
  And told them about my machine.
But when they all came over,
  The money wouldn't turn green.

All my dreams were over
  Of being a millionaire.
Now when I want some money,
  My wallet will be bare.
--Mary Calhoun

Racing

I like to play like I'm a racer
  And go zooming down the street.
I screech around some corners
  And then pour on more heat.

I'm racing down the straight-away,
  With the pedal to the floor.
I make the corner safely
  And I'm pouring on even more.

Now we're on the very last lap
  And I am in the lead!
I cross the finish line the first,
  And I win with my top speed!
--Michael Clapper

FIFTH GRADE

THE DISLIKED GARBAGE CAN

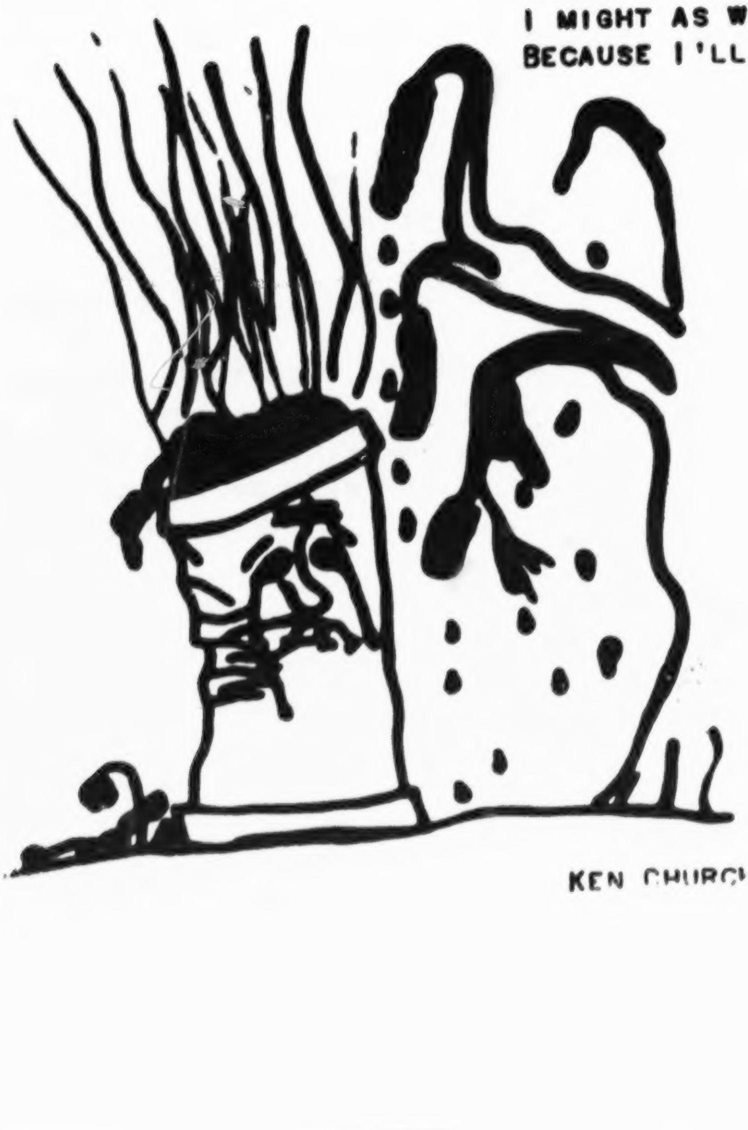
I AM A GARBAGE CAN
WHICH ISN'T MUCH FUN,
BECAUSE I'M BIG AND BENT AND FULL OF ANTS
AND I GET LEFT IN THE SUN.
AND EVERYONE WHO SEES ME TURNS AROUND TO
    RUN!

WHEN THE FATHER TAKES ME OUT AT NIGHT,
OH, DO I FEEL AWFUL!
I TRY NOT TO SPILL ANY OF MY GARBAGE,
BECAUSE I KNOW THAT IT'S UNLAWFUL.

NO ONE EVER CARES.
NO ONE WILL EVEN GET NEAR ME.
I WISH I DIDN'T MAKE GRASS AND FLOWERS DIE.
I WISH I WOULDN'T WILT A TREE.

YET THERE IS SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT ME
UP IN THE MOUNTAINS, THAT'S WHERE.
FOR WHEN THE FAMILY GOES CAMPING
I CAN SCARE AWAY A BEAR!
BUT THEY PROBABLY WOULDN'T TAKE ME THERE.

BUT AS LONG AS I'M A GARBAGE CAN,
WHICH I'LL BE FOREVER AND EVER,
I MIGHT AS WELL NOT FIGHT IT,
BECAUSE I'LL NEVER CHANGE -- NEVER!
--CAROLYN CROW



KEN CHURCH

FIFTH GRADE

CLEAN UP MAN!

VOTE FOR JOHNNY HELPER,
THE CLEANEST BOY IN TOWN.
I MAKE THE SINK THE WHITEST,
CONSIDERING IT'S NOT BROWN.

MY HANDS ARE FASTER THAN LIGHTNING,
THEY GET THE JOB ALL DONE.
AND WHEN I STRAIGHTEN UP THE BOOKS,
I MAKE THE WORK LIKE FUN.

I TIDY THE FLOOR UP CAREFULLY,
THE DUST -- SO MUCH OF IT --
I NEARLY SNEEZE MY HEAD OFF,
SO I ONLY DO IT A BIT.

BUT I DO THE JOB SO CAREFULLY,
I NEVER WASTE ANY TIME.
I MAKE THE BEST OF ALL MY JOBS,
AND NEVER GET A DIME.

SO VOTE FOR JOHNNY HELPER,
THE CLEANEST BOY IN TOWN.
I'M COUNTING ON ALL OF YOU,
SO PLEASE DON'T TURN ME DOWN.
--MARK CONOVER

IF I HAD THREE WISHES

IF I HAD THREE WISHES,
I'D WISH FOR A FEW MORE SISTERS,
SO THEY COULD DO THE DISHES,
AND THEY'D GET ALL THE BLISTERS.

I'D WISH FOR A BALL AND MITT,
SO I COULD PLAY MORE BASEBALL,
AND MAYBE GET IN MAJOR LEAGUE,
WITH DRYSDALE, WILLS, AND ALL.

I'D WISH FOR A SHINY HORSE,
AND RIDE HIM EVERY DAY.
I'D RIDE TO WEST VIRGINIA,
AND SAN FRANCISCO BAY!

BUT NOW I AM UNHAPPY
FOR I HAVEN'T GOT THREE WISHES,
I WON'T PLAY BALL, OR RIDE A HORSE,
AND I'LL HAVE TO DO THE DISHES!
--KAREN GUNNELL

PICNICS

THE CHILDREN, WHOSE STUDIES WERE OVER AND DONE,
WENT OUT ON A PICNIC TO HAVE SOME FUN.
SUDDENLY, THE LEADER BROKE OUT IN A CRY,
"I THINK I HAVE A FLY IN MY EYE."

GEORGE SLIPPED AS HE HURRIED TO HELP HIM OUT,
BUT HIS CRYING WAS LOUDER THAN THE LEADER'S SHOUT.
HE HAD GRABBED THE BIGGEST CACTUS AROUND
TO BREAK HIS FALL AS HE FELL DOWN.

THIS WAS JUST THE BEGINNING OF A LOVELY DAY,
FILLED WITH ACCIDENTS, AND A LOT OF PLAY.
BUT THAT'S THE WAY THE PICNIC GOES,
SCRATCHED ELBOWS, AND KNEES, AND MANY STUBBED TOES.
--NANCY NOWACK

FIFTH GRADE

THREE MINUTES BEFORE THE BOMB!

I WAS IN MY HOUSE ONE DAY,
ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON,
JUST MUNCHING ON SOME CANDY,
AND SINGING A LITTLE TUNE.

I HAD THE RADIO ON, OF COURSE,
THE DAVE CLARK FIVE WERE ON,
WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, SOMEONE SAID,
"THEY ARE GOING TO DROP A BOMB!"

WITHOUT EVEN THINKING FOR A WHILE,
I JUMPED INTO THE HOUSE.
I TORE ALL THE DRAWERS OPEN
AND GOT EVERY SHIRT AND BLOUSE.

I GOT ALL THE FOOD AND MONEY,
AND PACKED THEM CAREFULLY.
THEN I REMEMBERED THAT INSTANT,
I FORGOT TO PACK THE KEY.

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE,
(IN FACT I WAS ALMOST GONE).
WHEN A CHILL WENT THROUGH MY BODY,
I HAD LEFT THE RADIO ON.

I RAN THROUGH THE HOUSE ONCE MORE,
BOY, WAS IT A MESS!
WHEN I HEARD SOMETHING I'LL NEVER FORGET.
"THIS WAS JUST A TEST!"

--JOANNE BENTZ

THE NOSE

THE NOSE IS A FUNNY THING
TWO NOSTRILS AT THE BOTTOM.
CATS, DOGS, RATS, AND MICE,
EVEN MONKEYS GOT 'EM.

THE NOSE TAKES IN AIR,
A TICKLY LITTLE THING.
BUT WHEN YOU GET IT BLOODY.
IT REALLY STARTS TO STING.

SO BREATHE IN ALL THE FRESH AIR.
IT REALLY SMELLS SO GOOD.
YOU MOSTLY FEEL JUST FINE.
IF YOUR NOSE DOES WHAT IT SHOULD.

--THOMAS SAWYER

WHY

WHY IS IT SO
THAT NIGHT TURNS TO DAY
AND CHILDREN MUST PLAY?

WHY IS IT SO
THAT THE SUN SHINES SO BRIGHTLY
AND FAIRIES DANCE LIGHTLY?

WHY IS IT SO
THAT BIRDS SING SO SWEETLY
AND BUILD THEIR NESTS NEATLY?

WHY IS IT SO
THAT MY MARKS ARE LOW?
DO YOU KNOW?

--LINDA WEINDERLIN

NO WORDS

HOW CAN I DO IT?
HOW CAN I TELL?
THERE IS NO FAMILY
THAT I LOVE SO WELL.

IN THE DARKNESS
YOU MAKE IT BRIGHT.
THE SMILES YOU GIVE ME
LAST THROUGH THE NIGHT.

YOU SAY YOU NEED ME.
MAYBE THAT'S TRUE.
BUT MOST OF THE TIME
IT'S I WHO NEEDS YOU.

SO WHEN I GROW UP,
WHATEVER I DO,
THERE'S A FIRE IN MY HEART
THAT'S BURNING FOR YOU.

--ROGER N. MORRISON

FIFTH GRADE

Why We Have Names

Why we have a name I do not know.
I guess to tell us apart like Judy, Mark and Joe.
I never put my name on any paper at all.
But, guess I better now since teacher threw me against the wall.
--Gregory Goss

Flying Away

When Mom and Dad have gone someplace
And nobody can play,
I simply jump upon my bed
And sort of fly away.
I fly away to Jupiter;
I fly away to Mars;
And after I get back from there,
I visit distant stars.
But when I reach the Milky Way,
I'd better jump back down,
Because, of course, my Mom and Dad
Would not want me to drown!
--Debra Sinclair

Bugs

I like to look for bugs
Under leaves and rocks
And sometimes when I'm all through,
I find them in my socks.

And if I find a grasshopper,
A big one, fat and green,
I'll give it to my tarantula,
Until he sucks its insides clean.

I'll put him on my hand,
And let him crawl around,
But if he tries to bite me,
I throw him on the ground.
--Walter Terberg

The Old Lady

I was walking down third street
When I saw a strange sight,
A lady with three feet
Was flying high a kite.

She wiggled her toes
As she strutted around.
She stuck out her nose
Till it dragged on the ground.

Away flew her kite
As she held up her hand,
But try as she might
It wouldn't dare land.

She flew into a rage
As the storm clouds came out.
She called to a page
And she started to pout.

The sky was now filled
With the sound of her bellows.
She looked into the sky,
It was raining marshmallows.

The sky seemed to blacken,
It was just as I feared.
It thundered real loud
And she disappeared.
--Nancy Otto

FIFTH GRADE

THE MAN WITH THE VERY OLD CLOAK

THERE WAS A VERY OLD MAN,
WHO HAD A VERY OLD CLOAK.
AND IN THE CITY OF DALEVILLE
HE WAS CONSIDERED THE TOWN JOKE.

FOR ALWAYS THE MAN WAS SAYING,
"MY FRIENDS, THIS CLOAK IS MAGIC!
BUT IF EVER THE WRONG PERSON SHOULD GET IT,
THE RESULTS WOULD BE TRAGIC!"

THERE WAS ONE MEAN MAN IN THE TOWN,,
WHO LOVED NOTHING BUT MONEY.
"IF I COULD PROVE THE OLD MAN WRONG,
IT WOULD BE QUITE FUNNY!"

"BUT I COULD MAKE A FORTUNE
IF THE OLD MAN WEREN'T LYING!
BY GEORGE, I THINK I WILL!
AT LEAST IT IS WORTH TRYING."

SO THAT NIGHT HE STOLE THE CLOAK
AND PUT IT ON HIS BACK.
OFF FLEW THE OLD CLOAK AND THE MAN
INTO THE NIGHT SO BLACK.

THE MAN AND THE CLOAK WERE NEVER SEEN.
NEVER DID THEY LAND.
NO ONE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED
EXCEPT FOR THE VERY OLD MAN.

--MARGARET GLAUSSER

MY BEETLE

I KNOW A LITTLE BEETLE,
WHOSE NAME IS GEORGIE ROUND,
AND I KNOW WHERE HE LIVES --
DOWN UNDER THE GROUND.

GEORGIE ALWAYS SAYS HELLO,
WHEN I GO OUTSIDE EACH DAY.
HE ALWAYS ASKS ME A QUESTION --
"CAN YOU COME IN AND PLAY?"

--ELISSA ARNOLD

THE ANT HILL

"RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!" SCREAMED THE ANT KING. "THAT HORSE IS GOING TO STEP ON OUR ANT HILL."

AT THESE WORDS EVERY ANT IN THE ANT HOUSE CAME SCURRYING OUT. THAT IS, EVERYONE BUT ORVILLE. HE HAD TAKEN A WALK THROUGH THE GRASS FOREST. WHEN HE GOT HOME AND FOUND A PILE OF DIRT INSTEAD OF A HOME, ORVILLE GOT FRIGHTENED. WERE MR. AND MRS. ANT CRUSHED OR HAD THEY ESCAPED? IF SO, WHERE HAD THEY GONE? THAT'S WHAT ORVILLE SET OUT TO DISCOVER.

FIRST HE TUNNELED THROUGH THE WRECKAGE. NO, THEY WEREN'T THERE. SO HE SET OUT TO FOLLOW THE GREAT RIVER. A FEW INCHES FARTHER (WHICH SEEMED LIKE MILES TO ORVILLE), HE FOUND THE ANTS AND HIS PARENTS.

HOW BUSY EVERYONE WAS! WORKER ANTS CARRIED DIRT FOR A NEW ANT HILL. THERE WERE DAYS AND DAYS OF THIS. AN ANT HILL MUST BE MADE BEFORE WINTER SET IN. BY THE TIME WINTER DID COME THE ANT HILL WAS FINISHED AND EVERYONE WAS HAPPY.

--ROBIN MITCHELL

FIFTH GRADE

THE BABY WHALE

I SEE A WHALE SWIMMING AROUND.
  HIS COLORS ARE BLACK AND WHITE,
WITH GOLDEN FINS AND SMACKING LIPS.
  HE TOOTS HIS HORN AT NIGHT.

THE SEA WAS BLUE AND COLORFUL
  AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, BEEP!
HERE COMES THE WHALE, THE BABY WHALE
  HE NEVER HAS TO SLEEP.

SOMEHOW HE VANISHED FROM MY SIGHT.
  WHERE HAD HE GONE? WHAT HE DID
NO ONE KNOWS, NOT EVEN I,
  JUST A SINGLE SQUID.

--LAURA JENSEN

LITTLE LADYBUG

I SAW A LITTLE LADYBUG,
  I WATCHED IT FOR AWHILE.
THE WAY IT WALKED OVER A PIECE OF FUZZ
  "MY LOVELY RUG." IT SAID WITH A SMILE.

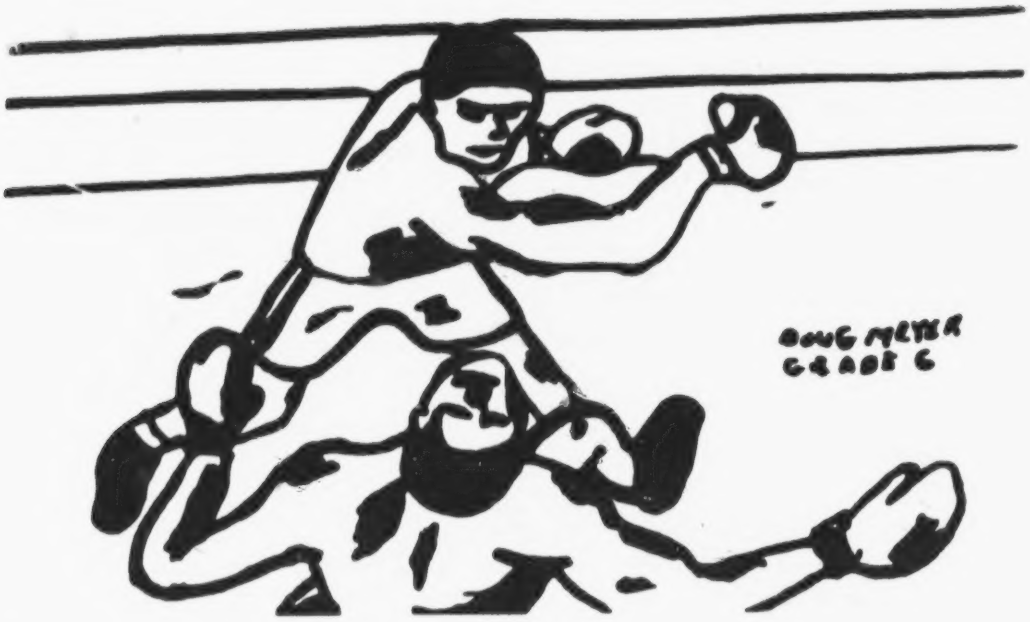
AND THE WAY IT FLEW RIGHT OVER THE ROCKS,
  LIKE THEY WERE MOUNTAINS HIGH,
AND FLEW STRAIGHT UP TO THE CLOUDS
  STRAIGHT INTO THE SKY.

IN THE MORNING ALL OF THE GRASS,
  WAS COVERED WITH SHINING DEW.
TO OUR LITTLE LADY BUG.
  IT LOOKED LIKE AN OCEAN BLUE.

NOW MY MORNING'S WALK IS OVER
  AND THE LADYBUG HAS FLOWN AWAY.
BUT BEFORE HE WENT, HE SAID, "GOOD-BY,
  I HAVE ENJOYED THIS LOVELY DAY."

--TINA GOGUEN

SIXTH GRADE



The Fight

The ring was clean and very white,
The people all gathered to witness a fight.
It was Skinny the Kid against champion Bill,
Each boxer had come to challenge his skill.

The ref rang the bell to begin the fight,
It was Bill with a left and Bill with a right.
But back came the Kid and he made his first soar,
The ref now said three and now he said four.

With a five and a six and a seven and an eight,
The crowd was beginning to lose all its faith.
With a nine and a ten you could hear the crowd yell,
But the ref broke it up by ringing the bell.

When ex-champion Bill woke up in bed,
He whispered, "What happened? Was I hit in the head?"
"Yes, you were," said the doc, "Now you must get some sleep."
And he did and he made not another peep.

--Steven Wagner

SIXTH GRADE

THE RED BALLOON

A RED BALLOON I SAW TODAY
SAID, "HAVE YOU EVER SEEN BOMBAY?
THE SMELL OF SPICE, LOTS OF RICE,
I'LL TAKE YOU THERE IN THE COUNT OF TRICE."

I BOARDED THE BALLOON, RIGHT QUICK;
SOON A TREE LOOKED LIKE A STICK
THE GROUND BELOW ME LOOKED SO FAR,
I SEEMED MUCH NEARER TO A STAR.

I ASKED THE BALLOON, "PLEASE TAKE ME HOME.
I'M SO SICK OF LOOKING AT THE DOME
OF THE SKY, SO HIGH ABOVE ME.
PLEASE MAKE A TREE LOOK LIKE A TREE."

SOON AGAIN A TREE WAS IN SIGHT.
I YELLED SO HARD I WAKED THE NIGHT.
NEVER AGAIN WILL I LEAVE THIS LAND,
WITH ITS WAVING PALM TREES AND SHIMMERING SAND.

--MARCY REICH

SPRING AROUND THE WORLD

SPRING IN IRELAND IS A WONDERFUL THING,
THE GRASS MUSSED UP BY A LEPRECHAUN RING.
THE LEPRECHAUN KING GOES BACK TO HIS PALACE,
AND DRINKS HIS WINE FROM A GOLDEN CHALICE.

SPRING IN SPAIN IS VERY GAY,
THEY HAVE FIESTAS 'MOST EVERY DAY.
THE MARACAS SHAKE AND THE CASTANETS CLICK,
THE MEN SAY, "OLE! THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL CHICK."

SPRING IN FRANCE IS A GOOD PLACE TO BE,
AS YOU WALK ALONG, THE EIFFEL TOWER YOU SEE.
IF THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE, AND NOWHERE TO GO,
JUST GO TO THE HOME OF MISS BRIDGETTE BARDOT.

SPRING IN CHINA IS A DIFFERENT THING,
PEOPLE WALK AROUND SAYING, "CHING, CHING, IT IS SPRING."
THEY RUN UP, BOW, AND SAY GOOD DAY.
WHEN YOU TRY TO ANSWER, THEY HURRY AWAY.

SPRING IN AMERICA IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
WHERE YOU WATCH A BASEBALL AS IT IS HURLED.
ALL THE KIDS WAIT TO GET OUT OF SCHOOL.
AND WHEN THEY DO, YOU KNOW THEY'LL RULE.

--KERRY HELLIWELL

SIXTH GRADE

Small Fry the Clown

Small Fry, the clown,
Is coming to town.
Never such tricks have you known!
He does triple flips,
And he never slips,
While he talks to his friend on the phone.

He can hang by his toes
And wiggle his nose,
While he chases a mouse 'round the ring.
He balances balls
And makes expert falls,
While he tightropes on a thin string.

He can jump ninety feet
While his dinner he'll eat,
Made up of rhubarb and peas,
He'll wash it all down
And being a clown
He'll share it with you if you please.

He can stand on his hands
And sing to the fans,
All at the very same time.
And if you're polite,
Then to your delight,
Your autograph book he will sign.

Small Fry, the clown,
Is coming to town,
With many good stunts up his sleeve;
So be sure to be there,
And always beware
Not to believe everything that you see.
--Katharine Thomas

The Little Toadstool

Once there was a toadstool,
That looked like a shining jewel,
It was a little pink,
And it could wink,
It faced another in a duel.
--Wendy Newell

My Christmas Wish

I watch the snow pile high in drifts.
I watch it on the pines, with bliss.
And yet the things that are begun
Will not be through till life is done.

I wish that children in countries overseas
Have a merry Christmas with presents and Christmas trees.
And if they could I'd be happier than words could express
The giving and receiving with love and happiness.
--Janet Vidican

SIXTH GRADE

My Clipper Ship

Once I owned a clipper ship,
A mighty thing was she.
We fought with every pirate
And sailed on every sea.

Then one day to the leeward side,
I saw a sight that made me mourn,
For there against the horizon
Was a frightful, terrible storm.

I didn't want the ship to be lost,
So our crew got ready to fight.
But that furious storm came on and on.
The crew and I were filled with fright.

It finally hit with terrible force,
Like a million pounds of lead.
The storm, it sank the ship and crew,
For you see I am quite dead!

--Robert Ramsey

The Duel

Two men walked at a quickened pace.
Each with a scorn upon his face.
Then one said with a little cry,
"One must live, the other die."
The people gasped in widened horror,
While the other said to his implorer,
"What are you saying, my dear brother,
That one of us must kill the other?"
"Yes in a way which seems quite cruel,
My dear fellow we'll have a duel."
"My good man are you losing your sensing?
But I'll play this worthless game of fencing."
And he said as he turned and walked away,
"I'll meet you here a week from this day."
And as the fatal day grew near,
Each one knew the rules quite clear.
And as the terrible duel started
They both shook hands and then departed.
The numbers started one, two, then three.
Each one went forward with angered glee.
Each one showed his skill, but then,
One stabbed and then he stabbed again.
One was left on the ground that day,
The other calmly walked away.

--Linda Williams

The First Taste

The ball flies toward the ring.
"Two points!" shouts the official.
"This is easy," you think.
You grab the ball;
You shoot again;
The ball misses everything.
Everyone laughs.
You have had your first taste
Of basketball.

--Thomas Ritter

Dragsters

Off like lightning,
Down the strip she goes.
"Winner!" calls the starter,
Just as the engine blows.

With a wild metallic paint job
And slicks three feet tall,
With a roar that knocks you off the bleachers
Or can crack a wall.

Beneath the smoke and exhaust,
The front end's all you see.
The rest is hidden all the way.
Dragsters are what excite me.

--Peter Bond

SIXTH GRADE

FAREWELL, LITTLE LEAF

"LITTLE LEAF, AS YOU HANG ON A BRANCH,
YOU'RE TURNING GOLDEN BROWN.
WHICH MEANS YOU'LL LEAVE YOUR MOTHER,
BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN."

"I WILL NOT LEAVE MY MOTHER,
I'M MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR THAT,
TO GO INTO A WORLD UNKNOWN,
I WON'T AND THAT'S A FACT."

"YOU WILL BECAUSE I'LL BLOW YOU.
I'LL BLOW YOU OFF THE TREE.
I'LL PUSH YOU INTO LANDS UNKNOWN,
THE NEW WORLD YOU WILL SEE."

THE WIND, IT BLEW THE LITTLE LEAF
FROM ITS TINY LIMB.
AND NOW IT IS AWAY FROM HOME
THE NEW WORLD IS FOR HIM!

--JACQUELINE ROSS

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

THE WIND HOWLS COLD AND STILL,
THE BATS FLY HIGH FOR THEIR KILL,
IF YOU PLEASE, IF YOU WILL,
WE WILL GO, VERY STILL.

THE HOUSE IS GLOOMY AND MUSTY,
THE CANDLES ARE STILL AND DUSTY,
THE HOWLS AND SHUDDERS SNAP,
MAYBE A GHOST WILL SLAP YOU ON YOUR BACK.

THE WIND MAKES THE HOUSE CREAK AND WHINE
IF YOU WILL LET'S HIDE BEHIND A TABLE BIG AND FINE.
KIND OF SCARY YOU KNOW, LIFE SEEMS STILLED.
SO LET'S GO BEFORE WE GET KILLED.

--KENNETH FOGARTY

THE OAK TREE

ACROSS THE SHINING MEADOW THERE STANDS A BIG TREE WITH GLEAMING LEAVES OF GOLD, AND BROWN SQUIRRELS RUNNING TO AND FRO. IT'S SURROUNDED BY ROWS OF BRIGHT YELLOW FLOWERS, WITH BEES FLYING MERRILY AROUND. IN THE NIGHT THE BIG TREE ACROSS THE MEADOW SLEEPS QUIETLY ALONE.

REACHING UPWARD INTO THE SKY, IT SLEEPS QUIETLY ALONE, QUIETLY ALONE.

--THOMAS CARROL

SIXTH GRADE

GHOSTLY HORROR

THERE WAS A GHOST WHO WAS A HOST
  AT A VERY BIG CONVENTION,
SAID HE TO HIS FRIENDS WHOSE NUMBER WAS THREE;
  "THIS SECRET I'D BETTER NOT MENTION.

"BUT SINCE WE ARE FRIENDS AND GOOD LITTLE GHOSTS
  IT WILL NOT HURT US AT ALL,
FOR TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT FOR THE HALLOWEEN FRIGHT;
  WHEN THE WITCHES WILL ROAM THE MALL."

NOW THE OTHER THREE GHOSTS WHO WERE FOND OF THEIR HOST
  GASPED IN HORROR AND FRIGHT,
FOR THEY HAD BEEN GOOD GHOSTS ALL OF THEIR LIVES;
  AND HAD NEVER BEEN OUT AT NIGHT.

THEN THERE WAS A SQUEAL OF DELIGHT
  FOR THE GHOST WHO WAS HOST WAS NOT AT ALL,
FOR A WITCH HAD DISGUISED HERSELF AS A GHOST;
  INSTEAD OF ROAMING THE MALL.

AND AS SHE TOOK OFF THE LITTLE WHITE SHEET
  SHE HEARD THE SOUND OF TINY WHITE FEET,
FOR THE GHOST WHO WAS HOST HAD JUST COME BACK
  AND SAID TO THE WITCH, "THE JIGS UP, MACK!"

THE FOUR REAL GHOSTS TURNED THEIR BACKS
  ON THE WITCH WHOSE NAME WAS MACK,
FOR THEY HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FRIGHTFUL STUFF;
  AND BECAUSE THEY REALLY WEREN'T TOUGH!

WHAT HAPPENED TO MACK?
  THE GHOSTS WON'T TELL,
FOR THEY DROPPED HER IN AN OIL WELL;
  BUT SINCE THE DAY OF THAT BIG CONVENTION,
THE SECRET THEY KNEW HASN'T BEEN MENTIONED!

--VAN DAY

SIXTH GRADE

Veterans Day

Men in tattered and worn clothes, wounded and many dying, looked up at the American Flag with proud and shining eyes. They had placed the Flag in the battle fields defying anyone to take it down. Even now wounded and facing death, the Flag gave them hope of the terrible war ending and seeing their loved ones at home.

Some of them did live to see their families and friends, but some died unidentified and buried with no family to go to their so-called funeral.

Today, Veterans Day, people weep for the soldiers lost in the terrible war. People go to "The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier" and pray that their family and friends are in a peaceful place.

--Deborah Ann Lamar

For They Did Not Die in Vain

Hark, those who feel the sting of pain's icy breath
And the morbid, crushing grip of death!
As I lie here in the scarlet gore,
The tumult of guns I hear no more.

And now through my weakened ear.
I am able to catch the screams of fear
And through my eyes I now can see
The triumphant banner of victory.

And now I'm sure, even as I'm done.
The Empire of Liberty has just begun.
--Scott Whitcher

An Honorable Day

On November 11th of every year,
  We take a moment and pause,
To think of the men who died in war,
  Who died for Freedom's cause.

They fought their battles in the air,
  And on the land and sea,
They gave their lives that we might live,
  In freedom and in peace.

As we remember these men this day,
  Remember what it was like,
For the men who fought for freedom's cause,
  And for our country's rights.
--Paula Ginsberg

SIXTH GRADE

Peace and Freedom Forever

Extra! Extra! Read all about it,
Extra! Extra! You'd hear boys shout it,
Fifty, sixty, maybe more,
All fought for us in the war.

America, America, they have saved us,
America, America, Lord please thank them,
We've set aside a day to remember,
A day of peace and freedom forever.

So help us all to remember,
This famous day in November,
When we honor men who helped to keep,
This land a land of freedom and peace.
--Ellen Bosl

Veterans Day

A day when we honor our soldiers,
A sad, and happy day.
Happy, because a war is over,
Sad, because some have passed away.

The war is a cruel and harsh thing.
But it's all over now.
And if this isn't the last war,
When will the next war start, and how?

I was once a soldier,
To my country I was loyal,
Ah! But no one can hear me now.
For I am beneath the soil.
--James Molnar

SIXTH GRADE

Happiness

Happiness is a state of being.
You have a great big smile
Upon your happy face,
And,
Every time someone looks at you,
If he is sad and unhappy,
He sees your smile
And he is happy, too!
--Karen Weidaw

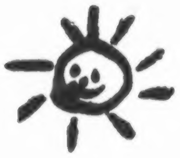
When You Hide

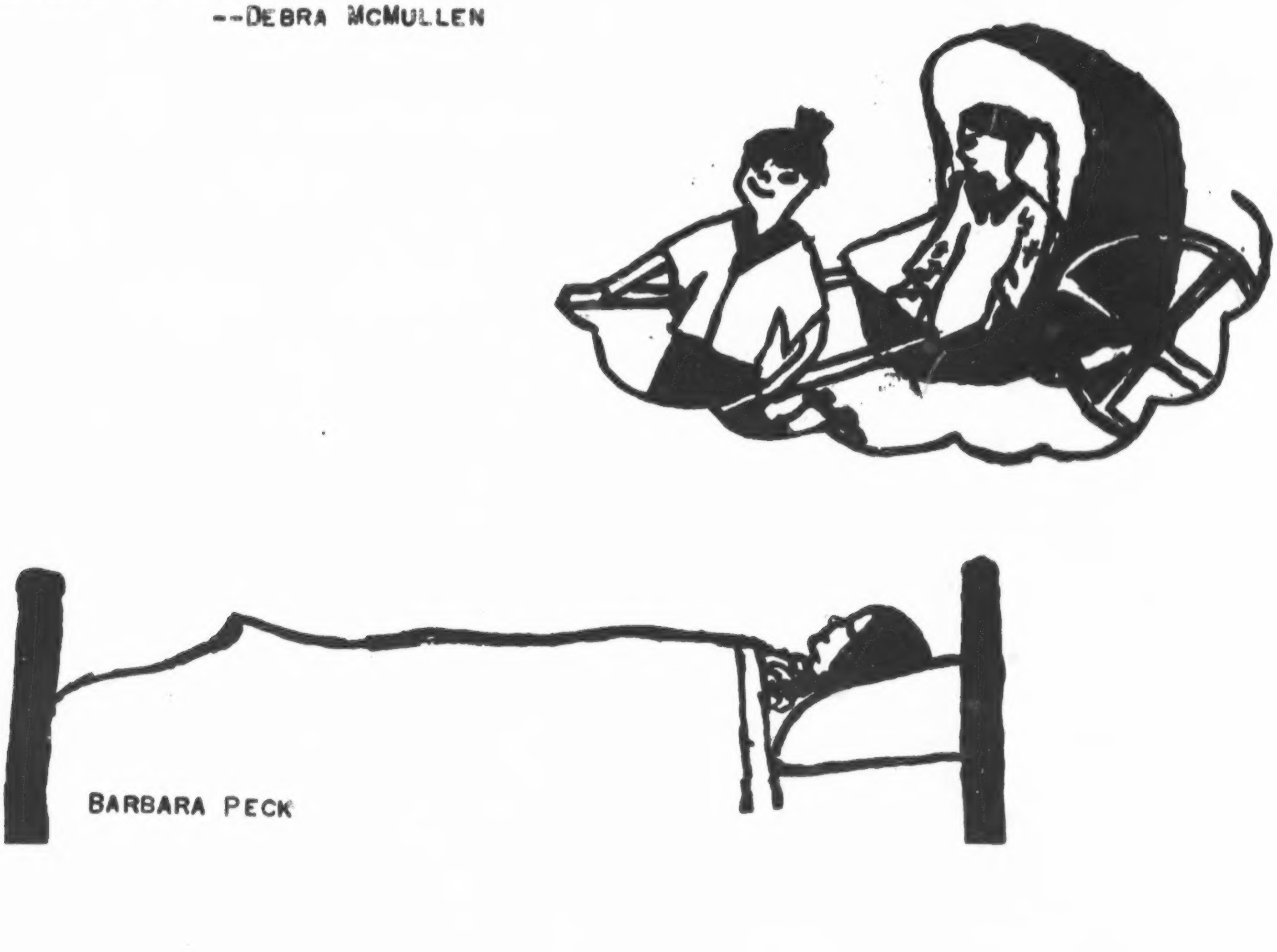
Mr. Sun, do not hide.
For when you vanish
And give us rain,
We roar.
Then we never get to rest
In little brooks and creeks.
--Patricia Kay

It's Nice to Know

It's nice to know, when I'm in bed,
That across the world
It's day instead.

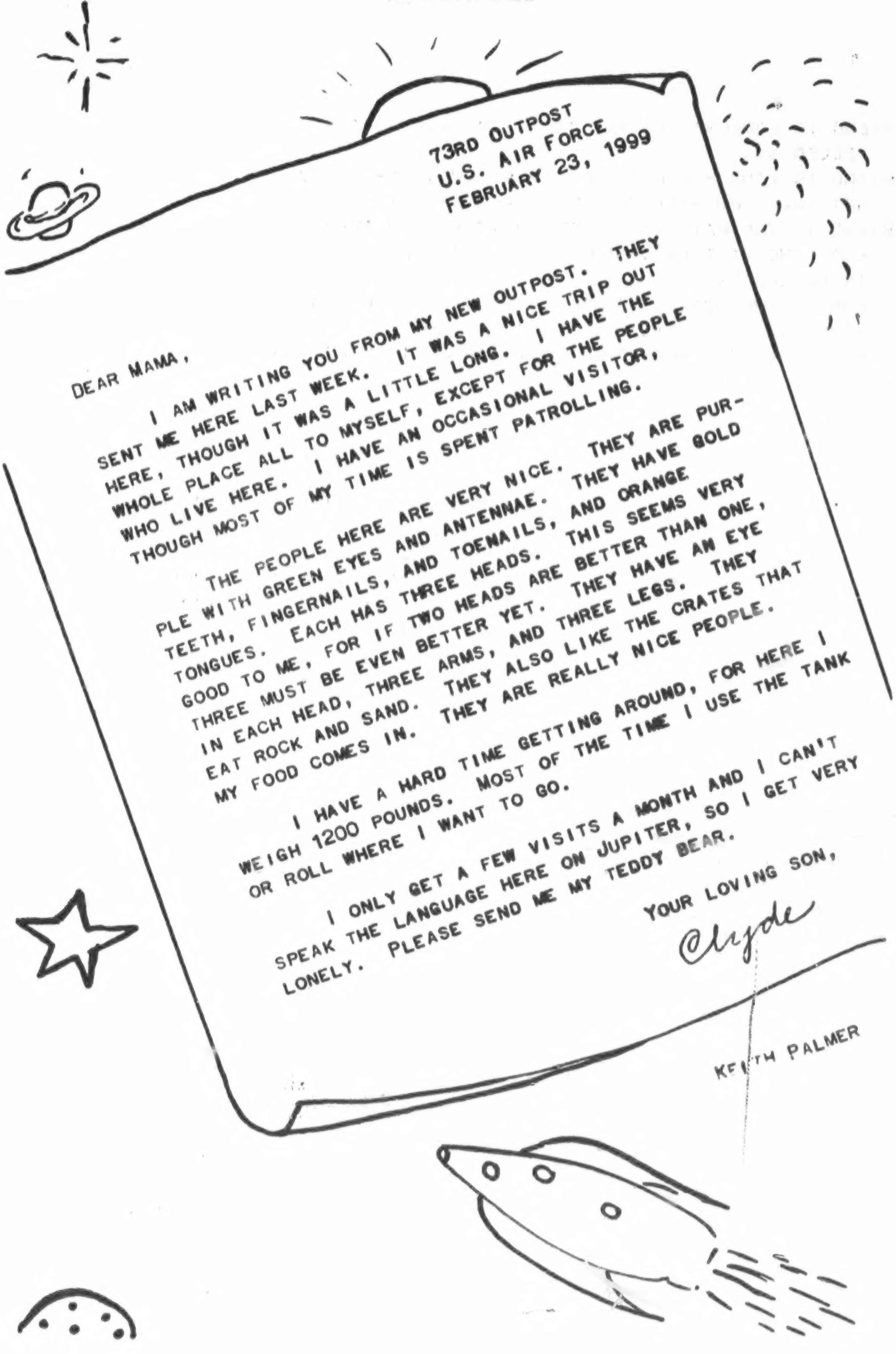
And children there are having fun,
While it's their turn
To have the sun.
--Debra McMullen





Barbara Peck

SIXTH GRADE



73RD OUTPOST
U.S. AIR FORCE
FEBRUARY 23, 1999

DEAR MAMA,

I AM WRITING YOU FROM MY NEW OUTPOST. THEY SENT ME HERE LAST WEEK. IT WAS A NICE TRIP OUT HERE, THOUGH IT WAS A LITTLE LONG. I HAVE THE WHOLE PLACE ALL TO MYSELF, EXCEPT FOR THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE HERE. I HAVE AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR, THOUGH MOST OF MY TIME IS SPENT PATROLLING.

THE PEOPLE HERE ARE VERY NICE. THEY ARE PURPLE WITH GREEN EYES AND ANTENNAE. THEY HAVE GOLD TEETH, FINGERNAILS, AND TOENAILS, AND ORANGE TONGUES. EACH HAS THREE HEADS. THIS SEEMS VERY GOOD TO ME, FOR IF TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, THREE MUST BE EVEN BETTER YET. THEY HAVE AN EYE IN EACH HEAD, THREE ARMS, AND THREE LEGS. THEY EAT ROCK AND SAND. THEY ALSO LIKE THE CRATES THAT MY FOOD COMES IN. THEY ARE REALLY NICE PEOPLE.

I HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING AROUND, FOR HERE I WEIGH 1200 POUNDS. MOST OF THE TIME I USE THE TANK OR ROLL WHERE I WANT TO GO.

I ONLY GET A FEW VISITS A MONTH AND I CAN'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE HERE ON JUPITER, SO I GET VERY LONELY. PLEASE SEND ME MY TEDDY BEAR.

YOUR LOVING SON,

Clyde

KEITH PALMER

SIXTH GRADE

A FRIEND

A FRIEND IS SOMEONE TO TALK TO AFTER HAVING BEEN
YELLED AT.
A FRIEND IS YOUR PARENTS ON YOUR BIRTHDAY WHEN YOU
GET THAT FOOTBALL YOU HAVE BEEN WANTING.
A FRIEND IS THE RAIN ON A TUESDAY AFTERNOON WHEN YOU
LOST THE GAME ON SATURDAY AND BASKETBALL PRACTICE
IS CALLED OFF.
A FRIEND IS THE DENTIST WHEN YOU FIND OUT YOU DON'T
HAVE ANY CAVITIES.
A FRIEND IS A COLD WHEN THE WORLD SERIES IS STARTING.

--BRIAN ROBISON

A SECRET

I CHANCED TO WHISPER IN AN EAR,
A LITTLE SECRET OF CONCERN.
IT ISN'T A SECRET ANY LONGER, I FEAR,
AS THE SECRET HAS NOW RETURNED.
IF YOU SHOULD WHISPER A SECRET TO ME,
I SHALL KEEP IT FOR ETERNITY.

--DIANNE PECK

THE UNIVERSE

EVERY NIGHT AS I LIE HERE ON THE HILL,
I LOOK PAST OUR HOUSE, PAST THE CAR, PAST THE MILL.
I LOOK AT THE UNIVERSE UP IN THE SKY
AND LOOK AT THE PLANETS AND STARS WAY UP HIGH.
I LOOK AT JUPITER, URANUS, AND MARS.
I LOOK TO THE UNIVERSE. I LOOK TO THE STARS.

--GREGORY ZACH

STONE

YOU ARE SO OLD,
AND YET,
YOU ARE JUST BEGINNING YOUR LIFE.
THROUGH THE AGES YOU LIE
SO PEACEFULLY.
THE SPRAY DASHES OVER YOU.
IT WILL GO ON FOREVER.
YOUR BATTLE WITH THE SEA WILL NEVER END,
JUST KEEP ON GOING
ENDLESSLY.

--ROSEMARY NASH

SIXTH GRADE

WHAT IS A MOUNTAIN?

IS A MOUNTAIN SOMETHING HOLLOW?
IS A MOUNTAIN WITHOUT PRIDE?
IS A MOUNTAIN A LIVING THING?
JUST WHAT IS A MOUNTAIN
THAT STANDS SO HIGH?

DOES IT HAVE A LOT OF KNOWLEDGE?
DOES IT KNOW ABOUT THE PAST?
HAS IT EVER SEEN A BATTLE?
JUST WHAT DOES A MOUNTAIN KNOW?
--LINDA RUSSELL

CLOUDS

WHAT IS A CLOUD
FLOATING HIGH IN THE AIR?
IS IT SMOKE, BLACK AIR,
OR A FUZZY GRAY BEAR?

WHENEVER IT IS SAD, RAIN FALLS ON US;
AND WHENEVER IT IS MAD THERE'S THUNDER
AND LIGHTNING.
OH, WHAT A FUSS!

SOMETIMES IT IS SAD AND GREY,
NOT AT ALL VERY SPRY,
BUT MOSTLY IT IS FLUFFY WHITE
AGAINST THE DARK BLUE SKY.
--JOHN WATKINS

EXPLORING

PEOPLE
ARE ALWAYS LOOKING,
SEARCHING,
FINDING NEW PLACES,
NEW THINGS,
STUDYING SPACE.
BUT, ALAS,
WE ON EARTH HAVE OUR OWN
UNEXPLORED WORLD,
THE VAST DEPTHS
OF THE OCEAN.
--PETER NOWACK

WHAT IS A RAINDROP?

WHAT IS A RAINDROP?
A LITTLE DROP OF WATER
FALLING FROM THE SKY,
REFLECTING LITTLE RAINBOWS
TO CATCH YOUR WATCHFUL EYE.

I BET YOU THERE'S A GIANT
SPRINKLING MOISTURE FROM A HOSE,
SO WHEN YOU GO OUTSIDE
IT WILL FALL UPON YOUR NOSE.

IF YOU ASKED ME WHAT A RAINDROP IS
I'D STARE AT YOU AND SAY,
"I REALLY DON'T KNOW."
AFTER I HAD THOUGHT ABOUT
MY ANSWER FOR A WHILE,
I'D COME TO YOU AND SAY,
"IT'S A LIQUID, H_2O."
BUT I REALLY DON'T KNOW.
--LINDA LAFFERTY

WIND

THE SWAYING MOVEMENT OF THE WIND
IS GENTLE TO YOUR EARS.
IF YOU COULD TRAVEL WITH THE WIND,
YOU WOULD TURN A FIELD OF WHEAT INTO SMALL WAVES.
YOU WOULD BLOW A LEAF AWAY FROM HER HOME,
AND CARRY IT OFF INTO THE HEAVENS.
--THOMAS BUTLER

SIXTH GRADE

What's in the Sky?

What's in the sky?
Clouds, of course.
Sometimes in shapes
Of dog and horse.

What's in the sky?
Stars, naturally,
That shine so brightly
On land and sea.

What's in the sky?
Of course, the sun
That shines on earth
And everyone.

What's in the sky?
Planes and jets.
Sometimes they fly
O'er old Tibet.

What's in the sky?
Telstar, of course,
That relays programs
And races of horse.

What's in the sky?
The flying birds
That soar o'er plains
And buffalo herds.

Many things
Are in the sky.
Some stay still,
And some can fly.

Though there are many
Unknowns in the sky,
I'm glad I'm here,
And that I am I!
--Catherine Fletcher

Water

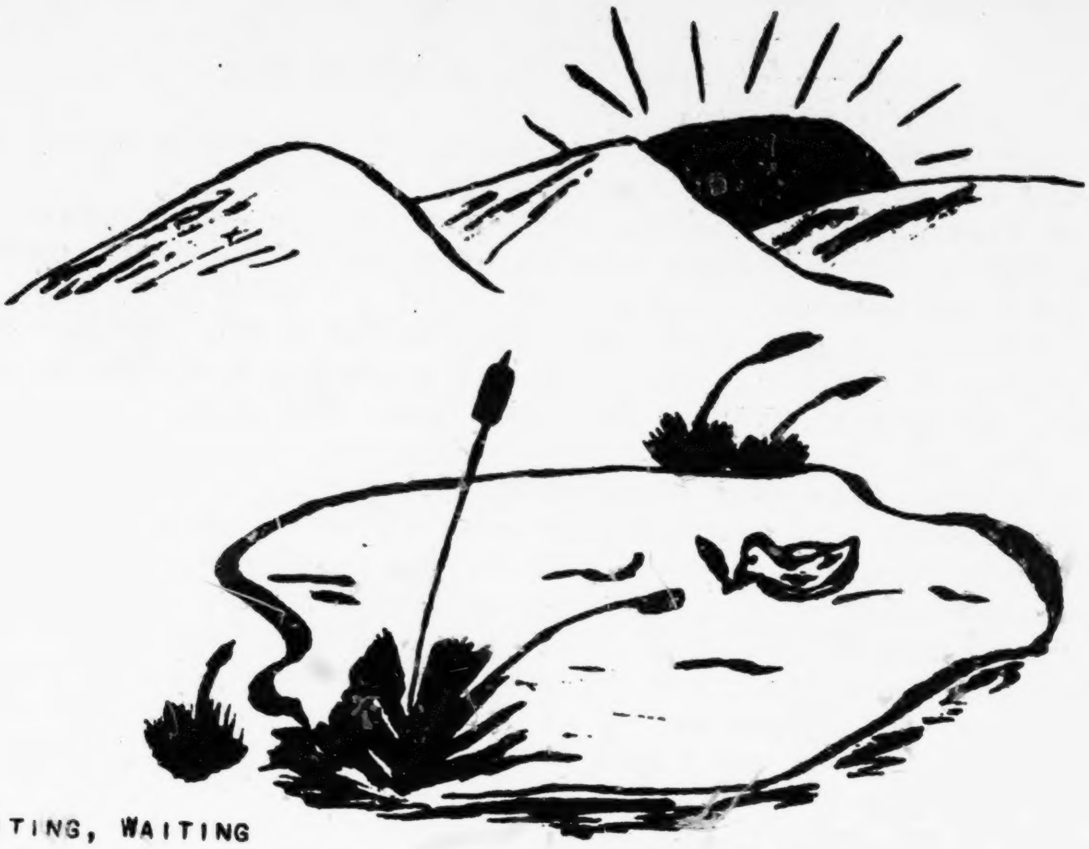
Water is fun to swim in,
Full of adventure -- and terror!
As you go
Deeper------and deeper
Below the surface,
It gets dark and darker.
Something touches you,
You're tense!
It moves closer, closer.
It circles your head
Once, twice,
Comes to the edge of your eye.
There it is!
A leaf!
And you thought it was a deadly fish.
--Gil Schmidt

The Water's Journey

As the clear water crept over the beaver's dam, it made a low gurgling noise. Then it passed by a tree that looked like a woman with hair so long it touched the cool water. The moss looked like a soft green carpet as the water shallowly spilled over. Finally, it reached a small pool showing a sandy bottom. The ever-going current pushed the water over either of two short waterfalls into a large mirror pool. Eventually it pushed over another clumsy dam -- on down, until the end has been found.

--Nancy Nelson

SIXTH GRADE



DAVID RUSSELL

WAITING, WAITING

A DUCK
BY A LAKE
WAITING.
WATCHING FOR HER YOUNG TO HATCH.
WATCHING.
WATCHING THE SUN SLIDE SLOWLY FROM EAST TO WEST.
STARING.
STARING AT RIPPLES ON THE LAKE.
--KENNETH DEMERET

GOSSIP

THE WAVES TOLD THE GULL
AND THE GULL LISTENED.
THE GULL TOLD THE SAND
AND SAND GLISTENED.
THE SAND TOLD A SANDPIPER;
HE SAID, "PEEP!"
"WHAT A SPLENDID SECRET,
TOO GOOD TO KEEP!"
SO HE TOLD A ROCK
AND THE ROCK SAID, "NEVER!"
THE ROCK TOLD A SHELL
AND THE SHELL SAID, "CLEVER!"
A FAT LITTLE CRAB ANSWERED,
"GOOD FOR HER!"
"DID YOU HEAR THE SECRET?
PUSSYCAT LEARNED TO PURR!"
--JOANNE HICKS

3

SIXTH GRADE

How the Eagle Became Bald

Once there was an eagle who had quite a feathery head. He was king of the sky and ruled everything that flew.

A hawk came into the eagle's territory. A magnificent creature was he! He wanted to make his home here where water and food were plentiful. There was only one problem, the eagle.

The hawk took a chance and began making a home the day that the eagle was taking his rounds. The eagle saw a strange bird moving about on the cliff. He came closer and saw that it was the hawk.

"Who are you to intrude on my fair sky?"

"I'm the hawk from the mountain above."

The eagle had heard of this creature with strength above mortal bird, but he had paid no attention. He wanted to run the creature off. He swung his clumsy head feathers to the side and approached the hawk with anger.

The eagle asked the hawk to leave, but the hawk didn't want to. He pecked the hawk's tail and the hawk got mad and began to fight. The hawk had the advantage because the eagle kept tripping over his own head feathers. Before you knew it, the fight was over. The hawk won because of the eagle's clumsy head feathers.

When the other eagles heard of this, they feared their own head feathers may give them trouble too, so they all cut them all off, never to grow again. That's how the bald eagle became bald.

--Dennis Hunt

Tortoise and the Hare

"I'm asleep."
"So you are.
Wake up then
It's best by far."

"I don't want to."
"But you should.
You know how to,
If you would."

"Well who are you?
Why are you there?
What do you want?"
Cried the tortoise to the hare.

"I want to talk,
I want to say,
I want to have
A race today."

"Bah! Humbug,
I don't care a fig
Whether I race
Or dance a jig."

"But please, dear turtle,
I'm dying to race.
I'll have a tantrum,
And make a bad face!"

They had the race,
And the turtle won.
"Oh, well," sighed the rabbit,
At least, it was fun.
I'm sure to win another one."

--Rebecca King

SIXTH GRADE

A SNENE'S SCENE

'TWAS ONE MERRY DAY,
IN THE MIDDLE OF MAY,
THAT I SPIED AN UNUSUAL SCENE.
FOR IN MY AUNT'S HAND,
WAS A SMALL GRAIN OF SAND,
WITH A THING LYING THEPE CALLED A SNENE.

NOW A SNENE'S AN ODD ANIMAL,
WHICH RESEMBLES A CAMEL,
WITH A NOSE THAT SHOOTS WAY OUT IN SPACE.
HE'S A VERY WISE THINKER,
AND LOVES MUCH TO TINKER,
WITH CLOCKS AND THINGS OF THAT RACE.

THE SNENE WAS TALKING
TO MY AUNT WHO WAS WALKING,
DOWN THE ROAD WHICH LED TO HER HOUSE,
MY AUNT REACHED THE DOOR
AND FELL FLAT ON THE FLOOR,
AS THE SNENE SWELLED UP TO A MOUSE.

THE SNENE GOT STILL BIGGER,
THEN START[illegible] TO JIGGER.
THE H[illegible] TILL IT ALL TOPPLED DOWN,
NO MORE WAS THERE SEEN,
OF THE THING CALLED A SNENE,
FOR THE HOUSE PUSHED IT IN THE GROUND.
--KIMBERLY SUE MACAULEY

WINTER

WHITE CAPPED PEAKS COVER THE GROUND,
EVERGREEN TREES HAVE THEIR WHITE BATH
TOWELS ON.
THE LAKE IS FROZEN STIFF, AFRAID OF
THE SUN'S POWERS.
IT'S WINTER, EVERYWHERE.
--CANDY NEYMAN

WHAT IS A DOG?

WHAT IS A DOG
BUT LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP,
SOMETHING TO CUDDLE UP,
TO KEEP WARM AND HAPPY?

WHO DOES THE PROTECTING,
IN CASE OF A ROBBER?
A DOG, THAT IS WHO,
SO BRAVE AND SO STRONG.

A DOG IS THE BEST THING
ANY MAN COULD EVER OWN.
A DOG IS MAN'S --
MAN'S VERY BEST FRIEND.
--LEWIS RIMER

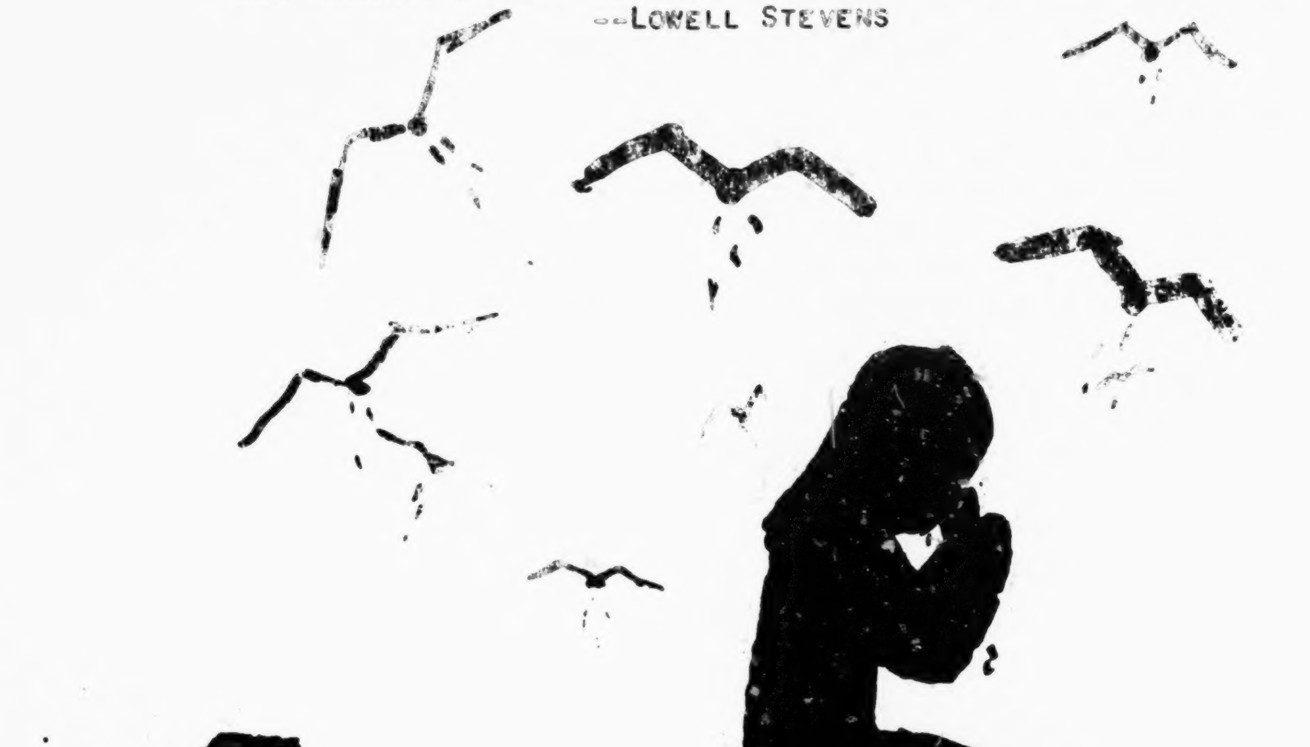
SIXTH GRADE

MY TREE

I HAVE A TREE SO BIG AND STRONG,
THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH IT SOUNDS LIKE A SONG.
THE BIRDS LIKE TO SIT ON ITS BRANCHES,
FOR IN MY TREE YOU TAKE ALL KINDS OF CHANCES.

IN MY TREE IT SOUNDS LIKE A MEETING,
WITH ALL THE BIRDS AND THEIR GREETING,
BUT YOU WILL NOT FIND MY TREE TODAY.
FOR SOMEONE CAME AND CUT IT AWAY.

I FEEL SO SAD ABOUT MY TREE,
BUT I DON'T FEEL BAD ALONE. YOU SEE,
ONE HUNDRED BIRDS FEEL BAD WITH ME.
--LOWELL STEVENS



SIXTH GRADE

A DAY IN THE FOREST

THE LEAVES OF THE TALL, SLICK BIRCH TREES FLUTTERED IN THE MORNING BREEZE, AS THE GAY CHIPMUNKS SCAMPERED THROUGH THE LUSCIOUS, GREEN GRASS GROWING IN THE COLORFUL MEADOW. THE SUN WAS DIMLY SEEN THROUGH THE THICK MASS OF BRANCHES ABOVE. THE FRESH, CLEAR POOLS OF ICY, COLD WATER WERE ENOUGH TO DRAW ANYONE. EVEN THE GRACEFUL, TIMID DEER, AND THE FIERCE, KINGLY MOUNTAIN LION WERE JOYFULLY LAPPING UP THE COOL WATER TOGETHER. THE CLEAN SMELLING FRAGRANCE OF THE SWEET FLOWERS IN THE MEADOWS AND THE WATER LILIES IN THE POND SMELLED SO INVITING.

THE TIRED SUN IS SETTING IN THE WEST TO REST FOR A BIG DAY TOMORROW. THE PETALS OF THE FLOWERS ARE CLOSING FOR THE NIGHT. THE ANIMALS ARE SNUG IN THEIR SIMPLE HOMES. EVERYTHING IS STILL. THE DISTINCT SWEET SONG OF THE MEADOW LARK, ANNOUNCES THAT THIS WONDERFUL DAY IS OVER.

--KATHARINE THOMAS

THE WHOPPER

JOEY RAN AS FAST AS HE COULD TO GET TO A COOL RUNNING STREAM WHERE HE COULD GO FISHING. HE LAID HIS FISHING GEAR ON THE TALL GREEN FLOWING GRASS. HE SAT DOWN UNDER A BIG SHADY TREE WHERE HE TOOK HIS FISHING POLE AND THREW IT INTO THE CLEAR BLUE RIPPLING WATER.

JUST AS JOEY LAY BACK HE FELT A PULL ON HIS LINE. HE THOUGHT IT WAS A WHOPPER. HE PULLED IT IN. IT WAS A HUGE BLACK BOOT!

--MARLENE HARTZLER

THE CAT WITH THE TALL HAT

ONCE THERE WAS A CAT
THAT HAD A TALL HAT.
HE WAS WHAT YOU WOULD CALL DUMB
SO HE WENT TO THE DOCTOR, HO HUM.

WHEN THE DOCTOR SAW THE CAT, HE SAID,
"WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I CUT OFF YOUR HEAD?"
"OH, I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS I'D COUGH,
BUT THEN AGAIN MY HAT WOULD FALL OFF."

"WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I CUT OFF YOUR EAR?"
"I DON'T KNOW, I GUESS I COULDN'T HEAR."
"WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I CUT OFF BOTH EARS?"
"OH! I COULDN'T SEE, OH, NO, OH, DEAR."

"WHY, OH, WHY COULDN'T YOU SEE, MR. CAT?"
"WHY! MY HAT WOULD FALL OVER MY EYES, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT?"
"OH, DEAR, OH, DEAR, OH, MR. CAT,
YOU'RE SMARTER THAN I, DID YOU KNOW THAT?"

--SYLVIA WEIDLEIN

SIXTH GRADE

THE RED ADOBE

IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERT VAST,
A RED ADOBE A SHADOW CAST
AGAINST THE CACTI, TOWERING NEAR
THAT MADE SHADOWS' EDGES SMEAR.

AS SMALL BIRDS TWITTERED A GLAD "GOOD NIGHT,"
THE SUN SLITHERED DOWN AND SHADED ITS LIGHT
BEYOND THE HILLS, NOW GREY WITH DUSK,
AND MADE THE SKY A GOLDEN RUST.

--MARNIE MACDONALD

SHADES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE THUNDER GAVE A CRASH AND BANG,
ACROSS THE SKY SOME LIGHTNING SPRANG.
THE RAIN CAME DOWN AND MADE A GREAT CLATTER
AND EVERYONE WONDERED WHAT WAS THE MATTER.

THE HEAVENS WERE FIGHTING, FOR WHAT? MAY I ASK,
WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD BE THEIR TASK?
THERE WAS A REASON
FOR ALL THIS FIGHTING,
AND IT WAS A SECRET
DISCOVERED BY "KITING."

--ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

GOOD HUNTING

I'D LIKE TO VISIT AN INDIAN MOUND
WHERE INDIAN RELICS WOULD POP FROM THE GROUND.
I'LL BET YOU COULD FIND WHATEVER YOU'D WANT.
JUST GO THERE ON A WEEK END JAUNT.

GO WITH SHOVEL AND A PICK.
I'LL FIND SOMETHING OR MY NAME'S NOT DICK!
YOU'LL FIND TREASURE, AN ARROWHEAD,
AND IF YOU'RE LUCKY, A SHRUNKEN HEAD!

YOU'LL RETURN HOME FEELING PROUD.
AT SCHOOL, AROUND YOU THERE'LL BE A CROWD
YOUR MOTHER WILL VERY PROBABLY SAY,
"OH, WHY DON'T YOU THROW THAT THING AWAY!"

--KATHEREN SCHULTZ

SIXTH GRADE

A DAY'S END

LOOKING OUT MY BEDROOM WINDOW
AT THE EVENING SUNSET
VIVID COLORS OF THE CLOUDS, AND OF THE SKY AND SUN,
DO POUR PROFUSELY 'TIL THE DAY IS DONE.

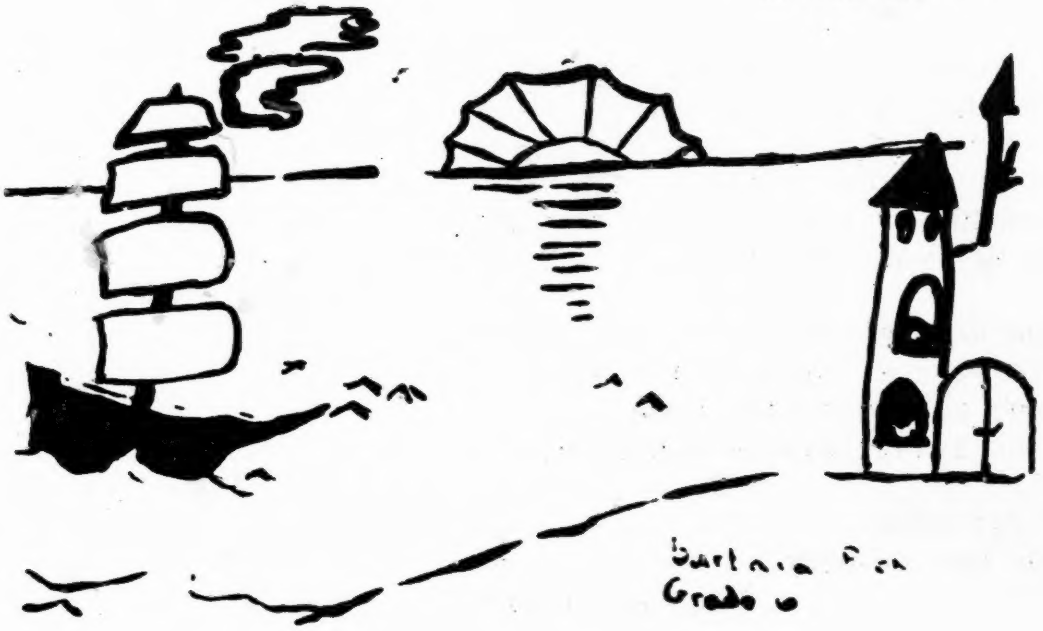
SLOWLY, SLOWLY THE SUN DOES SINK,
BEHIND A HILL OR MOUNTAIN.
SINKING, SINKING THEN IT'S GONE,
GONE UNTIL THE BREAK OF DAWN.
--ANITA SWANSON

NEVER AGAIN

TIME IS PASSING BY THE HOUR
FOR NO ONE WILL IT WAIT.
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE,
FOR TIME IS NEVER LATE.

SOME DAY I'LL BOARD A PIRATE SHIP
AND ON AN ISLAND I'LL LAND AT LAST;
AND ON THAT ISLAND I WILL FIND
A CASTLE FULL OF MINUTES PAST.

NEVER AGAIN CAN WE HAVE IT BACK,
NEVER AGAIN FOR NOW IT'S PAST.
--JANICE BROOKS



SIXTH GRADE

AT NIGHT

AT NIGHT AS I LAY IN MY WARM, COZY BED,
MY MAPLE DRESSER STRIDES UP AND SAYS, "MY NAME'S NED."
REALLY MY DESK LAMP IS TERRIBLY SHY,
BUT HE CAN MANAGE TO SAY, "HI."

ALL OVER MY DESK SCAMPERS A MIXED-UP ERASER.
WHILE A FEATHER PEN, AS FOR HER,
IS TERRIBLY GLAD TO BE OUT OF THE CRAMPED DRAWER.

THEN THE CLOCK BECKONS TEN,
ALL IS SILENT ONCE AGAIN.
--ANNE CAMPBELL

NIGHT

PITCH BLACK, TOTAL DARKNESS,
SILENCE, THEN SOUNDS BEGIN;
CRICKETS WHO CAN BE HEARD, NOT SEEN,
OWLS HOOTING FROM THEIR PERCHES,
DEER LAPPING WATER BUT SILENTLY,
RODENTS ARE SCURRYING TOWARD NOWHERE,
WHIPPING WIND AND HOWLING DOGS;
GRAY CLOUDS TELL OF ONCOMING RAIN.
THEN THROUGH THE BLACK
A FLASH OF LIGHTNING,
THEN LOUD STROKES OF THUNDER.
THE STORM PASSES.
ALL IS STILL.
QUIET. --ELIN TYLER

DUSK

WHEN A RED, FLAMING BALL SINKS INTO THE SKY,
I KNOW THAT DUSK IS DRAWING NIGH.
THE SUN'S GOLDEN RAYS ARE GONE FOR THE DAY
AND NOW THE SUN SEEMS TO SAY,
"GOOD-BY, FAREWELL, I'M GONE FOR THE DAY."
HE TIPS HIS HAT AND GOES AWAY.

NOW THE DUSK HAS ARRIVED,
CROWNED IN PURPLE, ORANGE, AND PINK
BUT ITS GLORY DOES NOT LAST LONG
FOR NOW THE STARS TWINKLE AND WINK.

NIGHT HAS COME
AND THE DAY IS DONE.
--DEBORAH LAMAR

SIXTH GRADE

WHAT IS A DREAM?

WHAT IS A DREAM?
IS IT A PLACE WHERE KNIGHTS HAVE ROAMED?
OR MAYBE IT COULD BE A WITCH'S HOME?
IS IT A PLACE WHERE HAPPINESS WILL ALWAYS BE?
OR JUST AN ORDINARY PERSON LIKE ME?

WHAT IS A DREAM?
IS IT A CLOUD OF MIST THAT FLOATS AROUND MY HEAD?
OR JUST A THOUGHT THAT I DREAM WHEN I'M ASLEEP IN BED?
WHAT IS A DREAM?

--STEPHANIE MISHUCK

DREAMING

WHEN THE DAY IS COOL AND THE TREES ARE GREEN,
I LOVE TO SIT IN THE GRASS AND DREAM.
OF LOVELY THINGS LIKE STARS AND FLOWERS,
OF WINTER SNOW AND APRIL SHOWERS.
OF BILLOWING CLOUDS AND SNOW-WHITE DOVES,
AND OTHER THINGS I DEARLY LOVE.

SO WHEN THE SUN IS SHINING,
AND THE WORLD IS BRIGHT AND GAY,
I LOVE TO SIT IN THE GRASS AND DREAM,
AWAY,
AWAY,
AWAY.

-- SUSAN SCHAEFER

THE SEA

SEVEN YEARS
ON THE SEA;
THIS IS THE LIFE
FOR YOU AND ME.

THE SHIP IS BIG,
BRIGHT IS THE SUN;
FUN IS THE WORK
THAT HAS TO BE DONE.

THE WATER IS CLEAR,
THE SKY IS BLUE;
IF THIS HAPPENS TO BE
THE LIFE THAT SUITS YOU,

JUST CALL ON ME,
AT THE SEA;
THIS IS THE LIFE
FOR YOU AND ME.

--MICHAEL VREELAND

THE SEA

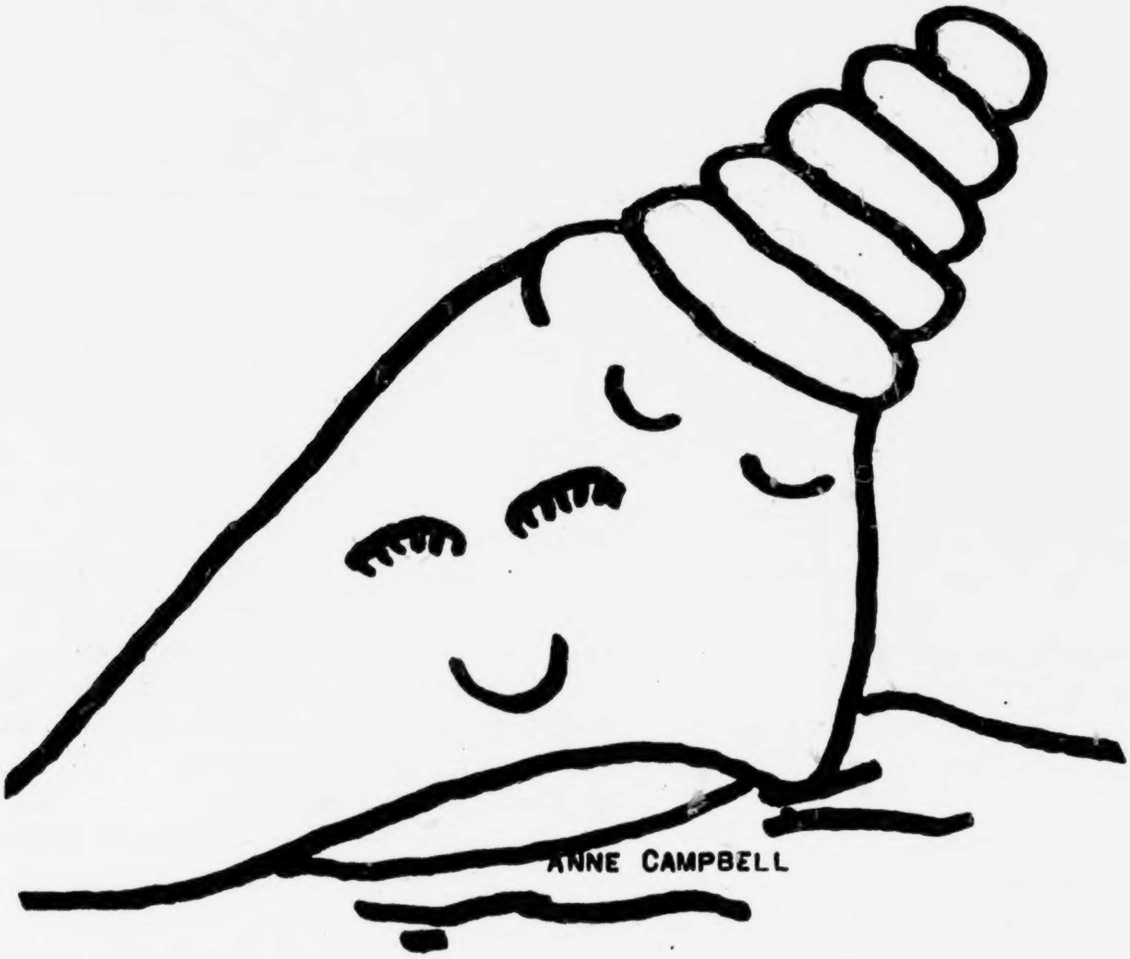
UNDER THE SEA
ALL IS QUIET, PEACEFUL, YET ALIVE.
FLOWER POLICEMEN SWAY,
WAITING TO CATCH UNAWARE FISH.
KING'S CASTLES, SURROUNDED BY AGING GUARDS,
BUILT BY ANCIENT OWNERS OF THE SEA,
STAND TALL AND MAJESTIC,
BENEATH SILENT WATERS.

--LESLIE MARINE

SIXTH GRADE

THE SHELL

I FOUND A SHELL,
WHICH WAS YELLOW, BLUE, AND RED.
THIS SHELL THAT I FOUND,
SPOKE AND SAID:
"PUT ME DOWN, I'M TAKING A NAP."
I PUT THE SHELL DOWN IN A SMALL LITTLE GAP,
AND SAID NO MORE AFTER THAT.
--PATRICIA CHAPMAN



ANNE CAMPBELL

SIXTH GRADE

SEASONS

THE MUSIC OF SUMMER IS SOFT AND CLEAR,
IT FEELS SO SOFT AGAINST MY EAR.
THE GENTLE BREEZE,
THE SWAYING TREES,
MEAN SUMMER.

AS I WALK ALONG THE QUIET STREET,
THE LEAVES SHUFFLE BENEATH MY FEET.
COLORFUL LEAVES GLIDE DOWN FROM ABOVE,
WITH A MOTION AS GENTLE AS LOVE.

SOFT IS THE SNOW DRIFTING SLOWLY DOWN,
IT LEAVES US NOW WITHOUT A SOUND.
BUT IT WILL RETURN SOON WE KNOW,
THE NEVER FORGOTTEN WINTER SNOW.

BEAUTY BLOOMS 'MOST EVERYWHERE,
CHILDREN PLAY HERE AND THERE.
A GENTLE SPRING IS IN THEIR STEP,
FOR THE SUN IS REPAYING HER WINTER DEBT.
--MARILYN MURPHY

SPRING

THE SPRING IS SO FRESH AND COOL.
THE FLOWERS SEEM TO DANCE AROUND ME.
THEY SEEM TO SAY, "HOW-DO-YOU,"
THIS FINE MORNING OF SPRING.

THE BIRDS COME OUT TO SING,
AND A PATHWAY OPENS BEFORE ME.
I WALK AND WALK IN THE SPRING AIR,
DOWN THIS BEAUTIFUL PATH OF MINE.
--LOU ANN LONG

WINTER

WINTER HAS COME. THE COOL BREEZE IS SLOWLY DRIFTING THROUGH THE PINES AND YOU CAN SMELL THE FRESH MOUNTAIN AIR, AND THE BREEZE BECOMES A MILD WIND. ALL OF A SUDDEN LIGHTNING! THEN THE CLASHING AND THE POUNDING OF THUNDER.

THE FOREST GROWS DARKER. WINDS BLOW HARD, EVEN HARD ENOUGH TO BEND THE PINES.

THE MOON IS SHINING BRIGHTLY. RAIN HAS STARTED TO SPRINKLE AND IS COMING DOWN HARDER. THIS CONTINUES FOR AN HOUR.

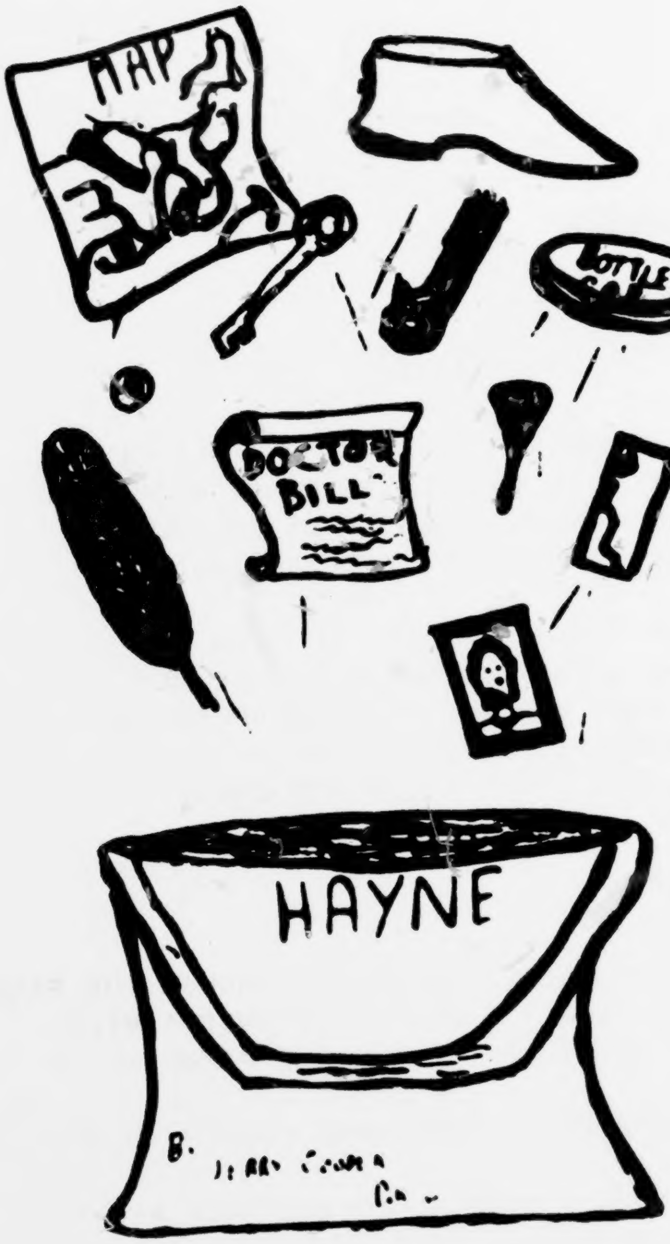
THINGS ARE NOW BEGINNING TO CLEAR UP. THE RAIN HAS STOPPED. THE HARD WIND BECOMES A MILD BREEZE, AND EVERYTHING IS STILL.

--LYNDA PEARSON

SIXTH GRADE

GLUE

NEED SOME STICKING DONE FOR YOU?
THEN USE MY BOTTLE OF SUPER X GLUE.
IT STICKS TO THE GLASS. IT STICKS TO THE FLOOR.
IT'LL CLOSE YOUR LIPS, SO YOU CAN'T TALK ANY MORE.
IT COMES IN THIS NICE LITTLE BOTTLE, YOU SEE,
AND SINCE IT STICKS TO ANYTHING, IT'S AS HANDY AS CAN BE.
--KEITH JOHNSON



MY FRIEND'S PURSE

I HAVE A FRIEND; A NURSE.
  HER NAME IS MRS. HAYNES.
I HATE TO HAVE HER PURSE.
  FOR HERE'S WHAT IT CONTAINS.

ONE MUKLUK,
  A FEATHER OF A DUCK.
A DOCTOR BILL,
  AN ASPIRIN PILL.

A LONG-LOST KEY,
  A GOLFING TEE.
A LONG BLOND HAIR,
  A HANKY WITH A TEAR.

A PICTURE OF HER MARRIED SON,
  A NOTATION OF HER FAVORITE PUN.
A MISSING BOTTLE CAP,
  A CONFUSING ROAD MAP.

AND THAT IS JUST A STARTER
  OF WHAT IS IN HER PURSE.
I'D BETTER GO NO FARTHER --
MY HEADACHE MIGHT GET WORSE.
--SUSAN DEKEMA

SIXTH GRADE

TALE OF A STICK OF GUM

DARKNESS ENCLOSED ME AND TWO JAWS CAME CRASHING DOWN. I REALIZED I WAS BEING EATEN BY THE BOY WHO HAD JUST TAKEN ME FROM THE FRIENDLY STORE. I GREW SO USED TO THE STEADY CHOMPING, THE SOUND LULLED ME TO SLEEP. I BECAME VERY IRRESPONSIBLE AND I LOST MY SWEET FLAVOR BUT I SLEPT PEACEFULLY ON. THE BOY SOON KNEW, SO HE SPIT ME DOWN ON A HARD, SIDEWALK. "OUCH!"

HUGE FEET WERE WALKING OVER AND AROUND ME. I WAITED, MY POOR LITTLE HEART POUNDING. SQUISH! UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN. I WAS STUCK TO A HUMAN'S FOOT AND CARRIED INTO A BUILDING. BY THE DELICIOUS SMELLS, I GUESSED IT WAS A RESTAURANT. THE HUMAN SAT DOWN AND I WAS LIFTED INTO THE AIR.

SUDDENLY SHE NOTICED ME. SHE GAVE A STIFLED SHRIEK, REACHED DOWN TOWARD ME, AND STARTED PULLING ME. I WAS VERY EXCITED! I BECAME GOOEY. I STUCK TO HER FINGERS. WITH MUCH DIFFICULTY SHE GRABBED ME, GAVE ME A SICKENING LOOK, AND THEN I WAS STUCK INDIGNANTLY UNDER THE COUNTER.

IT WAS THE BEST THING THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME! I RECOGNIZED MY OLD FRIENDS IMMEDIATELY. I KNEW I WOULD NEVER BE LOST AGAIN.

--BETH BREWSTER

A GRAND GRANNY

GRANNY IS QUEER
  AND YET SO KIND.
SHE'S A WONDERFUL COOK,
  THE BEST YOU'LL FIND.

SHE'LL HELP OTHER PEOPLE
  WHEN THEY'RE IN NEED.
AND GRANNY WON'T BOAST
  OF HER GOOD DEED.

THEN SHE'LL WEAR
  A TWINKLE IN HER EYE.
AND SHE WILL SMILE,
  AS OTHERS WALK BY.

YES, GRANNY LOOKS STRANGE
  IN HER HIGH BUTTON SHOES,
BUT SHE CAN MAKE OTHERS HAPPY,
  AND BANISH THEIR BLUES.

--HELEN DAHLQUIST

SIXTH GRADE

GRASS IS DELICATE.
NATURE'S HUES OF VERDANCY,
WONDER FROM A SEED.
--ERIC HANSEN

LITTLE FEET PATTER.
THE RAIN DRIFTS SO SOFTLY DOWN,
WAKE AS SILVER GRASS.
--KIM OYLER

DAISY

FLOATING IN THE BREEZE,
SO SWEET AND UNSUSPECTING,
NOW A DAISY CHAIN.
--SUSAN WOODWARD

OH, TEMPTING WATER,
HOW COOL AND CLEAR YOU LOOK NOW
UPON THIS HOT DAY.
--SALLY CHANEY

THE RAINDROPS FALL DOWN.
THEY ARE KISSING THE DRY EARTH.
WHERE DO THEY GO NOW?
--LINDA MINKLEY

STARS OF WHITE WATER,
GENTLY TOUCHING THE EARTH'S LIFE,
COAT THE ONCE GREEN LAND.
--NANCY SALTZER

LITTLE FLOWING STREAM,
YOUR LAUGH IS HEARD BY MANY
AND MAKES THEM HAPPY.
DIANNA DOMENICO

NATURE

FULL OF MYSTERY
ITS SECRETS AREN'T TO BE FOUND
ARE PEOPLE NATURE?
--JEFFREY MCQUOWN

LEAVES

DRIFT DOWN TO THE GROUND
LIKE AN OPENED PARACHUTE,
THEN SWEPT UP BY WIND.
--WILLIAM LEWIS

DOWN AT THE SEASHORE,
I COLLECT SHELLS........AND WATCH THE
GULLS SOAR OVERHEAD.
--LINDA BERGSTROM

BREEZES BLOWING THROUGH
TALL MEADOW GRASS, MAKING WAVES
ON A GREEN OCEAN.
--DAVID RUSSELL

QUIET AS CATS' FEET,
DESCEND JEWEL-LIKE SNOWFLAKES,
COATING TREE AND BUSH.
--LESLIE MARINE

SIXTH GRADE

MOON

WAKES THE STARS TO SHINE.
IT LIGHTS THE NIGHT WITH GLORY,
WHITE, HIS GLOWING FACE.
--BETH GOEHLER

TREES ON DISTANT HILLS

TREES ON DISTANT HILLS
ARE BARREN NOW. COME SUMMER,
LOOK! THEY'RE GREEN AGAIN.

WHITE CLOUDS ON MOUNTAINS
LOOK LIKE SILVER PILLOWS SET
ON A BED OF BLUE.

THE STARS IN THE SKY.
LIKE BRIGHT AND SHINING DIAMONDS,
ON PLUSH BLACK VELVET.
--ROBERT LAWRENCE

MEXICO,
GAY COLORS.
PEOPLE ARE DANCING,
DANCING ON HAT BRIMS.
OLÉ!
--VALERIE SALTERNIK

THE MOUNTAINS STAND TALL,
OVERLOOKING MY HOMELAND
LIKE MAJESTIC KINGS.
--JAMES BARTRUFF

WORLD
BIG PLANET.
LARGE TO US.
LITTLE SPECK IN SKY.
EARTH.
--MICHAEL HATCHER

CACTUS.
VERY PRICKERY.
CAN'T SIT DOWN.
UNPLEASANT TO BUMP.
PLANT.
--TRICIA HICKEY

SIXTH GRADE

THE CIRCUS, MY LIFE

"AH, WHAT A LIFE THE CIRCUS IS! ADVENTURE, FUN, BUT MOST OF ALL FRIENDS."

THESE WERE MY FIRST WORDS WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE CIRCUS AFTER BEING A RUNAWAY FOR THREE WEEKS. NOW MOST PEOPLE WOULD NOT CONSIDER RUNNING AWAY AND JOINING THE CIRCUS THE MOST SENSIBLE THING FOR AN ELEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL TO DO WHEN SHE THINKS SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY MORE FRIENDS. BUT I, BEING WHAT I WAS, THEN A RATHER CURIOUS GIRL, ALWAYS READY FOR ADVENTURE, AND I HAD HEARD MANY EXCITING AND INTRIGUING TALES ABOUT IT, I DECIDED TO JOIN.

THE CIRCUS MANAGEMENT HAD QUITE A HARD TIME FINDING ME A JOB, AS THERE ARE NOT MANY JOBS FOR A GIRL UNLESS SHE IS A PERFORMER, BUT IT WAS DECIDED THAT I WOULD RUN ERRANDS FOR THE SEAMSTRESS. THIS IS HOW I CAME IN CONTACT WITH TEARS, THE GREAT CLOWN.

TEARS WAS THE GREATEST CLOWN THAT THE WORLD WILL EVER KNOW. EVEN WHEN HE WAS SAD, HE MADE THE AUDIENCE LAUGH.

ONE NIGHT PART OF TEARS' ACT WAS TO GET UPON THE HIGH WIRE WITH THE STAR AERIALIST. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ACT TEARS WAS SUPPOSED TO PRETEND THAT HE WAS GOING TO FALL. THAT NIGHT HE REALLY DID FALL.

A FALL LIKE THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED MOST PEOPLE, BUT TEARS, WAS LEFT ONLY WITH A BROKEN LEG AND A FEW BUMPS AND BRUISES. EVEN THESE WOULD TAKE A LONG TIME TO HEAL. MEANTIME SOMEONE WAS GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE HIS PLACE. I HAD NEVER HAD ANY EXPERIENCE IN ACTING AND WAS VERY SHY BEFORE AN AUDIENCE. NEVERTHELESS WHEN THEY ASKED ME TO TAKE TEARS' PART, I ACCEPTED.

THE SHOW WAS TO BE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT. ALL FORENOON AND AFTERNOON I PRACTICED SOME OF TEARS' FUNNY BUT SIMPLER TRICKS.

THAT EVENING AFTER DINNER, I DONNED MY COSTUME AND WENT TO THE MAKE-UP ARTIST. JUST AS SHE WAS FINISHING, THE BELL RANG FOR ALL PERFORMERS TO GET INTO LINE FOR THE PARADE. JUST AS I REACHED THE PERFORMERS' ENTRANCE, THE BAND BEGAN TO PLAY. I WAS ON STAGE!

AFTER MY ACT I WENT BACKSTAGE TO SEE TEARS. HE HAD SEEN MY ACT AND SAID THAT THERE WOULD BE NO MORE ERRAND RUNNING FOR ME. I WAS NOW PART OF THE SHOW.

--KAREN BOHMKE

SIXTH GRADE

SHERLOCK HOLMES COMES BACK

CRACK! THE WATCHMAN FIRED HIS PISTOL AT THE RETREATING FIGURE AS IT DASHED OUT THE DOOR. HE SAW THE FIGURE LEAP DOWN THE STAIRS AND ACROSS THE COBBLESTONE STREET.

"HELP POLICE!" THE WATCHMAN SCREAMED. THE BOBBIES CAME RUSHING FROM ALL SIDES BLOWING THEIR WHISTLES. A CROWD HAD GATHERED AROUND THE WATCHMAN AS HE EXPLAINED WHAT HAPPENED. HE TOLD THEM THAT A MAN IN BLACK HAD SLIPPED INTO THE JEWELRY STORE THAT HE HAD BEEN GUARDING, AND SNATCHED THE MOST VALUABLE JEWEL OF THE COLLECTION.

"CAN YOU DESCRIBE ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT HIM?" THE BOBBY ASKED.

"HE WAS THIN AND WEARING A MASK," THE WATCHMAN REPLIED.

NO ONE COULD FIND A SINGLE CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON WHO STOLE THE JEWEL, THOUGH MANY TRIED. SOME EVEN CHASED SUSPECTS THROUGH DINGY NARROW STREETS, BUT THE LONDON FOG STEALTHILY SWALLOWED THEM IN ITS EERIE DENSITY.

IN A YELLOW BRICK HOUSE NOT FAR FROM DOWNING STREET SOMEONE POUNDING ON THE DOOR DISTURBED A RATHER STOCKY LITTLE OLD MAN WHO WAS READING THE DAILY LONDON TIMES.

"MY DEAR WATSON, WOULD YOU PLEASE ANSWER THE DOOR?" CALLED SHERLOCK HOLMES FROM ANOTHER ROOM.

WATSON OPENED THE DOOR IMMEDIATELY. OUTSIDE STOOD THE CHIEF OF SCOTLAND YARD. WATSON BADE HIM ENTER AND TOLD HIM TO WAIT IN THE STUDY. THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE CAME SLOUCHING IN, HANDS IN POCKETS, HIS HEAD WREATHED IN SMOKE FROM HIS PIPE.

"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?" HOLMES ASKED POLITELY.

"YOU ARE THE BEST DETECTIVE IN LONDON. THAT IS WHY I WANT YOU TO TAKE A CASE INVOLVING THE THEFT OF A FAMOUS RUBY, STOLEN FROM A JEWELRY STORE LAST NIGHT NEAR PICCADILLY SQUARE. I WANT YOU TO CATCH THE SCOUNDREL AND FIND THE JEWEL."

"I WILL START AS SOON AS YOU WANT ME TO," ANSWERED HOLMES.

HOLMES AND WATSON WERE WALKING THROUGH VICTORIA SQUARE DISCUSSING THE CASE OF THE MISSING RUBY, POINT BY POINT. HOLMES STOPPED TO ADMIRE A GREEK STATUE, THE GODDESS OF THE CHASE.

"THAT'S STRANGE, DIANA'S WRIST WAS NEVER TURNED LIKE THAT," HOLMES MUTTERED TO HIMSELF. HE TOUCHED THE WRIST SLIGHTLY. THE STATUE SWUNG PARTIALLY AROUND ON ITS BASE REVEALING BENEATH IT A HIDDEN NICHE CONTAINING THE VALUABLE RUBY!

"WATSON, I BELIEVE WE MIGHT HAVE SOLVED THE JEWEL ROBBERY CASE!" HOLMES SAID QUIETLY TO HIS COMPANION. "OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO INFORM SCOTLAND YARD AND HELP THEM WATCH FOR THE THIEF."

THAT NIGHT A FIGURE WEARING A MASK CAME SLINKING THROUGH THE BUSHES OF VICTORIA PARK, A PARK WITH MANY SHADOWY SHRUBS. HOLMES HAD BEEN SUSPICIOUS OF THE AREA AND HAD POSTED A SPECIAL GUARD IN ONE SECTION. AS HOLMES WAITED PATIENTLY BEHIND A CLUMP OF FERNS, HE HEARD A SCUFFLE NEARBY. HE RAN TOWARD THE NOISE AND FOUND THE POLICEMAN AND MASKED MAN GRAPPLING. IN THE STRUGGLE THE MASK WAS TORN OFF.

SIXTH GRADE

'THE OWNER OF THE JEWELRY STORE!" THE GUARD EXCLAIMED.

"HE PROBABLY WANTED TO GET THE INSURANCE MONEY ON THE STOLEN JEWEL," HOLMES EXPLAINED CALMLY.

AFTER THE JEWELRY STORE OWNER WAS TAKEN OFF TO HEADQUARTERS, HOLMES AND HIS CHUBBY FRIEND, DR. WATSON TOOK A WALK THROUGH PICCADILLY SQUARE.

"HOLMES, HOW DID YOU KNOW THE JEWEL WAS UNDER THE STATUE?" WATSON ASKED.

"ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON, ELEMENTARY. BEING A CONNOISSEUR OF GREEK ART, I AM VERY FAMILIAR WITH THAT STATUE. I NOTICED THE WRIST WAS TURNED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION, SO I DEDUCED THAT SOMEONE HAD BEEN TAMPERING WITH IT."

"AMAZING, MY DEAR HOLMES!" EXCLAIMED WATSON AND THEY WALKED SLOWLY DOWN THE STREET UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED AROUND THE CORNER THAT LED TO THE YELLOW BRICK HOUSE NOT FAR FROM DOWNING STREET.

--THOMAS CROW

THE IRISH LOVER

I LIVE IN A FAMOUS OLD CASTLE NEAR CORK, IRELAND. PEOPLE COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD JUST TO KISS ME. IN FACT, PEOPLE WILL BEND OVER BACKWARDS TO KISS ME.

MY DAY BEGINS WHEN I AWAKE AND BEFORE ME STRETCHES A LINE OF PEOPLE WAITING TO KISS ME. NEITHER RAIN NOR SHINE WILL KEEP PEOPLE AWAY FROM LOVABLE ME.

ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE KISS ME. THIS MORNING I WAS KISSED BY A MAN WITH A LONG BEARD THAT TICKLED. YESTERDAY A CHILD KISSED ME WHO HAD BEEN EATING CANDY AND HAD A STICKY MOUTH. UGH!

YOU SEE THAT WHOEVER KISSES ME WILL BE GIVEN THE POWER OF SWEET, PERSUASIVE, WHEEDLING ELOQUENCE. THAT REMINDS ME OF A PERSON WHO KISSED ME A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO. HER NAME IS MRS. COLLINS. SHE SEEMS TO HAVE THE POWER OF SWEET, PERSUASIVE ELOQUENCE ABOUT HER.

DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM? WHY I'M THE BLARNEY STONE, OF COURSE!

--CATHY HOLKESTAD

SIXTH GRADE

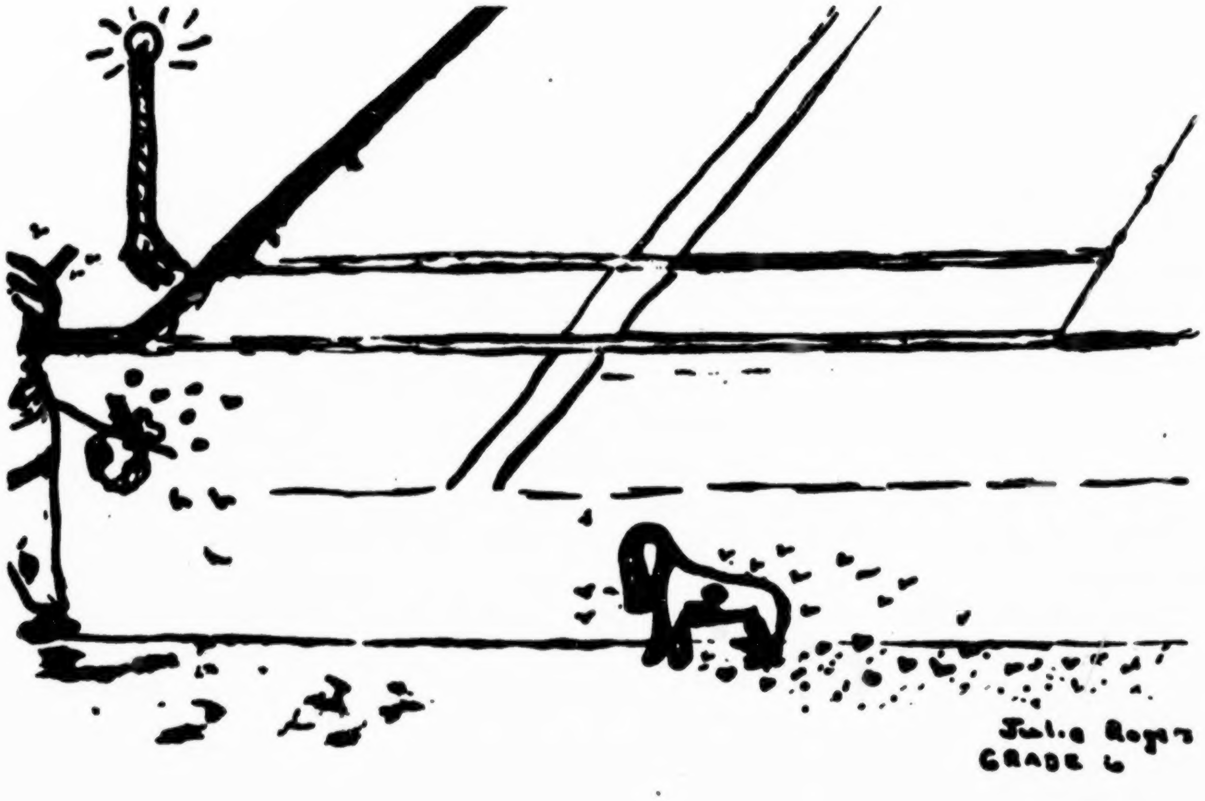
LONELY DOG

OH, LITTLE DOG, COME OVER HERE,
AND SIT WITH ME A SPELL,
I'M A LONELY, TIRED PEDDLER,
YOU'RE TIRED, I CAN TELL.

I'LL GIVE YOU FOOD AND DRINK,
I'LL CARE FOR YOU, YOU'LL SEE.
WE'LL STAY TOGETHER ALL THE TIME.
IT WILL BE JUST YOU AND ME.

WE'LL GO NOW ON OUR JOURNEY,
WE'LL ROAM THE PLEASANT EAST,
CARE NOT WHAT PEOPLE SAY OF US,
WE'LL CARE NOT THE LEAST.

WE'LL HAVE OUR FUN TOGETHER,
'TIL WE FIND A HOME TO STAY,
WE PLEDGE TOGETHER NOT TO PART,
UNTIL OUR ENDING DAYS.
--SARA PANATIER



SIXTH GRADE

HOW DOGS LEARNED TO BARK

ALICE, BERT, SUE, AND THEIR DOG, SPARKY, ALL SAT ON THE SHADY PORCH OF THEIR HOME, LISTENING INTENTLY AS MR. PEEBLES, THE GARDENER, TOLD THEM A STORY.

"DID YOU KNOW THAT HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, NOT ONE SINGLE DOG COULD BARK?" ASKED MR. PEEBLES, WITH HIS EYES SEARCHING THE CHILDREN.

SUE GASPED CAUSING SPARKY TO BARK. "THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! ALL DOGS CAN BARK!"

"LONG AGO THEY COULDN'T." CONTINUED MR. PEEBLES. "FOR INSTANCE, ONE DAY JINGLES, A BIG GERMAN SHEPHERD WAS WANDERING THROUGH THE FORESTS OF BENVILLE. NOW YOU MUST REMEMBER, STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED IN THE FORESTS HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO AND --" MR. PEEBLES WAS SUDDENLY STOPPED BY BERT.

BERT WAS JUST PAST TWO AND A HALF AND WAS QUITE IMPATIENT.

"HOW DID THE DOG LEARN TO BARK?"

MR. PEEBLES SMILED AND REPLIED, "I'M COMING TO THAT. AS I WAS SAYING MANY STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED THEN. THE DOG WALKED THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE FOREST WHERE HE FOUND A LARGE ROCK WITH THE WORDS:

IF YOU FIND
A MATCH FOR ME,
ONE WISH WILL
I GRANT TO THEE.

"NOW YOU MUST REMEMBER, SINCE THE DOG COULD NOT BARK, (WHICH HE WANTED VERY MUCH TO LEARN), HE DID KNOW HOW TO TALK."

"OH! IF I COULD ONLY FIND A MATCH FOR THAT ROCK! THEN I'D WISH THAT I COULD BARK!" THE DOG SIGHED.

THE DOG JUMPED AS A VOICE FROM THE ROCK BELLOWED, "MAYBE YOU CAN! IF YOU DO FIND A ROCK TO MATCH ME, I WILL GRANT YOU ONE WISH, PROVIDING YOU GIVE UP SOMETHING OF YOURS."

THE DOG WAS SO EXCITED NOW THAT HE HAD A CHANCE TO LEARN HOW TO BARK, THAT HE RAN OUT OF THE FOREST, DOWN TO THE RIVER WHERE THERE WERE ALL SORTS OF ROCKS SO HE COULD FIND A MATCH FOR THE ROCK IN THE CLEARING.

HE SEARCHED THE RIVER BANK, BUT FOUND NO ROCK LIKE THE FIRST ONE. HE CROSSED THE RIVER INTO A VALLEY BUT STILL FOUND NO MATCH.

FINALLY, IN THE MIDST OF ANOTHER FOREST, STOOD A LARGE ROCK WITH THE WORDS:

IF YOU FIND
A MATCH FOR ME,
ONE WISH WILL
I GRANT TO THEE.

"AH! FINALLY I'VE FOUND A MATCH! BUT HOW WILL I GET IT BACK TO THE OTHER ROCK?"

"YOU NEEDN'T BRING IT BACK. JUST GO TO MY MATCH AND TELL HIM. HE WILL BELIEVE YOU," A SOFT, PLEASANT VOICE FROM THE ROCK REPLIED.

"AT LAST I HAVE A CHANCE TO LEARN HOW TO BARK," CRIED THE DOG, "BUT WHAT SHOULD I GIVE UP?"

HE HAD BEEN RUNNING AS FAST AS HIS LEGS COULD CARRY HIM BACK TO THE CLEARING WHERE THE FIRST ROCK STOOD.

SIXTH GRADE

MR. PEEBLES TOOK A DEEP BREATH WHEN ALICE, THE OLDEST OF THE THREE DECLARED, "WHY I THINK I KNOW HOW JINGLES LEARNED HOW TO BARK AND WHAT HE GAVE UP!"

"SH! DON'T LET THE CHILDREN HEAR!" MR. PEEBLES ALWAYS SAID "THE CHILDREN" WHEN SPEAKING TO ALICE BECAUSE IT MADE HER FEEL GROWN-UP.

MR. PEEBLES CONTINUED. "HAVE YOU FOUND MY MATCH?" BELLOWED THE FIRST ROCK.

THE DOG WAS STARTLED AFTER HEARING SUCH A SOFT VOICE SHORTLY BEFORE.

HE STUTTERED, "YES-S, I H-HAV-V-E."

"HAVE YOU DECIDED WHAT YOU WANT FOR A WISH AND WHAT YOU ARE TO GIVE UP?"

"I WANT TO BE ABLE TO BARK, AND I WILL GIVE UP MY SPEECH," THE GRAVE DOG ANSWERED.

"THAT WAS THE LAST WORD THAT HE OR ANY OTHER DOG HAS EVER SAID FROM THAT DAY ON."

MR. PEEBLES SIGHED ONCE MORE, EYING THE CHILDREN TO SEE HOW THEY WOULD REACT TO HIS STORY. BUT THEY DIDN'T HEAR FOR THEY WERE ALL FAST ASLEEP.

--CHRISTINE NORBERG